[See p. 435.

CORPS DE GARDE.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS

BY

THEODORE CHILD

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

THE reader will find in the following pages a plain narrative of observation and travel in the more accessible parts of the five important republics of Spanish South America, Chili, Peru, the Argentine, Paraguay, and Uruguay. The writer neither encountered nor sought adventures; his object was not to explore unknown territory, but rather to examine the actual state of the town and country populations in the year 1890; to study the commercial and social life of the capitals and ports; to see how people live and labor in the rural districts; to give an account of the various special industries; to describe the real aspect of the countries in question; to note the characteristic features of the inhabitants; and, in short, to make a modern report of the progress of civilization south of the equator.

Throughout the book more attention is paid to humanity than to nature; nevertheless, nature has not been neglected, and many pages have been devoted to the grandiose, terrible, or charming phases of the landscape of the Andes, Smyth's Channel, the Strait of Magellan, and the great rivers like the Parana and Paraguay. Very little has been said about Indians, and not a single story will be found of scalping incidents, or hair-breadth escapes from the hands of savages. The reason is that unless the traveller goes far away from the domains of civilization and colonization, he will not see many wild Indians still living in a primitive state; while, on the other hand, the innumerable Indians and half-breeds who form the mass of the native population in the interior of the republics are peaceful, indolent people, who profess the Roman Catholic faith, wear Manchester goods, and differ from thousands and thousands of Europeans chiefly in the color of their skin and in the Mongolian cast of their features. The South Americans who are of interest to us dwellers in the long-settled regions of the earth are the men and women who are engaged in the slow and mysterious task of creating civilization, and of struggling against the obstacles that nature has accumulated in the path of man: they are the Creoles, the descendants of the old Spanish conquistadores and settlers, the ancient population of Indians as they have been modified by the influence of the conquerors and of the Jesuits, and, finally, the hordes of European colonists who have been transported from Spain, Italy, and France during the past forty years, and who have been the instruments in the great

movement of development and modernization which has called the attention of the contemporary old world to the rapid and curious transformation of the new. The looks, the ways, the manners, the aspirations, the capabilities, the morals, the achievements of these men are worth describing and analyzing. The sociological experiments that are being made in the limitless territories of South America are novel and often disheartening. You find there the strangest mixture of extreme modernity and of mediæval backwardness; of luxury and misery; of exterior refinement and persistent inner barbarity; of impatient material appetites, and of averseness to moral restraint. The three centuries of Spanish rule seem to have left little except traditions of indolence and venality; the wars of independence at the beginning of the present century brought to the front a new class of native adventurers whose ambition was rarely noble, and whose selfish designs kept the country in a state of perturbation for many years; meanwhile the generous idea that prompted the independence movement, and remained as a leaven in the land, urged the patriots to enter upon the paths of imitation. Hence came the adoption of the North American Constitution in the organization of the new republics of the South, but at the same time the absence of civic qualities in the inhabitants and the personal ambition of the creole element combined to make these republics mere political mockeries. In the two greatest, Chili and the Argentine, the republican farce is being gradually played out, but the end of oligarchy and of personal rule has not yet come, and years must pass before the mass of the citizens can become thoroughly awakened to a sense of their duties and their rights.

While the political evolution of the Spanish American States is being accomplished in the midst of unsurpassed cynicism and corruption on the part of the public men and functionaries, the facilities of modern communication, and the commercial enterprise of older nations, have made the inhabitants eager imitators and ready purchasers of all the novelties of civilization. Great material prosperity has given them private riches; European capital has provided them with public means; and so we find vestibule trains that carry passengers to a group of wretched huts, telephones that put the wilderness in communication with a village, luxurious marble palaces hobnobbing with thatched ranchos, magnificent steam-boats whose gilded saloons are crowded with bronzed, dirty, maté-sucking humanity, or, as I noted in the capital of Paraguay, cows grazing in the grass-grown streets with electric lamps swinging over their heads. The spirit of imitation and feverish haste to become civilized after the model of the most modern examples of Europe and North America have produced many strange contrasts in these distant lands, and at the same time they have made of the great cities, like Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, most interesting monuments of nineteenth century urban development. In the rural districts, however, even in the provincial capitals of the old colonial days, but more especially in the new colonies where the scum of Spain and Italy has been deposited in ever-increasing numbers during the past twenty

years, one sees aspects of humanity that fill one with sadness rather than with satisfaction or even hope. There, indeed, one realizes what toil, efforts, patience, invention, imagination, talent, and genius have been needed to build up the edifice of very imperfect and still little better than incipient civilization which has rendered this earth more or less habitable. There in the wilds of the Argentine, in the solitudes of the Gran Chaco, in the damp and dripping verdure of the extreme South of Chili, or in the luxuriant forests of Paraguay, one sees the horror of unsubdued nature, the felicity of the beasts of the field compared with the misery of man, the fierceness of the struggle of the human animal against the hostile elements, the hopeless desolateness of creation until the idealization of the artist and the explanations of the scientist have put into it grace, beauty, elegance, and mystery. From Tierra del Fuego to the flowery mountain solitudes of Peru we can see, as it were, the laboratory of South American civilization, and watch all its phases and processes, beginning with the naked, shivering Indians of Smyth's Channel, who have only recently learned the use of fire, and culminating in the opulent creole lady of Montevideo, who goes to the opera in a coupé drawn by a team of Russian trotters, wears toilettes by Worth and a diamond aigrette by Boucheron, and still remains a very incomplete and primitive creature contrasted with the ultra-refined and alarmingly complex ladies of London, Paris, or Petersburg.

In the various chapters of this volume an attempt has been made to present a vivid and modern image of *progressist* Spanish America in all its agreeable and disagreeable features, its feverish energy and its traditional indolence, its fierce material appetites and its lack of sentiment, its promiscuous and agitated present, its dreams of the future, and its reminiscences of the past.

TH. C.

August, 1891.

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

CHAPTER I.

EN ROUTE.

FEW of the visitors who saw the numerous and brilliant pavilions of the South American republics at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 had, I imagine, other than the vaguest ideas concerning the whereabouts, the real aspect, the political, commercial, and social features, of the countries in question. These pavilions themselves, so diversified in their architecture, and so similar in their contents, imparted in turn only vague ideas. In all of them the same distribution might have been remarked. In the place of honor was exhibited the portrait of a dark-skinned parvenu President, in most cases a military person dressed in a gorgeous general's uniform, and looking like a sturdy sergeant whose sudden rise to high fortune had put a heavy strain upon his limited intelligence. Under the eye of this administrator were displayed bags of coffee and cocoa; tobacco; cereals; bales of wool; tanned hides; saddlery, ornamented with a profusion of silver-work; specimens of timber; samples of gold, silver, and copper ores; collections of tropical fauna, reptiles, and insects; a few photographs; tables of bewildering statistics—the whole giving the impression of a new world inviting the activity of the children of the old one; of an exuberant and unkempt world, where nature still dominated man, and where the vegetation of the primeval forests, radiant and irresistible with interlaced roots and monstrous tendrils, covers and smothers the soil, rendering it hirsute and unconscious.

Chief among the South American pavilions was the vast and luxurious palace of the Argentine Republic, whose crystal dome with blue stripes, and whose walls of dazzling faience incrusted with im-

mense *cabochons* of colored glass, attracted all eyes, and challenged attention like a huge chromo-lithographic advertisement. At night, when electricity illuminated the jeweled splendor of its walls, this palace evoked souvenirs of *The Arabian Nights*. The interior ornamentation, too, was equal to the exterior; painted windows and frescos signed by the most famous French artists adorned the walls, within which were displayed the agricultural, sylvan, and mineral products of the republic, whose limitless domains were represented on an enormous relief plan placed at the head of the staircase, and surrounded with formidable columns of statistics. What wealth! what immensity! what unparalleled rapidity of development! Within ten years, it appeared from the stupendous statistical tables exhibited on the walls, the population of the Argentine Republic had increased from two and a half millions to four millions; the exterior commerce, from 400 millions of francs to 1200 millions; the railway system, from 1950 kilometres to 7500 kilometres. The capital, Buenos Ayres, which ten years ago had about 200,000 inhabitants, has now nearly half a million. A new town, La Plata, which did not exist even in embryo seven years ago, now boasts countless palaces and 60,000 inhabitants. The United States of North America never advanced so rapidly as this. What a wonderful country this must be!

Such was the burden of my souvenirs and reflections when, on December 17, 1889, I went on board the *Paraguay*, bound from Havre to Buenos Ayres, with the intention of seeing something of the Argentine and of other South American republics. Theories, views, or prejudices found no place in my baggage. I knew as little about South America as most people who have learned geography from books and maps alone. I started full of curiosity, artless, ingenuous, trustful even, except in the matter of statistics. On this point, I confess, I had prejudices; the tabular statements of the Champ de Mars had failed to convey to my mind any clear ideas about South America. The much-vaunted eloquence of figures had only filled me with weariness. In my own observations I would therefore avoid the snares and pitfalls of graphics and curves and arithmetical puzzles; I would simply go and see men and things in these distant lands, talk with natives and foreigners, and record carefully, in as luminous prose as my pen could command, such impressions as it might be my good-fortune to receive. With this resolution I took up my quarters on the *Paraguay*, belonging to the French company of Les Chargeurs

Réunis, and armed myself with patience to endure a sea-voyage of twenty-three days and upward of six thousand miles.

We started on a dull, cold, wintry evening, with the consoling prospect of soon reaching warm latitudes, and of arriving at our destination at the other end of the Western Hemisphere in the height of the midsummer heat. It was dark when the ship weighed anchor and steamed slowly out of dock past the splendid panorama of the town lighted with garlands of gas-lamps, and dotted here and there along the quays with red, blue, and green lanterns, and dazzling electric globes that fling long and rippling sheets of white reflections over the glossy black waters. In the confusion of departure there is

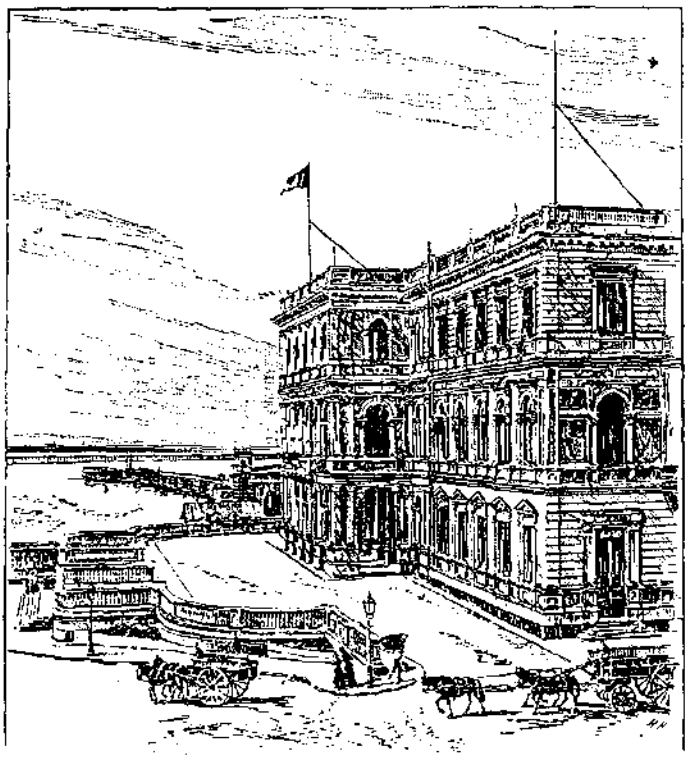
BUENOS AYRES FROM THE RIVER.

not much to be noted. We all have our thoughts elsewhere than on board, and it was not until the next morning that I was able to inspect the ship and her human load. The *Paraguay*, 3500 tons, had her full complement of passengers and emigrants, who numbered, together with the crew, about five hundred souls in all. She carried also some thirty carriage-horses, including six magnificent Anglo-Normans addressed to the Governor of the province of Cordoba, and accompanied by a tall, bony, red-faced Norman, who had trained them to run *à la* Daumont in six weeks, and who was very anxious to land them safely on the other side. "*Ce sera un grand succès pour moi, monsieur*," he said. "My colleagues will say, '*Ce Pelletier, a-t-il de la chance!*'"

In the course of the day I became acquainted with those of the first-class passengers who were not suffering from sea-sickness or influenza. With few exceptions they were Argentines, and several of them had held official positions in connection with the Paris Exhibi-

tion. However, as the wind continued high during the first four days of the voyage, and the ship rolled heavily, there was not much opportunity for conversation, but on the fifth day out the weather became soft and spring-like, the ladies appeared at table, and in the afternoon the French and Italian emigrants on the foredeck were dancing to the sounds of an accordion. Henceforward all went gayly and happily between eating, sleeping, novel-reading, card-playing, conversation, loafing, and basking in the sun. On December 24th we reached Teneriffe, and while the ship was taking in coal we went on shore, breakfasted, took a walk through the picturesque little town and the lovely gardens of the environs, full of orange-trees laden with golden fruit, bananas, roses, and other brilliant flowers, behind which rise hills covered with green velvety vegetation and dotted with white houses. This vision of charming fertility, and tranquil, unambitious felicity, made a pleasant interruption in our voyage, which was resumed at three in the afternoon, when we steamed away, watching the changing silhouettes of the islands and the grand snow-capped peak of Teneriffe, that remained in view until darkness enveloped it. At night a new panorama met our eyes. The deep violet sky was studded with countless stars; the horizon formed a clearly-defined circle, in the centre of which was the ship, vaulted over with the spangled cupola of the firmament; to the right the slender crescent of the new moon shed a silvery glow over the dark waves. As the ship glided along with panting engines the view from the stern was grandiose. On the foremast all sail was spread, and formed a dead black mass against the sky; the other masts and rigging stood out in sharp black outline; the decks were all in darkness, except a glare that rose from the skylights of the engine-room. Thus night after night the *Paraguay* steamed onward in solitude, her black sails swelling proudly against the dark blue-black sky, studded with brilliantly glittering stars that seemed closer than they appear in more northern climes.

Day after day and night after night we continued our voyage without incident across the watery waste, through the tropics, and out of the tropics; and day by day my surprise increased as I talked with my Argentine fellow-passengers, who were unanimous in declaring the national and provincial governments, the national and provincial banks, the municipalities, and everything connected with the administration of the country, to be full of corruption and thievery. "Our



THE "CASA ROSADA," THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND SEAT OF THE MINISTRIES, ON THE PLAZA VICTORIA, BUENOS AYRES.

towns," they told me, "abound in men who have suddenly become rich, and whose only desire is to make an ostentatious display of their ill-gotten gains. Witness all the horses we have on board, notably the six for the Governor of Cordoba. That man is a mere *gaucho*, a peasant, an ignorant brute. He has heard that in Europe people drive four-in-hand *à la* Daumont. 'Very good,' he says; 'I will drive a carriage-and-six;' and we have the carriage-and-six on board, and the liveries, and the Louis XV. wigs for the postilions. This Governor of Cordoba is the brother of the President of the republic, Dr. Juarez Celman, who had not a penny when he came into office

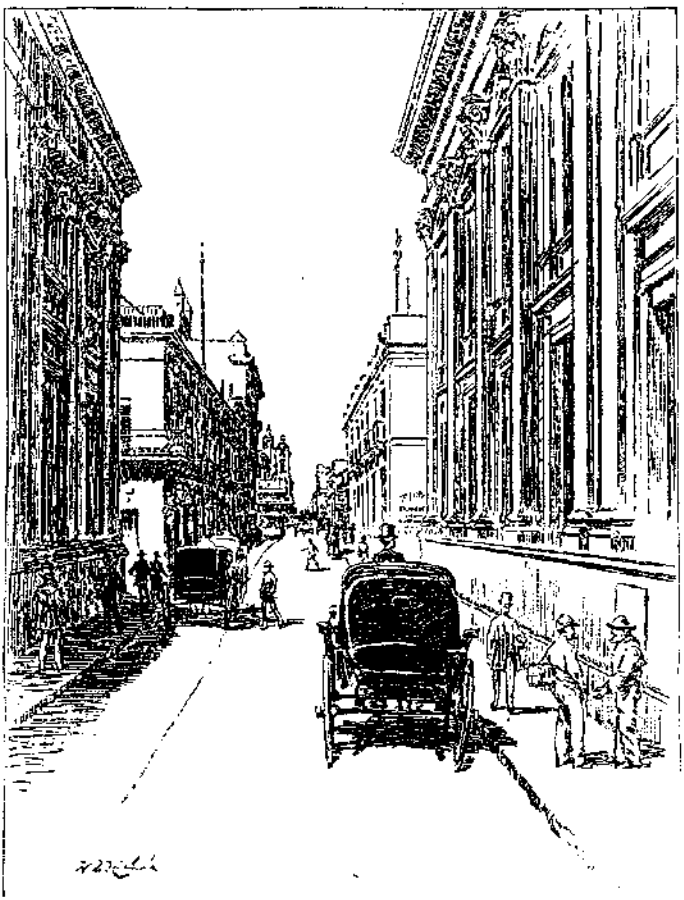
in 1886, and who now has a fortune of more than ten millions sterling safely deposited in the Bank of England."

One of the lady passengers, Madame X., a Frenchwoman who, I am told, keeps a fashionable store at Buenos Ayres, is very severe in her criticisms of the native women, whose toilets have no secrets for her. She tells me that the women have no domestic qualities, that the trying on of a new dress reveals fearful neglect of all that is not outside show, that the luxury of fine linen is not appreciated, and I know not what besides. Finally Madame X., who professes a great admiration for Alfred de Musset, and affects romantic airs in spite of her pronounced mustache, winds up her lamentation with the regret that intellectual life is entirely wanting in Buenos Ayres, and adds that the men are *mal élevés* and think too much of themselves.

Another passenger that interested me was a venerable Spanish gentleman, who, I was informed, has lived thirty years in the Argentine, and now acts as financial inspector in the interests of some Parisian bankers having large stakes in the Argentine. This gentleman was in the habit of delivering a moral and economical discourse every morning between eight and nine o'clock, and the burden of his sermon, which was invariably approved by all the Argentines on board, was the immorality of the population of the republic, encouraged and countenanced by the cynicism and immorality of the Government. Salvation can come only from an honest government. Meanwhile, as it is, everybody wants to make money rapidly, everybody speculates, and everybody lies. For those who have any delicacy, any conscience, any commercial morality, Buenos Ayres is no place. During the past fifteen years the present crisis has been in preparation. The directors of the national and provincial banks, who have been and still are scampish politicians, have speculated with the funds of the banks, using the deposits as a political treasury when necessary, and as a private treasury whenever there was a stroke of business to be done. The curse of the Argentine is politics, inasmuch as the whole object of the politicians is to make their fortunes while they are in office. The great danger for the republic is the cessation of immigration through want of confidence.

All this depreciatory and alarming talk of the financial agent was corroborated by his Argentine listeners, who each and all had instances to relate in illustration of this and that abuse. Indeed, from morning until night these Argentines talked about nothing but poli-

tics and finance and the price of gold. "But why do you not do something?" I asked them. "Are you not citizens of a republic? Are you not voters? Have you no political organization? To judge from the accounts you give me, your President, Juarez Celman, ought to have been impeached long ago, and half of your political men lynched." To these inquiries I failed to obtain any satisfactory answer, but remained with a vague impression that the Argentine Re-



THE CALLE RECONQUISTA, IN THE CENTRE OF THE BUSINESS QUARTER, BUENOS AYRES.

public must, after all, be nothing more nor less than a hydra-headed despotism. How strange! And how little had the polychrome pavilion of the Champ de Mars, with its ostentation of progress and riches, prepared me for this idea! However, it would be foolish to anticipate. In a few days I would be able to judge for myself. Doubtless my Argentine fellow-passengers were exaggerating the evils of their country, I said to myself; the more so as while they speak evil of the Government they are loud in the praise of the natural wealth and countless charms of the country, and especially of Buenos Ayres, whose streets, parks, theatres, promenades, public buildings, social life, and material organization, they assure me, are as fine, and in many respects even finer, than those of Paris. But on this point I am inclined to be sceptical, for these very Argentines have told me that it is a characteristic of the *gaucho*, or native peasant, to be astonished at nothing, and to remain unmoved in the belief that the Argentine Republic is the grandest and finest country in the world. To judge from conversation with many of the young Argentines on board who have been visiting Europe for the first time, and making the tour of the great cities and show-places of the Old World, I am inclined to believe that the more cultivated of them are very much like the rustic *gaucho:* nothing can astonish them.

At last, on January 7th, we noticed that the water was no longer of the deep violet-blue color that we had contemplated for so many days, but rather of a greenish tone, indicating that we were approaching our journey's end. The next morning, January 8th, we woke up at daybreak to find the water of a brownish-yellow shade, and full of the sand of the vast Rio de la Plata, which discolors the ocean for many leagues beyond the entrance of the estuary. Soon the sand-dunes of the coast of Uruguay became visible, then some low hills, and in the distance round-topped mountains of barren aspect, forming a dismal landscape of yellow and black masses, with a cold blue sky overhead and an expanse of dirty brown water in the foreground. "*On voit bien que c'est un pays sauvage!*" exclaimed one of the Parisian emigrants, when he caught this first glimpse of the South American continent, and without stating the elements on which he based this hasty judgment, he turned his back to the El Dorado and resumed his game of cards. Gradually, as we advanced, signs of life appeared on the shore: white homesteads and cattle, then the town of Maldonado, with its light-house, and at last

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BUENOS AYRES.

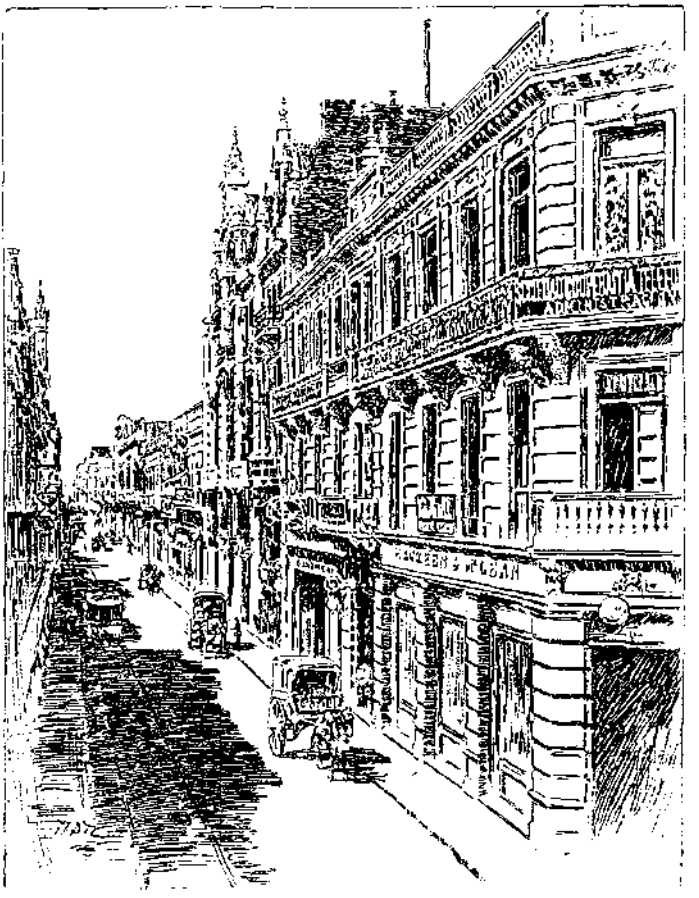
the *Cerro*, or hill, at the foot of which is the bay and town of Montevideo. The panorama is charming seen from the point where the ship anchors, fully two miles from the shore, in the roads crowded with vessels from all parts of the world. To the left is a hill crowned with a fort, then the bay full of small craft, and to the right the old town, covering with a mass of white houses, towers and cupolas, the slopes of a turtle-back peninsula. The situation of the town is admirable, and seen from a distance it has something of an Oriental aspect.

Here I left the *Paraguay*, which had to remain at least forty-eight hours to discharge cargo, and which, like all the ocean steam-

ships, would in any case anchor in the river fifteen miles from Buenos Ayres. It is far more convenient to proceed from Montevideo to the Argentine capital on one of the river steamers, the more so as these steamers now enter the dock, and passengers are able to step directly on shore without being subjected to the disagreeable process of transshipment by means of small boats or of carts, as was still the case when I reached the country for the first time.

After spending a few days at Montevideo, than in the height of the bathing season, I took passage on one of the steamers of the Platense Flotilla Company, which holds a practical monopoly of the navigation between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and of the rivers Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay. These steamers—large side-wheel ships built in Glasgow, with light draught of water and canoe-shaped ends, expressly devised for navigating in rivers full of sand-banks and shallows—are anchored at a distance of a few hundred feet from the quay, but as Montevideo, although one of the greatest commercial ports of the world, does not yet possess a decent pier or docks, or any conveniences for passengers, tribute has to be paid to porters and boatmen, who row you to the foot of the inadequate gangway of the steamer. Having secured my berth in a very small cabin, I proceeded to examine the ship, although the narrowness of the lobbies and passages makes circulation difficult, especially when they are crowded with people—correctly dressed men, and many striking women and girls wearing showy clothes, and much occupied with their own beauty. Threading my way leisurely through the throng, and pestered at every turn by bawling newspaper boys, who cry, "*La Tribuna, La Razon, El Dia! Quiere un diario, patron?*" I observe that some few cabins are roomy and neatly fitted up; the saloons are enriched with an exuberance of mirrors and gilding; the dining table is laid with a certain display of glass, plate, and glassware, and in each napkin is placed a dainty button-hole bouquet. The *menu* cards also are remarkable for their wealth of chromo-lithography and gilding. The panels of the dining-room are painted in a manner which bears witness to the influence of æsthetic Hampstead on modern Scotch decorative art. Throughout the ship is lighted by electricity, and in every available spot is written the motto of the company, "*Res, non verba.*" I was soon enabled to ascertain, however, that the Platense Company does not live up to its motto in the serving of dinner. The table is showy, the *menu* is full of the names

of pretentious dishes, but there is very little material food, and that little is poor in quality and badly prepared. The service, too, is execrable. The waiters prance round the table, and throw bits of food on the plates just as they might do if they were feeding wild beasts in a menagerie. Subsequent experience on many occasions confirmed my first impressions. The Platense boats offer fair accommodation, and doubtless as good as the average passenger in



A BUSINESS BLOCK ON THE CALLE PIEDAD, BUENOS AYRES.

those waters deserves, but they cannot be compared for roominess, comfort, and well-ordained service with the North American river steamers, or with the new ships of the Chilian and English companies on the Pacific coast. These steamers, plying between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, a distance of 120 miles, start from each port between five and seven o'clock in the evening, and arrive early the following morning. The journey being performed by night, there is no scenery to be admired. For that matter, navigation in La Plata resembles navigation on the sea, the river being forty leagues broad at its mouth, and eight leagues broad at the level of Buenos Ayres, so that as soon as you lose sight of the port and hill of Montevideo, illuminated with the glow of sunset, you find yourself in an apparently limitless expanse of brown water, on which may be seen floating here and there patches of weeds, lilies, and even trees that form floating islands, or *camalote*, as the native name has it. The next morning you arrive at Buenos Ayres, the ship is moored to the quay of the South Darsena, and a two-horse carriage conveys you and your luggage in half an hour to the heart of the greatest capital of South America. Thanks to the recent opening of the new dock, all the worry and danger of landing in small boats and in water-carts at the old Passenger Mole have become ancient history. The Passenger Mole has been demolished, and the brigandish boatmen forced to find some other occupation. In short, passengers can now land without risk of life or limb, and the only brigands against whom they have to battle are the coachmen.

To my mind nothing is more unnecessary in travelling than a fixed plan; it interferes with the play of the unforeseen, and impedes the evolution of those latent ideas and aspirations which, if left free to work out their course, will guide the patient wanderer, like a kind genius, to the realization of many a half-forgotten day-dream. When I landed at Buenos Ayres, in the beginning of January, 1890, after a three weeks' voyage from Europe, I intended, first of all, to visit various places in the Argentine Republic. The first few days that one passes in a new country, strange both in aspect and language, are always a little bewildering; gradually, however, the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, the tongue becomes loosened, the key to the plan of the streets is revealed, together with the tram-way system, and, with the help of obliging native acquaintance, the new-comer finds out hospitable restaurants, bath-houses, cafés, promenades, and re-

sources of material comfort, which enable him to recover his self-possession and to reflect calmly over his own condition and that of his surroundings.

After a busy week in the Argentine capital I came to the conclusion that the moment was unfavorable for observation. It was midsummer. Everybody of any social pretensions was out of town, either in the country or at the new and fashionable sea-side resort, Mar del Plata. The city was momentarily bereft of animation; the famous drive, Palermo, about which I had heard so much, was deserted except by plebeian families whom I saw picnicking under the trees and maculating the grass with greasy papers and discarded bottles, just as people do in the countries of more ancient and advanced civilization. But the fact which chiefly contributed to drive me away from Buenos Ayres was the financial crisis that was paralyzing the business of the whole republic. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "the situation will improve in two or three months; to describe impartially the present condition of affairs would be an ungrateful task. Let us listen to the inner voice, and see if there is not some other interesting trip to be made with advantage at this particular season." And the inner voice, the mouth-piece of latent ideas and unformulated aspirations, murmured the laconic programme: "From ocean to ocean, across the Andes."

This suggestion seemed to be at once romantic and practical, December and January being the finest months for crossing the Cordillera. Furthermore, from ocean to ocean is the programme of the railway now being constructed under the title of the "Ferrocarril Trasandino de Buenos Aires al Pacifico," which will eventually carry passengers directly from the Argentine capital to the Chilian port of Valparaiso, or, in other words, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I therefore determined to follow the track of this great transcontinental line as closely as possible.

CHAPTER II.

FROM BUENOS AYRES TO MENDOZA.

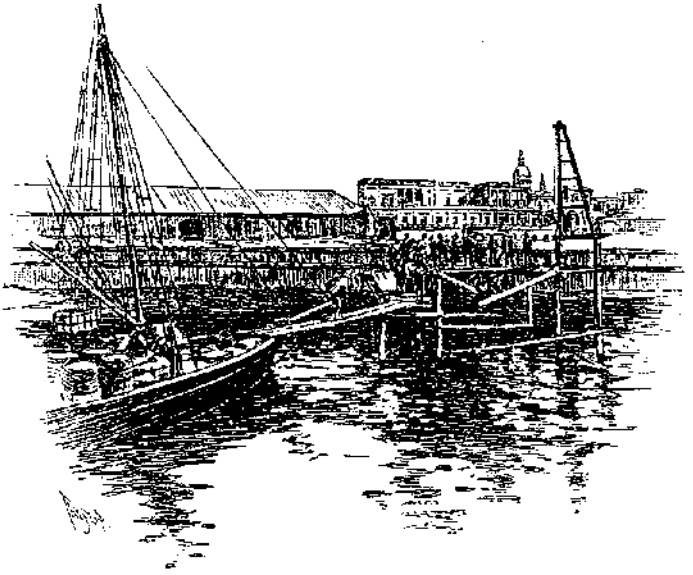
IN normal times two routes are open to the traveller crossing the continent: the railway Buenos Aires al Pacifico over the Pampa to Villa Mercedes, or the railway Buenos Aires to Rosario, the Central Argentine from Rosario to Villa Maria, the Andine Railway from Villa Maria to Villa Mercedes, and thence to Mendoza. I chose, perforce, the latter route, the Pacific Railway being then in course of reconstruction, after having been washed away by floods. The line, I may add, has been raised, and is now available for traffic, and offers the most direct and at the same time most monotonous route across the continent. It is this line which, as its name indicates, will eventually connect with Clark's Transandine Railway, and place Buenos Ayres in direct communication with Valparaiso. However, I was not sorry to take the other route, which has the advantage of more variety of scenery, and also of passing through Rosario, the second city of the republic in population and commercial importance. So then I went, with some curiosity, to the Central Station to take my ticket. It was my first experience of railway travelling in South America. The Central Station is a modest wooden building without pretensions of any kind, and quite unworthy of the immense traffic which daily passes through it. There is no superfluous formality on the part of the employés or of the public, and when the train draws up in the station there is a furious rush for places. The cars are on the American plan, with seats on each side, and a gangway down the middle, enabling one to pass from coach to coach the whole length of the train. No sooner have we started than a man passes through the car selling books—French, English, and Spanish, more especially translations of Xavier de Montépin's novels, with bright chromo-lithographic covers; then comes a boy selling newspapers—*La Prensa*, *La Nacion*, *Le Courier de la Plata*, *Standard*, *Herald*; next follows a vendor of *pastillas y bon-bones*, whose official title is that of *confitero*, and who, during the seven hours' journey, made very frequent apparitions in the car, bring-

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

ing to this one a cocktail, to the other an egg-nog, and to another a tall glassful of soda-water and fruit-syrup. All this struck me as being commendable, comforting, and comparatively civilized. As for the landscape, I was soon obliged to confess that it was terribly monotonous. Near Buenos Ayres the line skirts the suburb of Belgrano, where there are many handsome villas, and then the country becomes flat and often marshy grazing-land, beyond which, in the distance, you catch a glimpse now and then of the river Paraná. All this land is divided into squares, and enclosed with fences made of crooked wooden posts and three or four lines of wire. Trees are very rare; occasionally near the river are patches of reeds, stunted willows, and low shrubs of the acacia family; but generally the view is limited to interminable pastures, dotted with cattle and with flocks of white birds of the stork tribe, and black clouds of crows and wild-ducks, while occasionally some great vulture or eagle is seen soaring in the air waiting to prey upon the carcasses of beasts that are strown alongside the track, victims of the cow-catcher. The small towns and villages along the line have brick houses, and seem busy and prosperous. At one of these, San Nicolas, there was half an hour's halt for dinner, and the meal was well served and good in quality. Then the train steamed onward through the brilliant summer evening, and at 7.40 P.M. we arrived at Rosario, after a journey of seven hours and a quarter from Buenos Ayres.

Rosario is a vast business town, laid out geometrically with straight streets and blocks of uniform dimensions, and situated on a plateau commanding the Paraná River. The situation is admirable, and the city is certainly destined to become one of the finest in South America. At present, however, it is a doleful place for tourists, who require only a few hours to visit the Plaza and the public buildings, and to stroll through the principal streets, where there are some fine shops and handsome business blocks. On one side of the Plaza is a large church, whose white dome and towers are conspicuous from afar; but when you approach you find that the dome and towers are the only parts of the building yet completed; the rest of the edifice is rough brick, which, as I am informed, has been waiting for its stucco facing for the past eight years. But in Rosario nobody cares for churches; it is a city of business men, and particularly a city of young men, who, after office hours, find distraction in clubs, bar-rooms, immense cafés, and billiard saloons. Such establishments seem to be peculiarly fre-

quent in this town. The port of Rosario, on the Paraná River, is at present in a terrible state of disorder, but from morning until night there is a din of pile-driving and dredging, and in the course of a year or two we may expect to see there a fine line of quays. Meanwhile, the quantity of ships anchored in the river, or lying alongside the warehouses and wharves, bear witness to the commercial activity of the town. Rosario is the natural port of the provinces of the interior



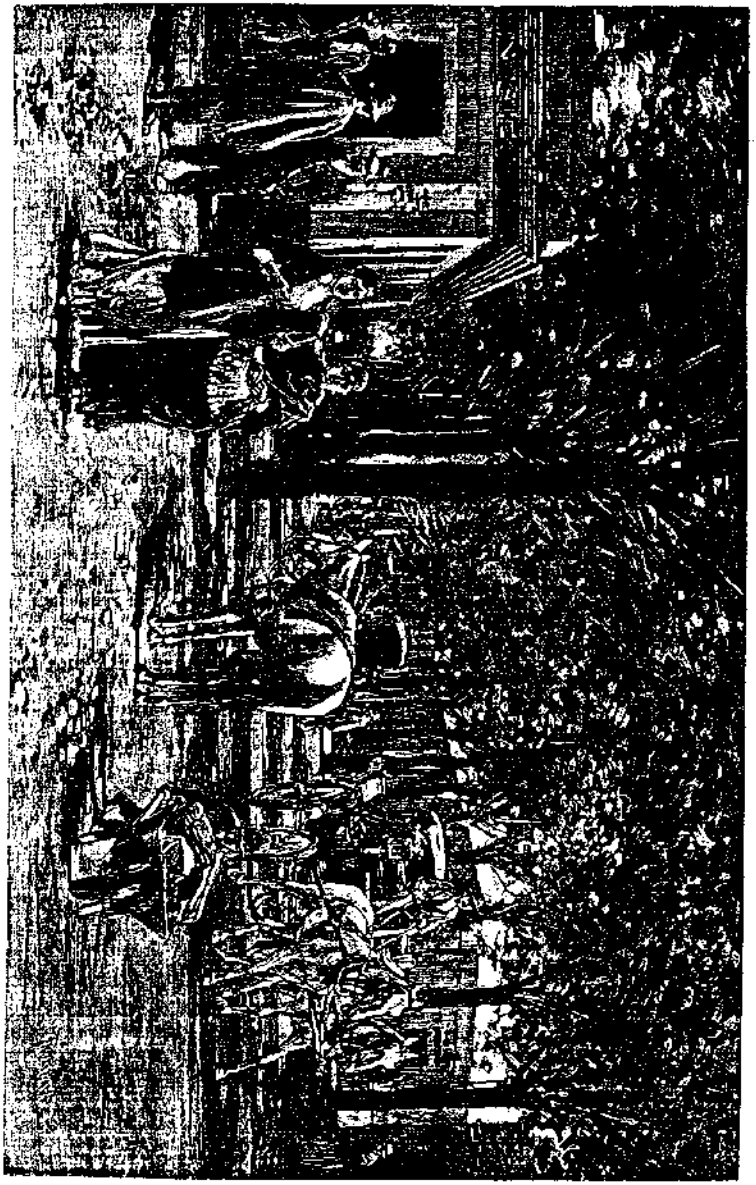
PORT OF ROSARIO.

of the republic—Santa Fé, Cordoba, Tucuman, Santiago, Salta, and Jujuy—with which it is in direct railway communication. In course of time, too, railways will place it in communication with Bolivia and with Chili. About the great future of Rosario there can be no doubt. Even now, although its population is only a little over fifty thousand, the vast extent of the city, its business ardor, the shipping in its port, including vessels of the Messageries Maritimes, the Chargeurs Réunis, and Lamport & Holt, that come directly from Bordeaux, Havre, Antwerp, and Liverpool, impress one with the present importance and the greater future of this modern and thoroughly European city.

The following evening I bought a ticket for Mendoza, and settled myself for the night in a commodious but very dirty sleeping-car, built at Wilmington, Delaware. In the morning I was disappointed to find the landscape still flat and monotonous beyond description, less green than in the province of Buenos Ayres, but divided into squares in the same way with posts and wire. The towns are generally at some distance from the line, and their silhouettes are utterly unpicturesque. Towards Sampacho I noticed some huts built of sun-dried bricks. In the way-side stations the type of the Italian navvy seems to predominate, though a little local color is given by the dark-skinned semi-Indian *china* women, and by an occasional *gaucho*, or native peasant, wearing the baggy Oriental trousers, called *cheripa*, a leather waistband ornamented with a profusion of silver coins, and a short jacket, or else the characteristic South American poncho. To my disgust the men and women are not more interesting than the landscape, which becomes more and more unpicturesque as we proceed westward. The gray sun-burnt plain, whose level monotony is broken only by tufts of bunch-grass and low dunes of yellow earth, stretches in all directions as far as the eye can reach. Hour after hour, through blazing sun and blinding dust, the train jolts along. At last we reach Villa Mercedes, where we stop an hour. The station here is crowded with *gauchos*, Indian women smoking cigarettes, provincial ladies in Parisian costumes, men wearing showy cravats, *peones*, laborers, farmers, and miscellaneous European types, mostly with Latin features and flashing black eyes. The restaurant was full of people eating and drinking in democratic promiscuity, but without disorder or roughness. The room was immense, and at one end was an assortment of bottles and brands of liquors, beer, and refreshing drinks, which astonished me by its variety. In the centre of South America, at this distant railway junction, I was not prepared for such overpowering evidences of urban civilization. After leaving Villa Mercedes we enter the province of San Luis, where there is much wood and very little water. In the north this province is wild, hilly, and covered with timber; in the south the bare pampa continues, and throughout it is very thinly populated and very poor. The line crosses the brown Rio Quinto by means of a suspension-bridge, and then rises rapidly until the long Sierra de San Luis breaks upon the view. All the afternoon we enjoy this pleasant change of picturesque prospect. After the exasperating treeless flatness of the provinces of

Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, the sight of hills and verdure and woods is an unspeakable relief. Still it is a long and wearisome journey, and after a second night spent in the dusty sleeping-car it was with no little satisfaction that we heard the guard's voice at five o'clock in the morning crying "*Arriba, señores, arriba!*" (Get up, gentlemen, get up!) as he passed through the car, shaking the curtains and stirring up clouds of dust. I pulled on my clothes, collected my hand-bags together, and then went out on the platform of the car to smell the fresh air and to view the country. The panorama was enchanting. There were no longer desolate plains spreading out their brown aridity farther than the eye could reach, but, on the contrary, a smiling expanse of green and fertile land, covered with a net-work of rivulets and irrigating canals, which watered fields of tall corn and vineyards fenced off with walls built with cyclopean blocks of sun-dried earth. We were running due west without a bend in the line. Looking backward, at one end of the train, I saw the cold gray rails converging to the vanishing point against the horizon, all aglow with the vivid rose-colored brilliancy of dawn; while looking forward, I beheld the majestic mass of the Andes towering above the clouds, and presenting from base to summit a variety of tones of indescribable softness and splendor, for the lower spurs were still slumbering in deep blue semi-obscurity, although the snow-capped peaks and the sharp facets of the upper ridges were already glittering in the golden rays of the sun, which struck the crowns of these lofty mountain monarchs long before it rose above the horizon of the valleys at their feet. This was my first glimpse of the Andes, and one of the most impressive and beautiful visions that I have had the fortune to contemplate.

Mendoza is one of the very few towns of the Argentine Republic which produce at once a favorable impression upon the visitor, and leave in his mind souvenirs that remain satisfactory—at least, from the picturesque point of view. The plan is the usual rectangular division into uniform chess-board blocks; the streets are twenty-five and thirty metres broad, with wide sidewalks shaded by lofty and luxuriant Carolina poplars. There are five large plazas, each planted with trees and shrubs; indeed, the town might be described as a group of shady avenues placed in the centre of an immense park or garden, for the environs, stretching away to the lower spurs of the Andes, are covered with brilliant green vegetation, kept fresh even in the



CALLE GENERAL SAN MARTIN, MENDOZA.

height of the summer heat by the abundant waters of the river Mendoza and other natural and artificial streams. And this summer heat is not to be trifled with. Already at six o'clock in the morning the sun begins to sting, and on certain days a hot wind blows from the province of San Juan, which would render the town unendurable were it not for the shade-trees and the watercourses, one of which runs along the principal street, the Calle General San Martin, partly through an open canal and partly below the sidewalk, which is formed of planks laid across the stream, here confined in a brick aqueduct. In every street fresh-water is running down the gutters night and day. An evidence of the heat met my eyes when I entered the court-yard of the Hotel Club Social: several of the guests were sleeping in the open air on iron bedsteads placed under the colonnade. This hotel consists of a handsome façade with two wings, in one of which is the restaurant, and in the other a café and billiard-room, a central patio planted with trees and flowers and surrounded by a colonnade, under which are the bedrooms with carpeted floors, iron bedsteads, Louis XV. marble-topped tables, Renaissance wardrobes, and other comparatively luxurious and expensive furniture, which one is not prepared to see in so

AT A RAILROAD STATION, MENDOZA.

remote a town. However, subsequent experience accustomed me to find in the wretchedest villages of the Argentine, and even in the miserable cottages of the *gauchos*, pieces of showy furniture and objects of luxury entirely out of keeping with the surroundings.

The hotel, like all the edifices in Mendoza, is only one story high, built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, decorated with stucco mouldings and ornaments, and painted white. This kind of construction has prevailed universally since the old city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1861. The new city, situated to the north of the old one, is of course composed of modern buildings only, generally in good order, neatly painted, and with considerable luxury in the wrought-iron gates of the patios and in the elaborate iron gratings placed over the windows, according to the old Spanish custom, which is still observed throughout the Argentine. As for the public edifices, there are none worthy of special mention or of a monumental character. The shops are for the most part vast bazaars, with great quantities of merchandise piled up to the ceiling on shelves, and without any attempt at artistic window-dressing. During the daytime the city is a desert of brown dust and glaring sunlight. In the early morning, however, there is considerable movement, especially in the Calle San Martin, where you see groups of mule-drivers and mountain guides, bullock-carts laden with square bales of compressed hay, wagons drawn by three mules harnessed abreast, two-horse cabs and victorias tearing along and raising clouds of dust. The cabs in Mendoza cost so little that the servants hire one to go to market. Indeed, owing to the system of one-story houses, the 30,000 inhabitants of the town are scattered over a great superficies, and the light victoria is as indispensable there as the drosky is in St. Petersburg. In the morning, too, you see the country people and *gauchos* riding about the streets, wearing the inevitable *poncho*, and taking pride in the elaborate ornamentation of their saddles and stirrups. Outside the shops groups of mules and horses are seen tethered. On the sidewalks are women going to or returning from market, dark-skinned *chinas* with more or less Indian blood in their veins, wearing light cotton dresses, black shawls sometimes drawn over their heads like a hood, and their hair in two long braids hanging down their backs. These pendant braids I found to be characteristic of the *china* and Indian women in all the parts of South America that I visited. At night the streets become once more animated. The Calle San Martin and its shops

are brilliantly lighted with paraffine lamps. The belles of Mendoza are seen making their purchases, and afterwards taking a turn on the Plaza Independencia on the nights when the military band plays. Sunday afternoon is the great time for the promenade along the corso in the Calle San Martin, down the centre of which runs the tram-way, without which, by-the-way, no South American town is complete. Two shabby municipal employés, mounted on equally shabby steeds, stand at each end to mark the limits of the corso, and from five to seven o'clock there is a continuous procession of public and private carriages, landaus, barouches, victorias, spiders, each drawn by a pair of horses. The young bloods ride up and down on

HOTEL CLUB SOCIAL, MENDOZA.

horseback, smoking cigarettes and displaying their fine clothes. Seven, eight, or nine times the procession passes up and down; then all Mendoza goes to dine, and the review recommences on foot on the Plaza Independencia between nine and ten. Meanwhile, during the afternoon corso, we must not forget to note the windows of the houses in the Calle San Martin full of spectators: the front rooms with whole families seated in all the splendor of their Sunday clothes,

and watching the movement of the street; the sidewalk in front of the Governor's house, where the Governor, his wife, his brother, his daughters, and other relatives, are seated on chairs according to their rank, while on the opposite sidewalk the military band plays in their honor. As for the costume of the promenaders, it is absolutely correct: the men wear silk chimney-pot hats, and the women gay Parisian hats and dresses of bright colors trimmed with a profusion of lace. Such is the corso, and such is the only amusement that the Mendocinos have. Life there is terribly dull. "*C'est embêtant. Il n'y a pas même un beuglant!*" exclaimed, in despair, an enigmatical Parisian lady whom strange adventures had led to this distant provincial capital. No, there is not even a café-concert, and yet the young men declare that they never go to bed before two o'clock in the morning. What do they do? They go to their club and gamble. Every Argentine is a born gambler.

At Mendoza I had the good-fortune to discover several acquaintances, and with their help I was able to penetrate a little into the provincial life of the republic. These men were cattle-breeders and owners of vineyards, the pastoral and viticultural being the two chief industries of the province; the vineyards, I was informed, pay a profit of twenty-five per cent. on the invested capital, and the profits on cattle exported to Chili and Bolivia are still higher. But what struck me particularly in many of these men was their indifference as regards everything except the pecuniary results of their industry: the vine-growers leave their vineyards entirely in the hands of French and Italian hired superintendents, and the cattle-breeders intrust the management of their *estancias*, or farms, to a man who receives a salary of $100 a month and a small percentage on products. The owners prefer to spend their time and money in Mendoza or Buenos Ayres, and the dream of many is to make periodical visits to Paris. They are also eager to profit by the advantages for speculation offered by the Banco Hipotecario. At Mendoza, as also in the capitals of the other important provinces, there are three banks, the Banco de la Provincia and branches of the Banco Nacional and the Banco Hipotecario, the former being identified with the opposition party and working with local capital, and the other two being national institutions identified with the party in power. The Governor of the province and all his political friends, I was informed, are able to obtain abundant credit at the Banco Nacional, and with the funds thus

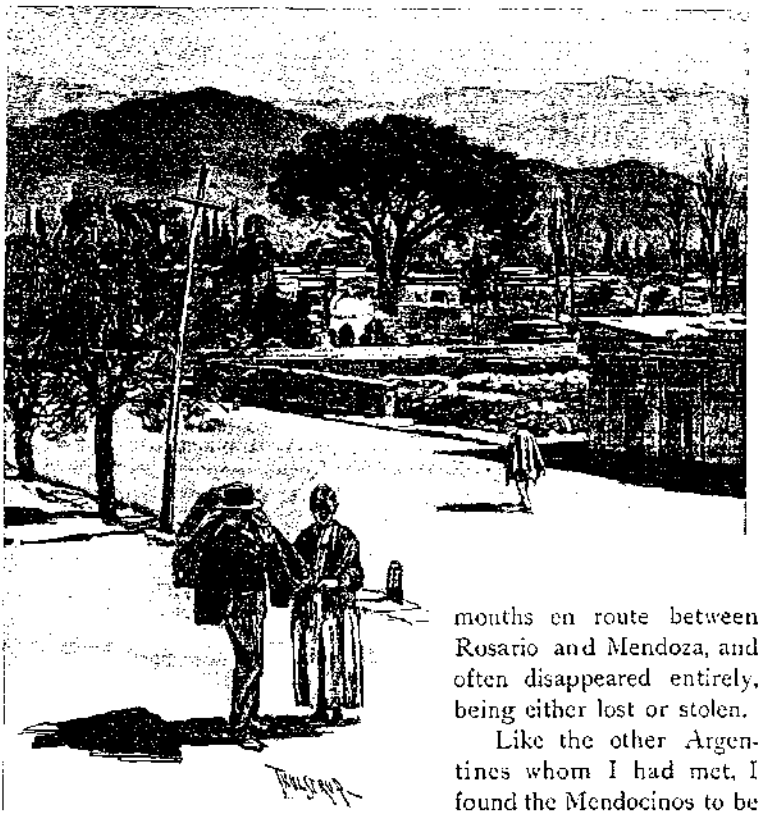
acquired they speculate on their own account, engage in all kinds of enterprises, and having started without a cent they become rich in a few years, thus following the high example of their lord and master, the President, Dr. Juarez Celman. As for the Banco Hipotecario, any one who is on the right side in politics gets mortgages granted on the mere show of title-deeds, without any measures being taken to verify his statements.

A curious instance of the intermixture of politics and business

COUNTRY HUT.

was that very Hotel Club Social, where I lodged at Mendoza. It had recently been sold for an enormous sum to a syndicate of half a dozen men, who were all-active politicians, and the consequence was that both the restaurant and the bar were monopolized by the numerous political friends of the various proprietors, who ate and drank on credit. For that matter, it appeared that almost everybody in Mendoza was living on credit; in the whole province, with its 110,000 inhabitants, there was not one million dollars of paper in circulation,

and nowhere was money rarer than in the banks. It was in vain that the depositors presented their checks. "We cannot pay to-day," replied the cashier; "next week, perhaps, we may have some money." As for the local railways, freights were at an impossible figure, owing to the high rate of gold, and furthermore the rolling stock was insufficient to transport the merchandise which sometimes remained six



RUINS OF SAN AUGUSTIN, MENDOZA.

months en route between Rosario and Mendoza, and often disappeared entirely, being either lost or stolen.

Like the other Argentines whom I had met, I found the Mendocinos to be loquacious and indefatigable critics, but there seemed to be no ideas among them of united action and energetic citizenship. Thus, disappointed with my first experience of the republic, I spent a few more days in visiting various estates, where I found the employés for the most part living in comfortless and slovenly huts; I visited

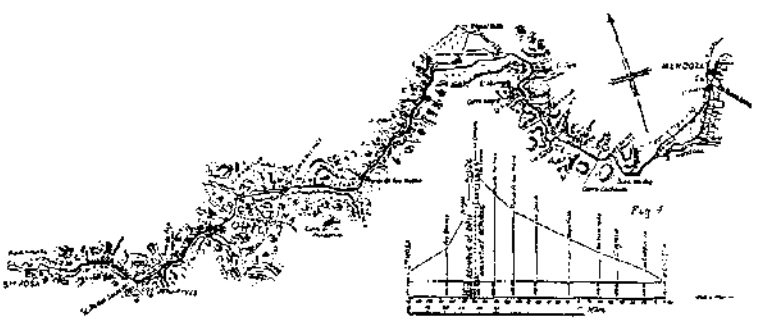
also the famous Trapiche vineyard, belonging to Señor Tiburcio Benegas, which is a model of order and fertility; and, last of all, the ruins of old Mendoza, consisting of the shattered walls of the churches of San Augustin and of the Jesuits, which rise in picturesque and mournful grandeur against the vast background of green plain and mountain solitudes

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE ANDES.

IN the pleasantly situated town of Mendoza, with its broad streets overarched with trees, I spent several days in making arrangements for the journey over the mountains. In the general stores in the Calle General San Martin, that ubiquitous hero of the Southern republics, I bought canned food, biscuit, orange marmalade, tea, coffee, cigarettes, matches, wine, whiskey, salt, a mattress, a kettle, and other small items necessary for a week's travelling in uninhabited regions. I also bought some stout leather leggings, a fine pair of Chilian spurs, with a wheel or star rowel five inches in diameter, and a *poncho* of superior quality and unobtrusive design, the whole under the guidance of an experienced traveller, whose counsel I found to be most excellent. The *poncho*, I must explain, is the universal native garment in Spanish America. It is a rectangular piece of stuff with a hole in the middle, through which to pass the head; it varies in size, thickness, quality, and pattern, according to the season or to the means and taste of the wearer; rich and poor alike wear the *poncho*, and a better and more convenient over-garment for riding cannot be imagined. Thus equipped I proceeded to seek mules, but I had considerable difficulty in finding an *arriero*, or muleteer, who would undertake to go by the path I wished to follow along the south side of the Mendoza River. The ordinary mule-path to Chili goes out to the north of the town, and always along the north bank of the river, the usual halting stations being Villa Vicencio, Uspallata, Punta de las Vacas, Puente del Inca, Juncal, and Guardia Vieja. On the accompanying sketch map, the first that has ever been published of this now very ancient route across the mountains, the reader will find the ordinary road to Chili marked, and on the other side of the river, and occasionally crossing it, the route of the transandine railway; at the same time he will be able to get some idea of the position of the main mountain ranges and of the height in metres of the principal points, while other conventional markings indicate the nature of the ground.

Well, after obtaining letters of introduction to the engineers of the various sections of the line, and complete particulars for my guidance, I tried *arriero* after *arriero*, but all in vain. Some said, without further explanation, that it did not suit them to go that way. "*No me conviene, señor.*" Others pleaded ignorance of the way. Next to a mule itself, I believe that there is no more obstinate creature than a muleteer. However, I persevered, and finally obtained the address of an impresario named Zacarias Diaz, who lived in the outskirts of



MAP OF ROUTE ACROSS THE ANDES.

Mendoza, near the cemetery; and at 5 A.M. the next morning I called upon him, tempted him with gold, and after drinking several glasses of vermouth, we at last came to terms, and he signed with an elaborate flourish, or *rubrica*, the following document and receipt for the payment of half the sum agreed:

"Recibi del Señor Teodoro Child cuarenta pesos nacionales, mitad del importe por el cual me obligo á hacerlo conducir á Chile y cuya segunda mitad será pagada en Santa Rosa de los Andes. Enero 22, '90. ZACARIAS DIAZ."

An hour later the impresario Diaz introduced me to the *arriero*, Benigno Mendoza by name, who was to take me to Chili; and after giving Benigno instructions to go on ahead and meet me the following morning at eight o'clock at a point on the railway track thirty and odd kilometres from Mendoza, I felt relieved of some anxiety, and spent the day in gossip and expectation.

The following morning, January 23d, at half-past six, an engine and two corrugated iron freight-cars started from the station of the

Ferro-carril Trasandino, at Mendoza, with half a dozen navvies, the pay-master Don Carlos, his clerk, the liquor contractor of the first section of the line, and the writer of these pages, each one with his baggage—bedding, *ponchos*, saddles, spurs, revolvers, boots, belts, and I know not what besides. And so, with much jolting, rattling, and dust, we sped along gayly.

The starting-point at Mendoza is 719 metres above the level of the sea, and the line runs south-west by south for the first twelve kilometres, passing through cultivated ground near the famous Trapiche vineyard; then it gets on to barren ground covered with scrub and bulbous cactuses studded with beautiful wax-like flowers, though as far as kilometre 21 you still see zones of cultivated ground, and away to the right hand the red and brown slopes of the Andes and distant sowy peaks. At kilometre 21 is the first station, called La Compuerta. At kilometre 24 the line reaches the Mendoza River for the first time, and crosses it over a bridge of 120 metres span, in six openings of twenty metres each. It then turns more to the west, and follows the south bank of the Mendoza River over a stony plain, until it reaches Boca del Rio at kilometre 33, where the rails stopped at the time of my journey. But before reaching this point we left the train at a small camp called El Rodeo, placed on a bluff on the bank of the Mendoza River—a barren and deserted spot indeed, but luxurious compared with other camps which I was destined to see later. Imagine heaps of broken railway material, piles of rails, sheds full of various materials, groups of little cabins made of corrugated iron, a corral of wattled brushwood, a dome-roofed baking oven built of sun-dried bricks, a total absence of vegetation or shade, and an abundance of dust and scattered rubbish. Animate this landscape with mules, a few teams of oxen, navvies of all nationalities, Indian and half-breed women and children, lean dogs, a few goats, some errant fowls, and you will have an idea of the first camp on the line. Here Don Carlos stayed a couple of hours to pay the men, and I meanwhile sent to inquire if Benigno was at the rendezvous, a short distance farther on; but although the hour fixed upon had passed, there were no signs of mules or muleteer. I remembered that I was in the land of *mañana*, and waited patiently; but as hour followed hour and the mules did not appear, I began to feel irritated and alarmed. Don Carlos had gone ahead and left me. It was already noon. The situation was becoming hopeless, and it seemed probable that I and my *poncho*,

spurs, leggings, and cork helmet would be obliged to return ignominiously to Mendoza. However, I determined to make the best of things, and there being no immediate means of returning to the town, I accepted the invitation of the engineer of the camp, a most sympathetic and accomplished German gentleman, and sat down to breakfast under the shade of a brush roof in company with my host, with the telegraphist of the camp, a young Venezuelan, and with the head blacksmith, one of the most imaginative and agreeable Gascons I have ever met. This lunch between hope and fear was so pleasant to all parties that it was prolonged nearly three hours, and then, when I had quite reconciled myself to a forced retreat, the worthy Benigno was announced. Where had he been? He had missed the road, and gone up the mountain instead of down. However, there was no question of reproach or expostulation. Benigno smiled all over his face; his black beard glistened with blue reflections in the sunlight; hoarse but still articulate sounds issued from his parched lips. We must not lose any more time, he suggested, and took the baggage to load up the pack-mule. A few minutes later I bade a hearty farewell to my host, mounted my mule, and off we started over scrub and cactus, the *madrina* leading the way with her tinkling bell.

Our little caravan consisted of six mules—one for me, one for Benigno, one for the baggage, two spare animals in case of accident, and the *yegua madrina*, or bell-mule, which all the others follow. The general order of march was the *madrina*, the spare mules, and the baggage-mule in the van, followed by Benigno, who drove them on with his lasso, and chased them back into the path when they wandered away. A short distance behind Benigno, my mule stepped along at a rapid walking pace, rarely breaking into a trot, and that only when he saw that the others were getting too far ahead. As for the accoutrements, they presented some special details worthy of notice. The bridle of both mules and horses in the mountain districts of the Argentine and of Chili is provided not only with a bit and curb, but also with a semicircular metal guard which covers the lips, and serves the double purpose of protecting the nose of the animals in case of a fall or slip in going uphill, and at the same time of preventing them from drinking when they are fording streams. This Chilian bit is a formidable engine against which no animal can rebel. The reins are generally made of twisted strands of untanned leather, finely plaited in round lengths which are joined

together with rings, while attached to the bridle is a leather lash two yards or two yards and a half long, which takes the place of a whip, and which you whirl round as you would whirl a lasso, and thus deal very efficacious strokes across the flanks of recalcitrant beasts. This long lasso-lash is especially useful when you meet another troop of mules, or when you have to spur and "whoop" your way through one of those herds of a thousand or fifteen hundred horned cattle which are constantly being driven over the mountains during the summer months, and crowd the narrow path in an often alarming manner. The saddles used are the high-cushioned Chilian or Mexican models, or, more commonly, a series of superposed skins and cloths arranged somewhat in the same manner as the *recado*, or saddle, of the Argentine *gaucho:* first of all, a cloth or some sheepskins, then a leather saddle, then a peaked wooden frame called *bastos*, to which the stirrups are attached, and the whole held in place by a belly-band, and then over this two or three more sheepskins and a saddle-cloth, held in position by means of a broad surcingle. This surcingle is not provided with buckles, but simply with rings and thongs, which are tied with running knots, and so can be more readily loosened and tightened while the various elements of the saddle are being recomposed — an operation which has to be done from time to time during the day's march, especially when the road is precipitous. The stirrups are simply heavy wooden shoes, or *sabots*, always curiously carved, and an excellent protection against the bowlders and thorn-bushes which line the mountain track. To the inexperienced eye this equipment may seem primitive and cumbersome, but in reality every detail of it has its reason and use. Indeed, as a general rule, we may be sure that usages consecrated by long tradition are not to be sneered at. Even those enormous wheel spurs have their *raison d'être*, which is not to hurt the horse or mule—no spur is more harmless - but to assist the rider to sit in the saddle with ease and cling more closely to his horse. A Chilian does not feel his equilibrium complete unless he wears a pair of these big spurs, which are so terribly embarrassing when he dismounts and walks on *terra firma*. As regards the baggage-mule, bags, trunks, and all sorts of luggage are piled up on his back on a pack-saddle, and tied on with long thongs of untanned leather in such a manner as to balance well. Now, as the baggage-mule trots on in front, free to err a little from the path and snatch *en passant* a sprig of vegetation, it often happens

that he abuses his privilege and runs uphill or downhill some distance. Then he has to be driven back to the road. All this ends by disturbing the equilibrium of the cargo, and then the *arriero* gallops up to the baggage-mule, dismounts with agility, and throws his *poncho* over the animal's head. As long as his head is covered with the *poncho* the mule remains still, and recourse to this method of blindfolding is had each time the mule is loaded, and each time that the balance needs to be re-established during the day's march. In fact it is one of the little incidents of mountain travel-

ROPING CATTLE AT PUNTA NEGRA.

ling that amuses the novice, for the aspect of a mule with his head wrapped up in a *poncho* has a certain element of comicality.

In a few minutes the hospitable camp of El Rodeo was lost to view, and we entered the silence of the mountains, following the railway line through a granite cutting, and then through a tunnel of 100

metres long. At kilometre 36.400 the line will cross to the north side of the river with a bridge of forty-five metres span over a deep, narrow channel. One kilometre farther on it recrosses to the south bank over a bridge of forty metres span, and a viaduct of three arches, each of nine metres. The rails at the time of my journey were laid only as far as kilometre 33, and although most of the masonry was completed for the bridges beyond that point, none of the iron-work had yet arrived, for the simple reason that it cannot be brought until the rails are laid. Henceforward, then, we followed a mule-path along the south side of the Mendoza River, up hill and down dale, through grand scenery, until we reached San Ignacio about two hours after sunset, passing on our way, at kilometre 38.500, the second station, Los Baños de la Boca del Rio, where there are some hot sulphur springs in the bed of the river, usually available only in the winter, because the summer floods cover them. Just beyond this station the line crosses to the north bank, with a bridge of forty-five metres span, and three arches of nine metres each. Then shortly afterwards it goes through a tunnel of forty-two metres, and round a quick bend in the river by retaining walls on the mountain-side. All this I noticed with interest, but in order not to distract the reader, and for the sake of greater clearness, I will reserve the technical details of the line for a subsequent page, and proceed to relate the few incidents of the journey.

At San Ignacio I slept comfortably in the house of the engineer of the camp, who was absent, and whose hospitality I could recognize only by leaving a card of thanks on his desk. The next morning I was awakened about half-past four by the trampling of mules and by the steps of Benigno, who was making preparations for starting. After a cup of coffee and a biscuit we were in the saddle, and as we jogged along in the mild morning freshness my eyes rested with wonderment on the surrounding snow-clad ridges, above which towered in the distance the conical peak of Tupungato, 6180 metres high. It was a singularly impressive sight. The gloom of night still lingered in the valley; the lower ranges of mountains seemed to emit darkness; the outlines of the bowlders, scrub, and cactus plants were not yet sharply defined; the earth appeared as it were half asleep, lulled by the subdued roar of the Mendoza River rolling its torrent of brown-gray water along its deep and tortuous bed; the only other sound perceptible was the tinkling of the mule-bell and the soft pattering of

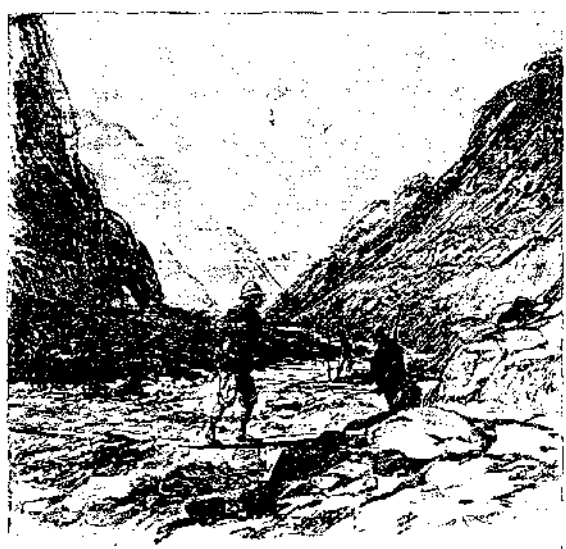
hoofs over the gravel and pebbles. Suddenly the summit of Tupungato reddened, and in a few minutes all the topmost ridges became brilliant and almost transparent, like molten copper as it flows out of the furnace. The spectacle of sunrise in the Andes was one that I contemplated each morning with ever-increasing awe, for each time it seemed more wonderful, more beautiful, and more indescribable.

PASO DEL VERMEJITO.

The second day's journey from San Ignacio to the camp of Uspallata was long and wearisome. We were still in the arid region of rugged ground thinly dotted with thorn, *jarilla* scrub, and great hairy cactuses growing in single spikes a foot or more in diameter and three or four feet high. Keeping as near to the river as possible, we rode along until we came to the Rio Blanco de los Potrerillos, which we forded without difficulty, and then crossed a number of ravines, or *quebradas*, descending and ascending the precipitous sides without accident, but not without emotion. Towards noon we halted in the desert, lighted a fire, and ate our lonely breakfast with gusto, and then once more the girths were tightened, and we proceeded, partly along the river-bank and partly along the railway track, through

the stony and burning wastes of the Alumbre, and then along the precipitous face of broken mountains, where the rock has been cut away so that the railway runs terracewise along the river with one short tunnel. All this part of the route is as hard travelling as one could wish to one's worst enemy. The arid ground, the bare red granite rocks, every particle of dust even, seem to be burning hot. There is no shade, no water, no shelter; and with eyes inflamed parched tongue, and smarting throat, you toil along, deriving little consolation from the fact that the hardy muleteer is suffering nearly as much as yourself. Finally, about half an hour after sundown, we came in sight of a solitary provision store, a few kilometres on this side of the camp of Uspallata, with around it two or three empty houses, forming part of a camp that had now been removed higher up. This store, or *proveduria*, was kept by a Spanish Basque, who was of kindly disposition in spite of his ferocious aspect, and being utterly exhausted, I besought him to let me sleep in his shed, rather than go on in the dark half a dozen kilometres farther to the regular camp. So my mattress was laid amid flour barrels, oil-cans, casks of wine, and various wares, in a shed at the back of the shop, and, in company of rats and mice, I passed as peaceful a night as my aching bones and my parched throat would allow. It was useless to bewail my fate. I had chosen this path of my own free-will. The only thing to do now was to make the best of it, or perish in the attempt. At any rate, I was learning by personal experience what are the hardships suffered by those who travel through the desert, for certainly no Sahara sands can be more scarifying and more parching than the granitic dust of the Alumbre. However, the next morning, though still parched, I mounted my mule as usual, and we rode on through similar country, amid brush, cactus, and burning rocks, until we reached the camp of Punta Negra, where the Swedish engineer in charge received me with the greatest cordiality, and offered me two new-laid eggs and a cup of fine coffee prepared by a Frenchwoman, the wife of one of the workmen. Fresh eggs are a great luxury in these camps, where, strange to say, few of the engineers have fowls, or even a goat, but live in a desperately primitive manner. The camp of Punta Negra was one of the most characteristic that I saw. In an open space of absolutely sterile brown earth, under the shadow of the equally sterile mountains, there were the usual corrals for the mules; the usual houses, with corrugated iron roofs, built for the most part of loose stones without mortar; a baking

oven; a small store for the sale of canned provisions and more or less deleterious drinks — everything looking miserable, dusty, neglected, and desolate. The inhabitants were the men working on the line, mostly Eastern Europeans, a number of *china*, or half-Indian women and children, with brown skins and coarse black hair, and a few miscellaneous servants. In such surroundings the engineers, often highly educated young men, speaking two or three languages, live month after month and year after year, cut off from the world, and receiving no other visits than a rare call from a colleague in a neighboring camp, and once a month that of the paymaster from Mendoza. The engineer's cabin scarcely differs from the others in the camp, except in that it contains a drawing-table, some scientific instruments, and a few



CROSSING THE RIO BLANCO.

books and illustrated newspapers — that great consolation of those whose lot is cast in lonely places. In the midst of these terrible mountains there is no comfort: everything has to be carried on mule-back, even the fodder for the mules themselves; every board, every nail, every crumb that we see in the camps, has been brought on

mules over the same difficult road that we are now traversing. From this fact alone the reader may judge how great have been the difficulties of the construction of the railway.

While in the camp of Punta Negra I witnessed a scene which illustrated the primitiveness of existence in these mountain deserts. In the upper valleys, it appears, there are occasionally stretches of pasture where the *carneadores*, or fleshers, keep cattle. As we were smoking our cigarettes after lunch we saw in the distance half a dozen horsemen galloping along and driving before them three oxen. Soon, with remarkable rapidity and skill, the cattle were directed into the camp, lassos were thrown over their horns and over their hind and fore legs, and the animals lay panting and roaring on the ground. In a few seconds each one was killed, and in a few minutes afterwards the hides were drying in the sun, and the meat was being roasted on wooden spits before the fire of the baking oven. The lightning speed with which this incident took place, and the brusque transition from bounding and splendid life to the red horror of dead meat, were disagreeably striking to the eye of the over-sensitive dweller in cities.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I overtook the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off in his company to the next camp of Vermejito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night; and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torrent flows, we found the reports to be only too true. The water, white as milk, was foaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording-place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian—succeeded in raising one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured; but how would the mules get over? The *arrieros* were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in his money-bags. However, every man lent a hand. The mules

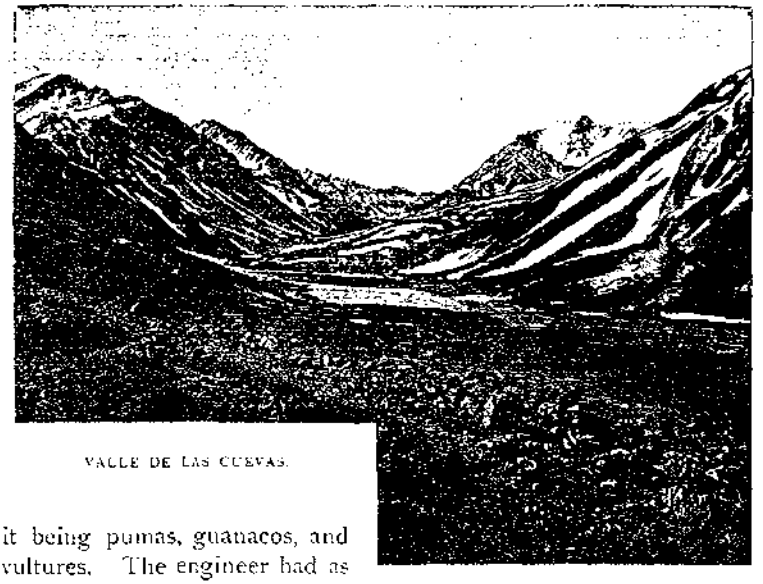
were unloaded, and, with the aid of cries and whirling lassos, they were driven into the turbulent torrent, and waded or swam across bravely, one only getting carried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp bowlder. The next thing was to carry over the baggage and saddles. A lasso was flung across the stream, and held on one side by the two engineers, and on the other

THE INN AT PUNTA DE LAS VACAS.

by the *vigilante*, or gendarme, who accompanied the paymaster, "to prevent him running away with the company's money," as we used laughingly to tell him. This taut cord served as a hand-rail along the narrow plank, and by means of repeated journeys, and with incessant risk, the baggage was finally all carried over, the mules loaded and saddled, and the journey resumed, Don Carlos and his party leaving

me behind, for they were well mounted on strong horses. My little caravan halted for lunch in an open flat valley, walled in on three sides with rugged black basaltic mountains, and on the other by the deep gorge of the Mendoza River. This valley was a waste of baked earth, crackled in every direction like a Chinese porcelain pot, and divided into sections by the stony beds of dry rivulets. A patch of *jarilla* scrub beside a little trickling streamlet of clear water, with tadpoles lurking in the pools and among the cryptogamous verdure along the edges, seemed to us a comfortable spot, although there was not an inch of shade, and no shelter whatever either from wind or sun. Here we lighted a fire, and turning our backs to the desert, faced towards the river, which we could see glistening in the distance as it disappeared round a bend between the horrid mountains, while at the other end of the valley we perceived tall snow-capped peaks, and across the desert itself the implacable line of iron telegraph posts with a double wire stretched from insulator to insulator. This telegraph line goes from the Argentine to Chili, passing the summit of the Andes in underground cables as far as Guardia Vieja. When the brushwood was well ablaze Benigno produced from his saddle-bags a piece of fresh meat which he had bought at Punta Negra, spitted it on a stick, and propped it up on two stones in front of the fire, where it was roasted to perfection. With this roast, a box of sardines, some marmalade, a bottle of wine, and a cup of coffee, we made an excellent meal, and started off gayly for the next camp, called Punta de las Vacas. The road was arduous, the ascents being exceedingly steep, and the descents equally precipitous. The path, too, was not clear, but, luckily, Don Carlos had lighted fires at different points so that the smoke might guide us. Thus we arrived at a paltry stream called the Rio Colorado, which in ordinary times you cross on stepping-stones, but which was now swollen into a formidable torrent tumbling along violently through a rocky and pathless ravine. Here we spent some time before we could find a spot where the mules could pass with safety, and even then we had to ford it with the water washing over our mules' backs. I will here remark, without insisting upon such a trifling detail, that in fording these swift torrents, if you happen to look down instead of straight ahead, the water and the mule seem to be stationary, while the banks are rushing past with alarming rapidity. People who are subject to giddiness will do well not to attempt to cross the Andes.

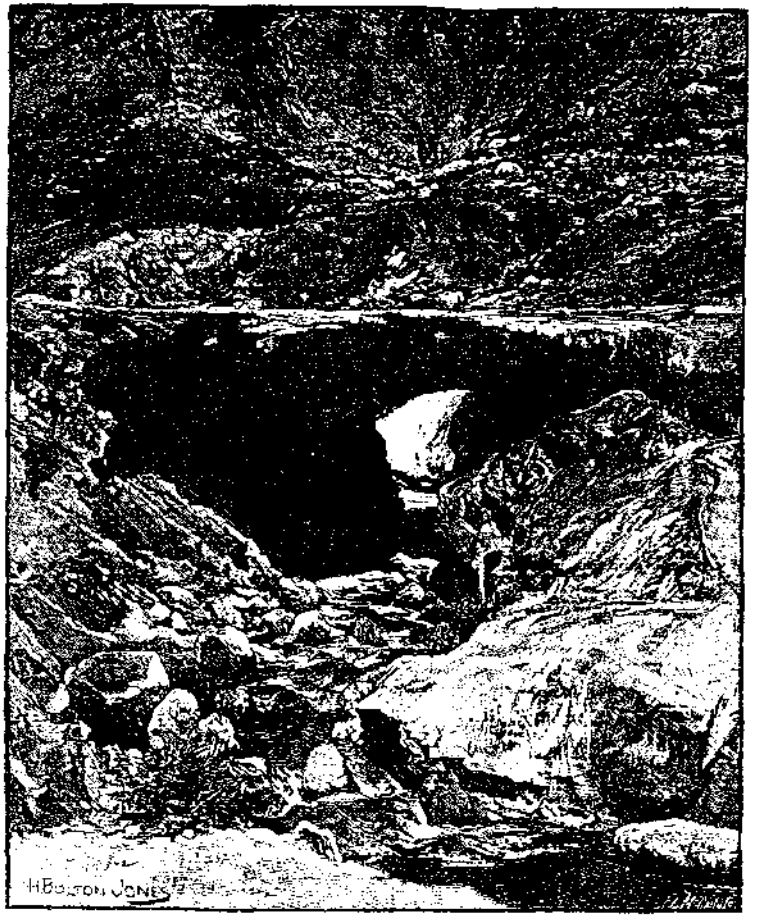
In the course of the afternoon we arrived safely at the camp of Punta de las Vacas, where an amiable Scotch engineer gave us hospitality and accepted with pleasure a little whiskey—a rarity at this height above the sea-level. This camp is one of the loneliest, most desolate, and most arid of the whole line, the only living things near



VALLE DE LAS CUEVAS.

it being pumas, guanacos, and vultures. The engineer had as a pet a young guanaco, which wandered freely about the camp and fondled everybody. This species of animal—something between an antelope and a llama—is very prolific and abundant in the upper valleys of the Cordillera. In the camp of Punta de las Vacas, as in all the camps that I visited, I found a warm welcome, and spent a pleasant evening with my host and Don Carlos, the paymaster, who also stayed there that night. The next morning I left the track of the railway, crossed the Mendoza River on a shaky wooden bridge, rode along the Rio de las Cuevas for a short distance, among bowlders and rocks, and then rejoined the ordinary mule-road from Mendoza to Chili, a good broad path, very different from the scarcely visible bridle-paths which I had been following hitherto on the other side of the river. The scenery, too, began to grow less arid. Walls of loose stones enclosed vast *potreros*, for

shutting in and feeding the travelling herds of cattle. There were even some pasture-land and some wild flowers in the vicinity of the public halting-place, called also Punta de las Vacas — a dismal and filthy spot withal, surrounded with dirt, offal, horns, bones, skeletons of horses, mules, and other cattle, old meat-cans, broken bottles, and all the evidences of uncleanliness, destruction, and cruelty which nomad humanity leaves for nature's scavengers to transmute. As we continued along the Cuevas Valley we saw from time to time more skeletons of mules or oxen, some bleached and cleanly picked, others still occupying the ravenous beaks of large birds of prey. So we arrived without incident at Puente del Inca, where I stayed that day to examine the natural curiosities of the spot. The Inca's Bridge is simply an arch of stratified shingle, cemented together by deposits and petrifications from the hot springs which bubble up all over the neighboring bluff, the river Cuevas having eaten its way through the shingle and falling in a cascade below. The bridge is 66 feet high, 120 wide, and varies from 20 to 30 feet in thickness, and, seen from below the bridge, is found to be covered with yellowish stalactites more curious than beautiful. In the sides of the ravine, in grottos, are bubbling hot springs of crystalline water, which even in winter has a temperature of 94° Fahrenheit. This water contains sulphur, iron, and other mineral properties, and is reputed to be of great efficacy. Doubtless, when the transandine railway is opened for traffic, a company will buy up Puente del Inca, construct a fine bath establishment, and take in handsome profits. Even as it is, although the grottos are merely enclosed with a few planks, and although neither at the springs nor at the inn is there the smallest element of comfort or simple decency, many people come every year from Chili and the Argentine in order to take the baths. Indeed, a more miserable and desolate spot could hardly be imagined. It is a stretch of reddish-brown ground at the foot of the mountains without a particle of vegetation on it. Towards the river the ground is covered with a yellow or white efflorescence that suggests coral formation, and innumerable little springs of hot water bubble up through cracks in the rock with a hissing sound, and trickle over green or yellow floating fibre towards the edge of the rock, where the fibre hangs over and gradually solidifies into stalactites, which in turn become converted into projecting ledges, on which other stalactites hang. The whole aspect of the ground is uncanny; just as at Punta



PUENTE DEL INCA.

de las Vacas, the inn is surrounded with a zone of filth, bones, horns, offal, and old tins. As for the inn itself, it is an agglomeration of one-story buildings of sun-dried bricks, mud roofs, floors of beaten earth not even levelled, the walls whitewashed, and the doors painted bright green. In each room are as many trestles and mattresses as it can hold, and in the summer months the traveller must expect to sleep in mixed company, and be prepared to dispense with washing

and all other conveniences which decency, not to say comfort, requires. I may say here that experienced travellers strenuously deprecate the use of soap and water during the journey across the Andes, on the ground that it renders the skin tender and susceptible, not so much to the sun, but to the terrible dust and winds that you meet. If you wash, they say, your lips and nose will crack and your skin peel off. For my part, I abstained from washing the whole time I was in the mountains, not only because I felt confidence in the experienced advice of other travellers, but also because, for want of water and utensils, I never had an opportunity of washing. On the other hand, I must say that I arrived at my journey's end without any hurt or disfigurement other than the loss of the skin on the tip of my nose.

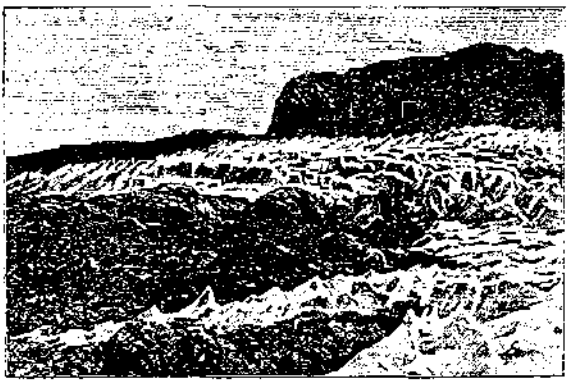
From Puente del Inca we started the next morning to perform perhaps the hardest stretch of the journey, namely, the passage of the Cumbre, 12,795 feet high, the dividing point between the Pacific and Atlantic water-sheds of the Andes. The road lies along the middle of the grand valley of Las Cuevas, in which are two or three round huts, or *casuchas*, where travellers and the couriers carrying the mails find shelter when needful. All these *casuchas* are built on the same plan, with steps ascending to the interior, which consists of a room some sixteen feet square, without any other aperture except the door. In the centre is a heap of ashes where travellers build a fire to cook food, and sometimes remain a week or ten days in smoke and misery waiting for a favorable moment to scale the steep hog-back ridge, and get down the terribly precipitous descent on the Chilian side. The difficulties at this point are twofold, due either to the elements or to the traveller's temperament. Some people, and even some mules and horses, are attacked at this elevation with *puna* —a difficulty of breathing ascribed to the rarefaction of the air. The symptoms are sudden bleeding of the nose and of the lungs, and a gasping for breath which may cause death. Travellers not unfrequently have to turn back and retrace their steps to Mendoza. The day I crossed, three persons out of a party of seven were obliged to turn back and hurry down to the valley, so acute was the attack of *puna* which they experienced. The difficulties of the other category are snow-storms and gales of wind of such force that they blow mules and men off their legs and into destruction. Even in the fine months of December and January these gales occur, and

every afternoon the wind rises and the clouds gather on the summit to discharge torrents of hail or rain. The best time to cross is, therefore, early morning, or, at any rate, before noon. Benigno and myself had determined to cross the Cumbre early, the more so as at Puente del Inca the wind was already blowing rather strongly, and the clouds hung threateningly around the mountains. Our intention was to have left the Puente del Inca at half-past three or four

GOOD SPECIMEN OF CASUCHA.

in the morning, but when we got up the mules had disappeared, and it was only after a four hours' search that they were discovered grazing in one of the upper valleys. Thanks to this delay, we had to cross the Cumbre in the afternoon, and before we reached the summit, with the snowy peaks and glaciers glistening all around us, the gale began to blow more strongly, making us bend close over the necks of our mules, and by the time we began the descent on the Chilian side, snow and hail were beating against our faces and almost blinding us. On the Chilian side the downward path is so rapid, and the loose red earth and stones so slippery, that most people jump off their mules and scramble down on foot for about two miles until the path becomes a little firmer. Down these inclines

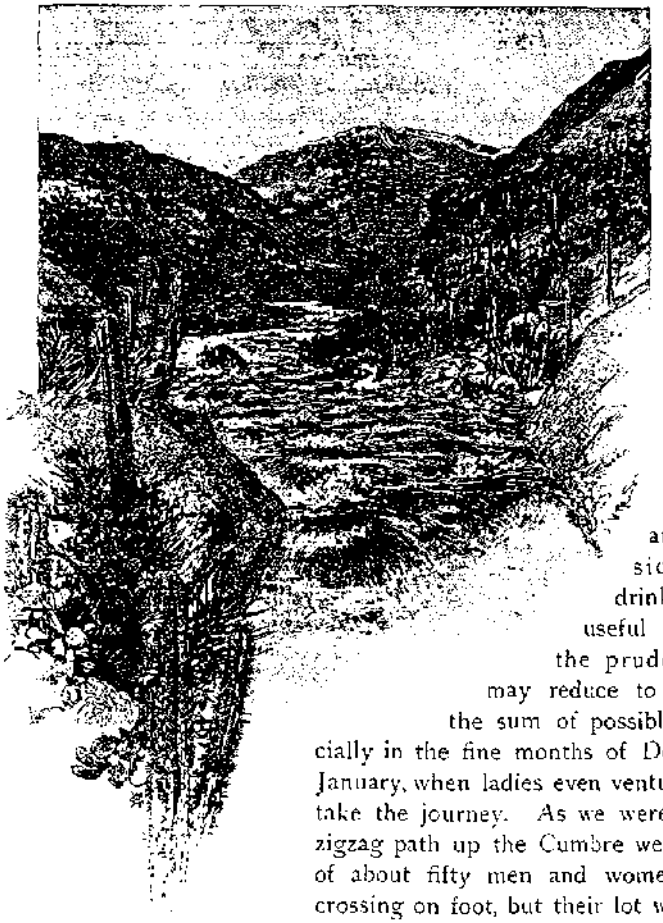
we hurried as fast as we could, winding round the mountains, and getting lower and lower, until we came within sight of the Juncal post-house, which is only 7340 feet above the sea-level. Thence, through a steady downfall of thick rain, we rode across the valley, forded a few streams, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we reached a comfortable little post-house at Ojos del Agua, where we found clean beds and an excellent *cazuela*—one of the national Chilian dishes, being a combination of a soup and a stew, and a most consoling meal for a weary traveller. Here I spent the night in peaceful slumber, and the next morning started early, in company with a Chilian gentleman, to perform the last stage of the journey and the most delightfully picturesque. The scenery on the Argentine side of the Cordillera is grand, imposing, and awe-inspiring, but never charming. On the Chilian side, on the contrary, after passing the upper morose and intemperate regions, you find a most wonderful combination of grandeur and of softer beauty in the long valley of the Aconcagua, all the way from Ojos del Agua and Guardia Vieja down to the town of Santa Rosa de los Andes. It is like riding through a garden, so great is the variety of trees, shrubs, and brilliant flowers that line the path and the mountain-sides, and cling to the ledges and terraces of the deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river boils and roars. Many of the trees bear fruits or nuts of kinds not recorded in ordinary botanical treatises. Some of the shrubs emit aromatic odors, and one in particular, called *ñipa*, fills the air with a perfume that suggests the proximity of the domestic hog. The flowers, again, are strange in form and most exquisitely delicate in



CUMBRE DE LA CORDILLERA.

color. Strange, too, is the candle-cactus, or *quisco*, which grows in profusion on the lower slopes, with branches fifteen and twenty feet high, the pale green prickly lances being generally overgrown with a mossy parasite of a rich red color. As we descend lower an occasional mountain farm-house is seen buried in the rich verdure of this Garden of Eden which man's hand has not yet marred. An *acequia*, or irrigating canal, diverts some water from the neighboring torrent to fertilize the patches of corn and vegetables. Soon we came to a curious natural phenomenon, where the river has eaten its way through a barrier of solid rock. This point is known as the Salto del Soldado. Then, still descending through most enchanting scenery, we reached the pretty halting-place, Los Loros, where the road becomes practicable for carriages. Here I confess that I dismounted from my mule with pleasure, gave the faithful Benigno Mendoza sterling tokens of my satisfaction, and transferred my weary person and dusty baggage to a carriage that was waiting in the hope of a return fare to Los Andes, where I arrived after a pleasant three hours' ride through well-watered gardens of vines, apple and peach trees, and vast fields of alfalfa pasture, divided by row after row of slender and graceful poplars. The aspect of the valley of the Aconcagua is one of indescribable fertility, and the net-work of irrigation canals, which carry water to every point, keeps the vegetation in a state of brilliantly green freshness. From Ojos del Agua downward, the scenery is enchanting to a degree that neither pictures nor words can render.

On the afternoon of January 29th, I reached the little town of Santa Rosa de los Andes, having spent six days on the road. The same evening I had the pleasure of dining with Don Honorio Rosende, who had on one urgent occasion ridden from Los Andes to Mendoza in thirty-six consecutive hours, using two horses, mounting one and driving the other before him for a change. Both the horses died at the end of the journey from over-exertion, but Don Honorio had the satisfaction of saving his brother, who had been captured and carried south by some Indians. Thirty-six consecutive hours is the quickest time that has been made between Mendoza and Los Andes. By the regular road four days is generally considered a fair record for ordinary travellers, and six days are needed by those who wish to ride easily and occasionally to linger a few hours on the road. The trip is certainly a hard one, but the



ACONCAGUA VALLEY NEAR LOS ANDES.

grandeur of the scenery and the novelty of the experience well repay the fatigue and discomfort endured. Furthermore, with good horses and mules, and a comfortable Chilian saddle, and with an ample provision of food, drink, and other useful commodities, the prudent traveller may reduce to a minimum the sum of possible woes, especially in the fine months of December and January, when ladies even venture to undertake the journey. As we were scaling the zigzag path up the Cumbre we met a party of about fifty men and women who were crossing on foot, but their lot was not to be envied. These were poor emigrants who had found the promises of Chilian agents in Europe to be fallacious, and who were wandering over into the Argentine in the hope of better days. Of late, I am told, great numbers of disappointed emigrants pass from Chili to Mendoza by this hard and dangerous route, and not a few have succumbed by the way, a prey to the condors and vultures.

Now let us return to the transandine railway, which we have almost forgotten in the narrative of our personal emotions and advent-

ures, but which is certainly one of the most remarkable lines ever conceived, and which in the course of a few years, and even of a few months, will greatly modify the current of traffic across the South American continent. The originators of the line are J. E. and M. Clark & Company, who obtained in 1873 the first concession of a line from Buenos Ayres to the Pacific, passing through Villa Mercedes, Mendoza, and through the Uspallata Pass to the Chilian frontier, with a branch from Mendoza to San Juan. Owing to financial and political difficulties, this general combination was not carried out. About 1880 the Argentine Government built the section from Villa Mercedes to Mendoza and San Juan. In 1883 Clark & Company built the Pacific line from Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes, which has since passed into the hands of an English company, while the line from Villa Mercedes to Mendoza has also become the property of an English company, the Argentine Great Western. The actual works of the transandine line were begun in 1887 by an English syndicate called the Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso Transandine Railway Company, which bought the concession from Clark & Company, and is building the line on the Argentine side, with Clark & Company as contractors. On the Chili side, from Los Andes to the frontier, the line is being built by Clark & Company, under the title of Clark's Transandine Railway. Thus, when the route is finished, it will run over the rails of five different companies between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, namely, the Pacific, the Argentine Great Western, the Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso Transandine, Clark's Transandine, and lastly the Chilian State line, from Los Andes to Valparaiso.

The first studies for the mountain line were made in 1873, but a serious survey was not completed until 1887, amid countless difficulties, for the ground was almost entirely pathless and unknown both geographically and geologically. Up to the present day you find no maps and no literature about this section of the Andes. The field is new and open to future enterprise. A glance at the map on page 31 will show the route finally selected, after many changes and essays. The point at which the Cordillera is to be passed is situated in the Cumbre between the two lofty snow-clad peaks of Tupungato towards the south and Aconcagua towards the north. From the Chili side the line winds along the terraced mountains of the valley of the Aconcagua River; from the Argentine side the valleys of the Mendoza and Cuevas rivers are followed amid innumerable obstacles, owing to the

capricious course of the streams, the interruption caused by loose pebbly earth, or *ripio*, by masses of gravel carried down by the lateral torrents and piled up in cones, and by *barrancas*, which are vertical or sloping banks of gravel apparently deposited in times past by the rivers. Some of these *barrancas* are seventy metres in vertical height. Just beyond the point where we last mentioned the track in the early pages of this chapter, at kilometre 40.200, there is a heavy cutting through one of these gravel cones. At kilometre 41 the river has been diverted, in order to avoid a couple of bridges. For three kilometres the line runs closely along the bottom of the hills until it reaches an open and fertile valley, with poplar-trees and grazing cattle, called the Potreros de San Ignacio, where it crosses again to the south side by a 75-metre bridge. At kilometre 52 is a tunnel of forty metres. At kilometre 54.400 the line crosses to the north bank over a 75-metre bridge, passes through two short tunnels, and again crosses to the south side by a 75-metre bridge, returning once more to the north side by a similar bridge at kilometre 62.400. At kilometre 68 after a stretch of easy ground, there is a big cutting through an immense gravel cone, and then from kilometre 69 to 72 the line is benched on the rock with two short tunnels, which bring us to the last important bridge of sixty metres across the Mendoza to the south bank. At kilometre 75, after passing with one short tunnel along the Cerro Negro, the line reaches the open Pampa del Alumbre, which it follows to kilometre 81, the only break being a climb and a descent over a large gravel cone thrown out from an intermittent river in the centre of the pampa. From kilometre 81 to 89 the line runs along the precipitous face of a broken mountain, on a ledge blasted out of red granite rock, with one short tunnel. So we reach the station of Uspallata, at kilometre 91, whence the line passes midway between the river and the mountains over a bare stony plain to kilometre 105, where it clings close to the mountain to avoid a large and curious *barranca* some seventy metres in vertical height. At kilometre 106 the Uspallata Pampa is left behind, and the line enters the upper valley between the Paramillos, which is a range parallel with the Andes, forming a sort of *avant-garde*, and attaining heights of from two to three thousand metres. At kilometre 114 there is a short piece of broken ground, with a tunnel through a rock spur; but after this the track becomes easy up to kilometre 121, where the turbulent Rio Blanco is reached. As far as this point the earthworks of the line

LOS LOROS (CHILI SIDE).

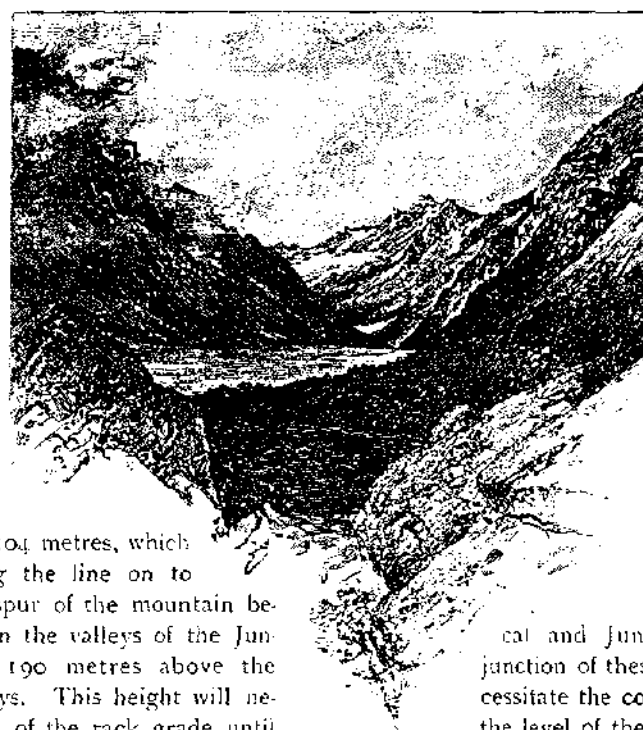
were nearly complete when I passed. The rails alone remain to be laid, and the iron bridges to be fixed on the columns of masonry.

At kilometre 121 we enter upon that portion of the line which, although the route is practically settled, is not yet visible on the ground, and at this point begin the difficulties of grade, which have led to the adoption in the upper part of the Cordillera of the Abt rack system, about which we shall have more to say anon. Towards kilometre 135 there is a very difficult place to pass, the whole valley having been filled up by slips from the mountains, which the river has subsequently cut through. It is at this spot, I understand, that the first rack section is necessary. At the level of the Paramillo de las Vacas the line is being built in the river itself, on the south side, on an artificial embankment of rocks. At Punta de las Vacas, where

the earthworks are well advanced, there will be a station. From kilometre 134 onward you can see signs of avalanches on the north side of the valley, for which reason doubtless the line is being placed on the south side. Shortly above Punta de las Vacas the line turns westward, entering the valley of Las Cuevas, on both sides of which there are avalanches. These, however, can be avoided by crossing and recrossing the river. Between Punta de las Vacas on the Argentine side, and Guardia Vieja on the Chili side is the region of snow during six months in the year; but the winds, it appears, blow in the direction of the track, and may be counted upon to sweep it clean. From Punta de las Vacas up to the Paramillo de las Cuevas the ground rises in steps, which will be mounted by rack sections as far as the mouth of the first of the tunnels through the Cumbre, called El Navaro, from the neighboring river. This tunnel, 1775 metres long, will be in two sections. Then crossing the Quebrada Blanca, we reach the second tunnel of Las Cuevas, 900 metres long, and after about four kilometres of open ground, the line reaches, at kilometre 175, the mouth of the main tunnel through the Cumbre, or dividing ridge of the Cordillera. This tunnel will measure 5065 metres.

On the Chili side the mountains fall very rapidly, so much so that Juncal, which, as the crow flies, is only ten kilometres from the summit, is on the same level above the sea as a point on the Argentine side forty-eight kilometres from the summit. This drop consists in a series of enormous steps, which appear to have been formed by falls of rock that have blocked the valley, while streams have filled up behind each fall and formed lakes. Such a lake is the Laguna del Inca, the only one remaining, the others having been gradually filled up by the water-shed and abrasion of the upper peaks, so as to be now merely gravel plains. To carry the railway down this terribly rapid fall has been one of the greatest problems that the engineers have had to deal with, and the solution will be a triumph of science and ingenuity. To a certain extent the transandine will be a repetition of the Saint Gothard line, where the valley also rises step by step and the track climbs by means of helicoidal tunnels. The application of the rack grade, however, simplifies the task considerably. Thus in the great Cumbre tunnel the line, after rising gently from the east mouth for about three kilometres, commences to fall by a rack grade. The western mouth of this tunnel is attained at the head of the Calaveras Valley, where a short open cutting intervenes between it and the next

or Calaveras tunnel of 3750 metres, followed by the Portillo tunnel of 1885 metres, which is helicoidal, having one complete corkscrew turn, with an eight per cent. grade and a vertical drop of about 135 metres. It is needless, perhaps, to explain that the development of the line in a corkscrew turn is required to gain length for the incline. Then come the Juncalillo tunnel of 1275 metres, and the Juncal tunnel



LAGUNA DEL INCA.

of 1104 metres, which bring the line on to the spur of the mountain between the valleys of the Jun- cal and Juncalillo and 190 metres above the junction of these two valleys. This height will necessitate the continuation of the rack grade until the level of the river is reached. The entrance of the Cumbre tunnel is 3178 metres above the level of the sea, and the mouth of the Juncal tunnel on the Chili side is 2224 metres above the sea, thus showing a difference of level of 954 metres, which is overcome by inclined tunnels and by one continuous section of rack grade, starting at three kilometres from the entrance of the great Cumbre tunnel.

After leaving the tunnels the line turns upon itself, and goes down

the valley of the Rio Aconcagua with ordinary grades, though as far as the Rio Blanco certain lengths of rack will be introduced, and perhaps other lengths will be necessary lower down, where the studies have not yet been completed, for at the time of my visit only about twelve kilometres of the line were laid from Los Andes up the valley. On the Chilian side, however, the line will be exceedingly picturesque, and will pass several curious natural phenomena, notably the Salto del Soldado, some twenty-five kilometres from Santa Rosa, a dike of rock going right across the river. The back of this dike seems to have been broken by volcanic agency, and the river passes through it, as the railway will pass also.

The line on the Chilian side from Santa Rosa to the frontier will measure 65 kilometres, and on the Argentine side from the frontier to Mendoza 177 kilometres. The starting-point at Mendoza is 719 metres above the level of the sea; the starting-point at Santa Rosa is 820 metres; the highest summit level in the Cumbre tunnel is 3189 metres above the level of the sea. On the ordinary track the grades are 25 per thousand, or 1 in 40; on the rack sections the grades are eight per cent., or 1 in 12½. The gauge is one metre, and the minimum curves are 100 metres radius, though the concession allows curves of 80 metres. The adoption of this narrow gauge will necessitate the transfer of goods and passengers at Mendoza and Los Andes, which is, of course, a serious disadvantage; on the other hand, it enables the line to be built at much less expense than if a broader gauge were employed, and at the same time permits sharp curves of short radius, whereas a broader gauge would require curves of 250 to 300 metres. As the line is singularly tortuous and the curves innumerable, this consideration of sharp curves is very important.

As to price, the engineers of the line believe that the transandine will be relatively cheaper than the Saint Gothard; the works are being executed much more roughly, it is true; but all statements on this point would be hazardous and premature. It suffices to say that there is money enough at command to complete it, whatever it may cost.

The great work of boring the tunnels will take some years, but as they are broken up into sections the task will not be so long as some anticipate. When I passed over the ground the faces of the summit tunnels were being cleared, and the drills, it is hoped, will be in position before the end of 1890. The machinery used will be the Ferroux rock-drills, which were employed in the works of the Mont

JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS JUNCAL AND BLANCO (CHILIAN SIDE).

Cenis, Saint Gothard, and Arlberg tunnels, the motive power being electricity. At Juncal is a water-fall of 180 metres, which will be utilized to drive 75-horse-power turbines of two feet diameter, with vertical axes, which will work the dynamos directly. The motive force for the Portillo, Calveras, and Cumbre tunnels will therefore be concentrated at Juncal, and distributed by means of cables to the receiving dynamos at the various points where air-compressors and drills will be at work. The turbines used are made by Escher, Wyss & Co., of Zurich. At the lowest estimate the boring of the tunnels will take from three and a half to four years, providing, as it is believed, that the work underground can continue winter and summer without intermission. The rock of the Cumbre is porphyric, while in the lower valleys it is chiefly granitic and basaltic. In the centre of the Cumbre it is likely that granite will be found, but, as we have already seen, all this is new ground, and the geology of the Andes has still to be studied.

As regards the Abt system, perfected by Roman Abt, of Luzern, Switzerland, and now in use on the Hartz Railway, the lines of Höllenthal (Grand Duchy of Baden), Brunig (Switzerland), Viège to Zermatt, Bolan Pass in Afghanistan, in Venezuela, and on many industrial lines in Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary, we need only remind the reader that it had its origin in the railway up Mount Washington, where a rack was first employed. Riggenbach, of Aaran, in Switzerland, introduced it in the Rhigi Railway, and his modification was applied on the Brazilian line from Rio Janeiro to Corcovado. Abt further modified the rack system, his transformation of it consisting chiefly in the construction of a locomotive of mixed traction, which can work either by simple adherence or by adherence in a geared rack, whereas the Riggenbach locomotive can only work on a rack. In short, the Abt machine is an ordinary locomotive with a special and independent motor attached to work on the rack. Thus the passage from the ordinary lines and grades to the rack sections causes neither trouble nor delay. The Abt system is considered to have the advantage of extreme safety, owing to the triple gearing of the rack, which is placed some seven centimetres above the level of the ordinary rails, and does not become clogged with snow. Its adoption over a certain part of the transandine line enables the constructors to equalize and diminish the average gradients on the remaining portion of the line. Furthermore, it neutralizes the minor disadvantages attached to in-

equality of surface, and enables them to surmount them with comparative ease, and to approach the central chain of the Andes at the spot where it is most suitable for tunnelling.

In order fully to realize the natural difficulties of this great transandine enterprise, one must have been over the ground, examined the peculiar dangers due to landslips, torrents, and avalanches, and passed through the silent region of eternal snows which the line avoids by burying itself in the bowels of the earth. One must have seen, too, the mountain-side dotted with long strings of pack-mules, laden with timber, iron, bricks, and even with their own fodder, for everything used in the construction of the line hitherto has been brought by thousands of mules either from Mendoza or Los Andes. However, now the works are beginning to become easier. The rails are being laid more rapidly, but we cannot hope to see the whole line in working order before 1895.

The business prospects of the line seem fair to those who have put money into the enterprise, the main element of income being expected from passenger traffic. At present, during the five summer months, there is an average of twenty-five passengers a day crossing in each direction. When the railway is open this number will increase perhaps tenfold. A second source of revenue will be local traffic and merchandise between Chili and the Argentine provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, and San Luis. A third element of profit is looked for in the transport of cattle from the Argentine to Chili. At present some 40,000 to 50,000 head are driven over yearly by the Uspallata Pass. These cattle arrive in Chili mere skeletons, and have to be fattened in Chilian *potreros*, where pasture is very dear; whereas, by the line, they can be carried over fattened and ready for killing. Fourthly, it is hoped that mines will be discovered and worked in the region opened up by the railway. As for general merchandise and imported goods, the transandine will not be able to compete with steamboat freights, and therefore the port of Valparaiso will retain all its importance.

In conclusion it may be said that two rival transandine lines are already in construction or projected. One is J. Puelma Tupper's Ferrocarril Trasandino del Norte, from Copiapó to Cordoba, putting the Chilian port of Caldera in communication with the Argentine ports of Rosario, Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fé. The other is F. Bustamante & Company's Ferrocarril Interoceanico, from Buenos Ayres

to Yumbel, on the southern Chili line, crossing the Andes by the Antuco Pass, at a height of less than 6000 feet, and with ordinary grades of 2½ per cent. maximum. This line will measure 1412 kilometres of 5½ feet gauge, the same as the Chilian lines from Yumbel to Talcahuano and Santiago. The construction of this line is already begun on the Chilian side. Both these railways, if ever they are completed, will be of great utility and open up vast regions to agriculture and commerce, but, from the point of view of prodigious difficulties surmounted by bold and skilful engineering, they cannot be compared with the transandine route, which I visited with so much interest, and have described so inadequately.

CHAPTER IV.

AGRICULTURAL CHILI.

THE favorable impression of Chili which I had received in descending the western slopes of the Cordillera was augmented when I reached the village, or perhaps I should say town, of Santa Rosa de los Andes. This was my first experience of a Chilian hotel. As we rode up through clouds of dust the exterior of the one-story "adobe" buildings of the Hôtel del Comercio did not seem inviting. Inside, however, I found a series of court-yards, or *patios*, avenues of trellised vines, aviaries, canalized watercourses, and other pleasant features. I hired a room in the first *patio*, with an outlook upon the flowering shrubs, the fountain, and the wonderful imitation marble statues which stood around it. Who would have expected to find specimens of Greek sculpture—of the period of decadence, it is true—at the foot of the Andes?

Dusty as I was, and having been wholly deprived of the use of soap and water during my six days' journey across the mountains, the old prejudices of the dweller in towns asserted themselves, and I asked the landlady, in an off-hand and half-apologetic tone, if it would be possible to have a bath. "*Como no?*" she replied, with the usual Chilian formula of ready affirmation, and added: "Would you like a swimming bath?" "Is there a swimming bath in the hotel?" I asked. "*Como no?* The water is not crystalline, but it is clean and fresh, and brought from the Aconcagua River by an *acequia*." "*Bueno, vamos á ver*," said I, and we went to see. And behold at the end of the garden was a tank some fifteen feet square, with water running through it, and overhead, as a protection against the sun, vines laden with pendent bunches of grapes, forming, as it were, a ceiling to the bath. This was delightful, and I bathed with joy. Now after a bath a man needs refreshment of some kind. "*Como no?*" was the invariable reply; and I was shown into a bar-room, where I found a greater variety of deleterious drinks than you would meet with in similar establishments in Europe or the United States,

and yet Los Andes does not boast 3500 inhabitants. Thus fortified and rejuvenated, I was prepared to dine and I succeeded in dining very fairly, drank good Chilian wine, had a pleasant talk with my friend Don Honorio and other gentlemen, and after dinner took a

HOTEL COURT-YARD IN LOS ANDES.

walk on the plaza, where there was a zealous but inferior orchestra playing for the distraction of "all Los Andes," represented by a few officers, employés, and shop-keepers, a dozen ladies wearing Parisian hats that were the fashion a year ago, and a few score modest natives, the women wearing black shawls drawn mantillawise over their heads, and the men draped in *ponchos*, and sheltered from indiscreet eyes by broad-brimmed white straw hats with black strings tied under the chin.

The next day I explored Los Andes and its environs, and found everything pleasant and interesting. I must, however, observe, in justice to Chili and the Chilians, that Los Andes is in reality a miserable

little place of no particular importance, but it is precisely on this account that I dwell upon its agreeable features. I might have selected for my observations San Felipe, for instance, the capital of the province of Aconcagua, with 12,000 inhabitants; but the merit of evidences of civilization in San Felipe is less than in Los Andes, and although the former town has nearly four times the population of the latter, it is not relatively more civilized or more agreeable. Indeed, in general aspect all the little towns of the agricultural provinces of Chili are similar, and a description of one will serve for all. The situation of Los Andes is peculiarly charming, and one may imagine that one day enterprise might convert it into an admirable health and pleasure resort. All around the mountains rise with snow-capped peaks and blue mystery. The streets are laid out rectangularly in uniform *cuadras*, according to the invariable Spanish custom. With very few exceptions the houses are one story high, and built of sun-dried or adobe bricks, with grayish-red-tiled roofs, the walls being stuccoed, and colored rose, yellow, blue, and other shades. The long straight streets are deep in dust; an *acequia*, or open channel of water, flows down the middle or the side, and serves for drainage, and even for domestic purposes, while outside the town it forms part of a series of irrigating canals; the sidewalks alone are paved with round pebbles. The shops are general stores for the sale of imported manufactured goods, Parisian perfumery, and "notions;" provision stores; *despachos* for the sale of watermelons, vegetables, *aguardiente*, *pisco*, *anisado*, *chicha*, and other drinks; butchers' shops of uninviting looks; saddlery and leather work-shops; *cigarrerias*, at the doors of which you see the employés sitting on stools and utilizing their leisure in rolling cigarettes in the thin fibrous leaf that envelops the corn-cob; these hand-made *cigarrillos de hoja* are a specialty of Chili, where paper cigarettes are very little used. In the centre of the town is the plaza, with the middle carefully railed off and provided with gates, which are closed at night, in order to preserve the flowers and plants from marauders, petty thieving being a weakness of the Chilenos. The plaza is well supplied with benches, and around it are the public buildings, the town-hall and the church, the latter a wooden structure in the Doric style, the mock columns painted white to imitate marble, and the rest of the church painted chocolate-color. This wooden church is not necessarily to be regarded as a sign of poverty, any more than the one-story buildings of sun-dried bricks and mud; these materials are

A CHILEAN COUNTRY-HOUSE.

selected because they are light and elastic and resist earthquakes, whereas stone or brick would fall and crush the inmates to death; for Chili, it must be remembered, is still subject to volcanic commotions, and counts a considerable number of active craters. Finally, we must mention a fine *alameda* and broad exterior boulevards, lined with splendid trees, under which you see the peasant people in the morning breakfasting before returning to their farms—the husband in the saddle; the wife, in a gay shrimp-colored dress, riding *en croupe*. In the morning these boulevards are quite animated. Horsemen wearing enormous hats, prodigious spurs, and bright-colored *ponchos* ride to and fro, while wagons of primitive build and groaning wheels, drawn by two or three yokes of oxen, bring in square bundles of chopped and compressed alfalfa, a sort of lucern, the culture and export of which is one of the principal industries of the province of Aconcagua, being centred chiefly in the towns of Curimon, San Felipe, and Los Andes. The great market for this fodder is the nitrate desert and mineral zone of Chili, between latitude 18° and 27°, where there is no vegetation, and where every green sprig has to be imported. In the evening the town becomes relatively lively. Shops are revealed by brilliant gas-lights when night closes in; dark forms of women swathed in black shawls glide along the streets; there is a subdued hum of conversation, and in the distance the intermittent bass drum of some ambulant circus from the sister republic of the United States.

Los Andes is at present the terminus of the branch line of the Chilian state railways which starts from Llaillai, the junction of the Santiago and Valparaiso line, and will ultimately join the great transandine railway to Mendoza and the Argentine. The ride through the Aconcagua Valley is rich in fine scenery. The grand outlines of the Andes always form the background. In the middle distance are the vast alfalfa fields, marked off with rows of graceful poplars and weeping-willows, and traversed by symmetrical irrigation canals derived from the Aconcagua, whose milky torrent rolls capriciously over a broad, dazzlingly white bed of stones and pebbles. In the foreground is the luxuriant vegetation of vineyards, orchards, quick hedges of gigantic growth, and gardens brilliant with the floral charm of climbing roses, jasmine, and wistaria. In the midst of this rich vegetation, due to an excellent system of irrigation, which renders the farmer independent of rainfall or drought, the towns are dotted here and

there, reddish-gray patches of fluted tile roofs in a bouquet of swaying poplars.

Chili, which on the map appears to be 2000 miles long and two inches broad, extends from latitude 17° 47′ southward to Cape Horn, and measures more than 2500 miles in length, while the breadth of the territory from the Andes to the Pacific varies from 100 to 180 miles, thus giving a total area of more than 300,000 square miles. On the east are the lofty summits of the Andes, while on the west, touching more or less the Pacific Ocean, runs the parallel range of the coast mountains, or Cordillera de la Costa. Between these two chains, like a broad river between high banks, the central valley lies, being prolonged without interruption from latitude 33° to 41° 30′, within which space are situated the principal towns and the best cultivated land, from the transverse valleys of the Aconcagua and Quillota down to Port Montt, where the continent proper ends, and the island territory begins. We may again divide this long band of country into four zones, which are:

1. The mineral zone, from 18° to 27°, comprising the provinces of Tacna, Tarapacá, Antofagasta, and the northern half of Atacama.

2. The mineral and agricultural zone, from 27° to 32°, comprising part of Atacama and the provinces of Coquimbo and Aconcagua.

3. The agricultural zone proper, from 32° to 41° 30′, comprising the provinces of Valparaiso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Ñuble, Concepción, Bió-Bió, Arauco, Malleco, Cautin, Valdivia, Llanquihue.

4. The timber and fisheries zone, including all the southern end of Chili, composed of primitive forests, islands, and lakes, between 41° 30′ and 55°.

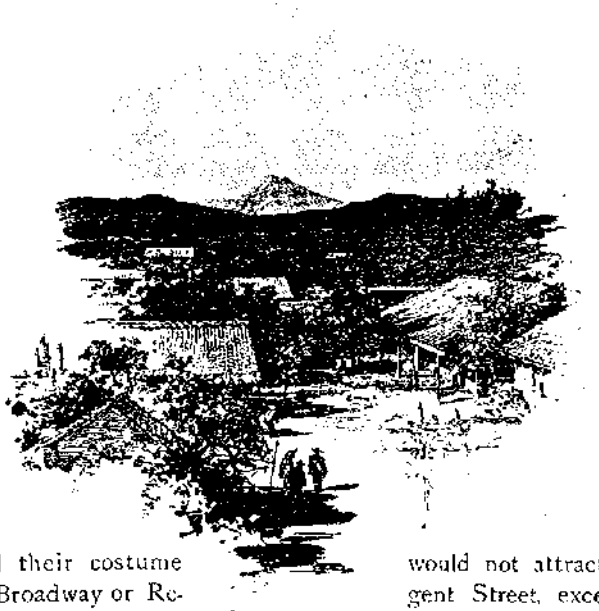
A glance at the map will show, as it were, a continuous system of lakes in the centre of this extreme southern zone, suggesting the hypothesis that in former times these lakes reached all up the coast between the two Cordilleras. This supposition is confirmed by an examination both of the northern deserts, and more particularly of the second and third zones, where the series of level valleys are evidently old sea-bottoms, the basins of great lakes, whose waters on retiring, through Plutonic action, left more or less rich deposits of soil brought down from the mountains. As you travel along the southern line you can distinguish lake after lake, each with its outlet, and each with

its river or torrent, which continues to wash down from the mountains the alluvium that produces such rich crops.

The part of Chili which I first visited was the agricultural zone proper. Being incompetent to speak of agricultural matters technically or scientifically, and not having been gifted by nature with the bucolic and descriptive talents of Virgil or of Hesiod, I shall simply record the rapid impressions of a layman, and intermix agriculture with notes of urban manners and general jottings by the way. The reader who may not be satisfied with this want of plan will kindly refer to tabulated statistics and special treatises, which latter have, however, still to be elaborated so far as Chili is concerned. So, then, I will first beg permission to record the agreeable surprise with which I beheld the railway train that was waiting for us at Llaillai when we steamed in from Los Andes in comparatively antiquated cars. It was a regular American train, with locomotive and rolling stock of the most approved model, including a fine saloon chair car, called here a Spooner car, from the name of the American gentleman, Mr. John A. Spooner, who has introduced these blessings into Chili. I entered this Spooner car with astonishment. What a civilized country this is! I thought to myself. Saloon-cars in Europe are still rare. In country towns in Europe you do not find hotels with statuary in the front *patio* and swimming baths in the back yard. Even in big towns in the United States you will look in vain for a pretty plaza or promenade, such as they have at Los Andes, and, as far as my experience goes, in every Chilian village. And yet here have I been living in the vague belief that Chili is a semi-barbarous country, inhabited by *rastaconères* with blue-black beards, who wear gigantic diamonds and oppress the poor Indian. In fact, I knew nothing about Chili beyond its geographical position, and that, too, only approximately. But here I was actually in Chili, in a saloon-car running between Santiago and Valparaiso. At the door are brown-faced newsboys, with a good deal of Indian blood in their veins, but just as noisy and enterprising as young men in the same profession in more northern latitudes. "*El Ferrocarril, La Union, La Epoca tengo!*" they cry. "*El Mercurio! El Heraldo!*" "*Diarios, señor;* newspapers! Buy some papers to read on the road, sir!"

There is a ringing of bells and a blowing of whistles, and we are off. Half the passengers are talking English, and the others are so cosmopolitan and correct in aspect and manners that I am inclined to

wish for a little local color and a little more character. One blond Englishman is reading a railway novel; another has a bundle of illustrated papers from the old country; a third is reading to his friend a Spanish journal, *El Heraldo*, which prints its telegraphic news in English. The ladies in the car are English or American as well as Chil-



URMENETA VINEYARD.

ian, and their costume would not attract attention in Broadway or Regent Street, except for its good taste. The conductors, with their white *képis* and silk dust-coats, are as cosmopolite as polite as the passengers. All this, especially the predominating Anglo-Saxon element, is rather surprising to the newcomer, who has yet to learn that Valparaiso is an English town, and who does not remember that, commercially speaking, Chili has for years been more or less an English province. At Limache we are to get out, our object being to visit the vineyards known as "Lo Urmeneta," situated in a charming valley hemmed in with brown hills, about twenty miles from Valparaiso. As the Westinghouse brake grips the wheels, and the train slows into the station, we see bevies of ladies promenading on the platforms, dressed in the gayest of summer costumes and the most coquettish hats that Paris invented—

a year ago. Outside the station a score of boys and girls on horseback inspect the new arrivals; for in Limache, as in all Chilian towns, whether they be summer resorts or not, one of the great distractions is to ride or walk down to the station to see the trains come in. The variety of types is great. The olive-skinned creole; the flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon; the black-eyed Chilian maidens, with oval faces and full, puffy cheeks; the blue-eyed English girls, who chatter at one moment in the familiar tongue, and the next moment in stately Spanish; the swarms of little boys and girls, happy families of ten or fifteen young people, all correctly dressed, well-behaved, and radiant with health and felicity—present a picture of singular animation, and an aspect of complete civilization, which the European traveller contemplates at first sight with unpardonable but none the less real astonishment. This feeling is, of course, absurd; but, nevertheless, I do not hesitate to record the fact that throughout my stay in the republic of Chili I was in a perpetual state of agreeable surprise, the sum and substance of which might be resumed in a confession of previous and culpable ignorance. I had no idea that Chili was such a pleasant country so far as concerns physical features, climate, and landscape. As for the Chilians, naturally I had met some in various parts of the world. I am convinced, too, that there are agreeable people to be found in all lands; but still I had not, in the slightest degree, anticipated the comparative completeness of the material organization of civilized life in Chili, the general comfort and convenience of existence in the principal towns, the many facilities for living without friction and without immoderate effort. At this little town of Limache, for instance, which has only 6500 inhabitants, I found myself in telephonic communication with Santiago and Valparaiso, and I stayed in a very comfortable and well-kept hotel, with vast gardens, orchards, a park, a river swimming bath, lawn-tennis ground, and other conveniences, all at the free disposal of visitors. However, my visit to Limache had not so much a social as a practical object. Let us get to the point, which is the Urmeneta Vineyard and wine culture in Chili.

In order to reach this vineyard we hired a carriage and a team of three horses; but we strayed by the way-side, and first of all paid a visit to Don Joaquin and his brother, who have a small vineyard of some 40,000 plants, and a local reputation as expert makers of *chicha*. This is an excellent and wholesome drink, worthy of the attention of

Californian and other wine-growers. In Chili it may be regarded as the national beverage, the great popular provoker of merriment, and the source of all that is truly original in that variation of the Spanish *jota* known in Chili as *la cueca*. After drinking a certain amount of *chicha*, the Chilians must dance the *cueca*. This drink is cooked wine. The operation of making it is as follows: the grapes, having been gathered and brought in, are passed through a sieve or net of quarter-inch cord, with three-quarter inch openings, forming a tray some three feet long, two feet wide, and ten inches deep. This process removes the berries from the sprigs. The tray being placed over a hopper, and the hopper over a press composed of two fluted cylinders of American oak, the berries pass between the rollers, and juice, skins, pips, and all fall into a vat, whence the clear liquid is drawn off with all speed. The sediment may be put into a second press, and more liquid obtained, only this second brewing will give a darker liquid. The final sediment is used for distilling alcohol, or *aguardiente*. The liquid juice is immediately put into a copper or porcelain boiler, which should be shallow and open to the air. Under this boiler a fire should be lighted, and the liquid boiled gently, the foam being carefully skimmed off as it rises. When the whole is cooked, a little vine-wood ash is thrown in to clarify it, and the liquid is drawn off by a faucet, and strained through a fine cloth filter. The time of cooking was fixed by Don Joaquin at four hours for forty gallons of juice, and the loss by evaporation at twelve to fifteen per cent. The liquid, boiled and strained, is poured into a vat and left to ferment; and while there still remains a little fermentation the *chicha* is again strained through a cloth, and bottled with good corks, tied down with string or wire. If stone bottles are used, the *chicha* will remain good for a year or two, after which it loses its peculiar foaming and sparkling quality, and becomes mere ordinary white wine; whereas good *chicha*, carefully put up in glass bottles, retains its qualities for four and five years, and compares favorably with most of the champagne in the market nowadays. In making *chicha*, skill and experience tell in the boiling, and in choosing the exact moment for bottling the still fermenting liquid. As regards the kind of grapes to be preferred, the Chilians use the black San Francisco or Old Mission grapes, white Italian grapes, pink Spanish grapes, and white French Chasselas. As the great question in making *chicha* is quantity of juice, and not quality, the trailed vines are to be recommended, because the yield of

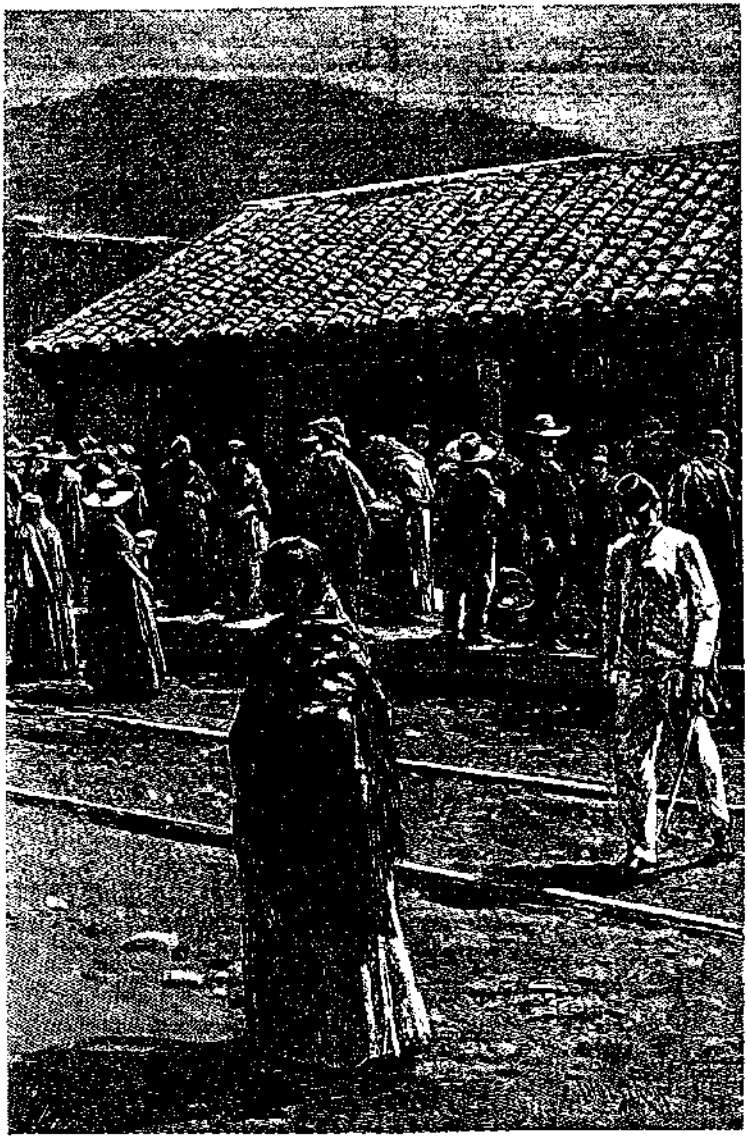
A VAQUERO.

grapes is more abundant and the berry ripens more quickly; while for making wine the dwarfed vines are best, because the quality of the grape is finer. I tried *chicha* at every opportunity while travelling in Chili, and as I found it a harmless, wholesome, and excellent drink, I venture to call attention to it.

Wine-growing, which is daily becoming more and more important in modern Chili, has been practised there on scientific principles only during the second half of this century. The vine seems to have been introduced by the Spanish conquistadores. The white Muscatel grapes grown at Huasco, which date from the old Spanish times, are still famous, and fetch high prices for table use, both green and dried; but all through the country a sort of Spanish or creole grape is grown, and used to make *mosto* and *chacoli*, which is simply grape juice for immediate consumption; and *pisco*, which is an excellent grape alcohol when well made. The introduction of French vines and French methods of culture and manufacture date, as far as I can discover, from about 1850, when the Ochagavia Vineyard, in the province of Santiago, was planted with French Burgundy plants. A short time afterwards the Totoral Vineyard, in the Itata Valley, near Tomé, in the province of Concepción, was planted with Bordeaux vines. The Subercaseaux Bordeaux Vineyard dates from about 1857, and the Urmeneta from 1862. Other notable vineyards are Panquehue (Errázuriz), La Trinidad (Waddington), and Macul (Cousiño). But now the quantity of land being devoted to wine culture is increasing daily, and from Huasco, the extreme northern point, down to Valdivia, in the south, you find vineyards, for the most part well planted and well kept, the plants being Bordeaux or Burgundy. The wine, however, is different in flavor and quality from French wine. The soil seems to tend to produce a muscat taste, and many of the wines are too full and complex in flavor, and too thick, resembling rather varieties of port and sherry than claret or Burgundy. Perhaps of all the established marks Panquehue is the best table wine grown in Chili. As regards the extent of land under grape culture, no statistics are at present obtainable; the production, however, although increasing rapidly, is still inferior to the demand for home consumption, and consequently the price is very dear. The Urmeneta Vineyard, for instance, which produces some 240,000 litres of wine per annum, sells in bottles containing 72 centilitres three classes, at the following prices: ordinary red and white wine, $12 Chilian per dozen; superior red wine,

$16 Chilian. The Macul ordinary wines are sold direct at $8 Chilian per dozen. The Tomé ordinary red wines of good brands sell at $6 50 Chilian per dozen. The retail price of the native wines in the restaurants and hotels throughout the country is from $1 50 to $2 50. Doubtless when the production increases the price will diminish, and Chili may one day hope to become an exporter of wines, for this industry has evidently a great future, and the country is well adapted to it. We must note that, except in the south, where there is some rainfall, and where it would perhaps be possible to make champagne wines, the vast majority of the Chilian vineyards are artificially irrigated. The vines are planted about 1.30 metres apart, trained on wires and dwarfed as in France. The ploughing between the rows is done by oxen. The managers of all the most important vineyards are Frenchmen, brought out specially and at high salaries. For that matter, we shall have further occasion to notice that all the new industries in Chili are under the direction of foreigners. The out-door hands are paid fifty Chilian cents paper a day, and the cellar hands sixty-five cents, and both categories are lodged and fed, the same as ordinary agricultural laborers throughout the country. The lodging, however, even on the best farms, is primitive, and the food equally so.

At present Chilian wines are pure and unsophisticated, and no fortification is required. The Limache wines contain 11 to 12 per cent. alcohol, and the superior Carbenet, grown on the hill-sides on poles and not on wires, contain as much as 13½ per cent. A scientific analysis of Chilian wines has, however, not yet been made in any satisfactory manner, and these figures are only approximate. No artificial means are employed for aging the wines, and the whole process of manufacture is executed by hand labor. The ordinary wines are kept usually three years in barrel before being put on the market, and the fine wines as much as six or seven years. The first year of barrel the wine will be drawn off four times, and the following years three times a year. The Chilian grape juice is rich and healthy, and the only treatment it requires is cleanly and careful hand labor. The wine made from French grapes — Carbenet, Merlot, Verdot, Pineo, Côte Rouge, Côte d'Estournel, Riesling, Chasselas, and other varieties — keeps well in bottle for twelve years. The ordinary Chilian wine made from native creole grapes is vatted, for instance, in May, sold the following January, and will not last more than a year. The *mosto* wines of Southern Chili last longer than those of the north,



AT A RAILWAY STATION.

and may be kept as much as two years. These creole grape juices cost infinitely less than the real wine made from French plants. There is no legislation in Chili concerning the manufacture or sale of wines and spirits.

Among the many hospitable farms and haciendas that I visited, we may take as a favorable specimen Señora Isidora Cousiño's large and beautiful estate at Macul, near Santiago, which is rather, perhaps, a model farm than a commercial enterprise. The whole *hacienda* comprises 500 *cuadras* irrigated, and 700 *cuadras* of mountain land without irrigation. Forty *cuadras* are devoted to vines, which produce over 350,000 litres a year; a certain portion is allotted to raising wheat, barley, and oats for home consumption: a considerable space is laid out as a park, with very fine and picturesque ornamental gardens; and the rest is given up to alfalfa and grazing. The stud farm at Macul is important, and the stock consists of imported Clydesdale, Percheron, Cleveland, Anglo-Norman, and thorough-bred racing stock, including a Yankee trotter, in all, about a hundred horses, and nearly two hundred cows, bred from thorough-bred imported French and English Durhams. This establishment being rather an exceptional one from many points of view, you might expect to find the farm laborers treated with the same care as the cattle. But no. They receive the usual sixty-five paper cents a day, with food and lodging gratis. The lodging consists of rooms in an adobe building, with a beaten earth floor, or a cane hut plastered over with mud; while the food is composed of a daily ration of two pounds of bread in the morning, and at mid-day an unlimited quantity of beans cooked in grease. That is all; the laborer receives neither tea nor coffee, much less beer or wine. The laborers who work permanently on the farm all the year round, instead of being lodged in barracks, have a cottage and a bit of land, which they are allowed to cultivate for their own profit; but in return for this privilege they have to work at the rate of fifty-five cents a day, or furnish a substitute. The laborers of this class are called *inquilinos*, and are considered to be the stand-by of every farm, because their services can always be counted on from year's end to year's end. Their cottages and plots are invariably situated on the outskirts of an estate, at intervals one from the other, so that, together with their families, they form the natural guardians and watchmen of the *hacienda*.

After visiting several vineyards and farms in the central prov-

inces, I started down southward by the express train running from Santiago to Talcahuano, halting en route as I thought fit, and continuing by the same train another day. This southern express, composed of locomotive and cars of the best American models, runs 583 kilometres in twelve hours, with eighteen stoppages and seventeen crossings, for the track is single. The time is reckoned at an average of sixty kilometres an hour, and on some stretches even seventy. This train arrives generally to the minute, and in every respect can be compared favorably with European expresses. The journey from Santiago towards the south affords an excellent opportunity of observing the culture of the great central valley and its geological formation, each section being a drained lake, the bed of which is being continually enriched by the alluvial deposit of the mountain torrents. Such torrents, which the railway crosses on important bridges, are the Maipo, Cachapoal, Tinguiririca, Teno, Maule, and Ñuble, whose waters fertilize the land and turn the mills. In the central section of Chili all agriculture depends upon irrigation; where there is no water and no *regadores* the land is barren, and produces nothing but thorn and scrub; and as the quantity of water which the little Niles of the

IRRIGATION.

country contain is limited, there is no possibility of increasing the extent of cultivable land, except, perhaps, by the very costly process of artesian-wells. Hence, as you pass through this central valley, generally so rich and luxuriant in vegetation, you reach from time to time vast expanses of sandy waste. From Bulnes, for example, to San Rosendo, for a distance of some forty miles on both sides of the line, there is nothing but acres and acres of arid virgin land, dotted with brush, between which the sandy particles drift and shift at the mercy of the breeze. There are no dews here, no rain except during the winter months, and no means of catching whatever moisture there may be in the atmosphere. Again, where irrigation is possible, the land varies in quality in the different sections of the valley. In the Palmilla Valley, in the province of Colchagua, there is a depth of some twenty feet of the finest black soil, while a little farther south, in the province of Linares, there is not more than two feet of soil, and in the region of Traiguen there is often scarcely a foot. The rivers from which the irrigating canals are derived also vary in quality. Some of them, especially the Maipo, the richest in organic matter, roll a torrent of thick, brown, muddy water, which covers the land with several centimetres of fertilizing matter in the course of each season's irrigation; while other rivers, like the Bió-Bió, have almost crystalline water, and carry in solution scarcely anything but volcanic sand. The finest land in Chili is situated between the Aconcagua and the Maule rivers.

In all these parts the irrigation system is excellent, the water abundant and rich in alluvium, and the vegetation most luxuriant and varied, comprising cereals, alfalfa, vines, fruit, garden produce, and timber, especially poplar. The line passes through the centre of the valleys, touching the principal towns, and the scenery is always interesting and often enchanting. On one side you see the grand summits of the Andes, on the other the lower peaks of the coast range, and between the two chains a level or undulating valley dotted with farms and blocked out into squares by lines of waving poplar-trees. Where the estates run up the hill-sides the slopes will be covered with grain crops wherever the plough can pass; vines also are planted on favorable exposures. The dividing lines between the haciendas are generally marked, not by posts and wires, but by a ditch some six feet wide and deep, which you see running straight up a mountain-side and across the plain. Here you see the various opera-

tions of agriculture being performed, often with primitive methods. Though machines are largely used, threshing with horses is still common, and teams of ten, twenty, and thirty animals are driven round and round to tread out the grain. This system is employed not on account of perverse resistance to progress, but because horses are abundant, and because the finely broken straw produced by this method of threshing has a considerable value in the market for fodder, and for mixing with mud to make adobe bricks. At the harvest season you see long theories of ox carts, the sides latticed with green branches, carrying this finely broken straw to the towns. The end of the threshing season is the signal for grand rural fêtes, when floods of *chicha* provoke interminable *cuecas*. Another pretext for intemperance and jollification is the *rodeo*, or round up, when the cattle in the plain and mountain pastures are driven into corrals and branded. Then the *vaquero*, or cow-boy, with his sheepskin leggings, his big spurs, and his inseparable cigarette, ties up his head in a silk handkerchief, pulls his hat over his eyes, and performs wonderful feats of horsemanship in rugged and pathless places. Another operation which interests the traveller is that of irrigation. Each farmer or *hacendado* is a subscriber to or a shareholder in an irrigation canal, constructed generally at very considerable expense, and regulated by carefully elaborated laws. A canal is divided into so many *regadores*, a *regador* being an outlet through which nominally thirty-five litres of water can pass per second, this quantity being supposed to be enough to keep one man employed. Each farmer subscribes to a number of *regadores*, which he can have united or distributed to suit his convenience, the changing and fixing of the sluices being at the cost of the company. The fields are traversed by parallel and intersecting smaller channels connected with the main canal, and the water is directed from point to point as need may be. Our view represents the irrigation of an alfalfa field. The water flowing down a small channel across the field is stopped by a movable dam of coarse canvas on a rough wooden frame, and diverted to a square of land on one side, where a workman with a spade removes small inequalities of surface, and sees that every inch of ground receives water. After this patch has been thoroughly watered the dam will be placed farther on, and another patch irrigated with the same care. With their system of irrigation and alluvium fertilizing, the Chilians do not need the artificial manures, such as guano and nitrate, which their country

produces and exports; on the other hand, irrigation costs money. A *regador* from the Maipo Canal, in the province of Santiago, for instance, is worth $5000 Chilian paper. On the Macul estate there are thirty-one *regadores*, which cost, on an average, $1500 Chilian paper per annum.

As the train hurries along there is always something of interest to observe; in the distance, the crater of some extinct volcano, with the snow glistening on its flanks; in the foreground, a flight of pure white birds of the stork family settling to fish among the pebbles of the broad river-bed; in the fields, the picturesque ox carts with solid wheels, and not a single nail in the whole structure; the peasants, with their huge hats, bright-colored *ponchos*, and rough sandals of rawhide laced with thongs. The railway stations are particularly rich in local color. As we have already seen, the arrival of a train is an event for the provincial people, and the platform of the station one of the principal promenades of the country towns. The young ladies ride down on horseback, accompanied by their little brothers, the latter wearing *ponchos*, big straw hats with conical crowns, and enormous clanking spurs which render walking difficult; and, amid the crowd of *peones*, or peasants, and miscellaneous passengers, they walk up and down laughing and chatting and inspecting things in general. The farther south you go the more predominant does the peasant element become and the greater the noise of clanking spurs, for the peasant is a horseman above all things. As soon as the train stops the steps of the cars are besieged with men, women, girls, and boys selling flowers, fruit,

and all kinds of refreshments. They even light fires along the track and improvise kitchens, where they make *cazuela*, generally served with thumb sauce. "*Cazuela, señor?*" the women cry, as they walk up and down carrying a basin of this excellent soup, their thumbs carelessly plunging into the liquid. "*Chica, señor?*" cries another, offering a big glass of the national drink. "*Duraznos señorita; quien quiere duraznos?*" asks another, with a basket of fine peaches. Roast fowl and onions, cakes, spurs, bridles, hard-boiled eggs, pies made of onions, garlic, and cabbage, live ducks, newspapers, puppies, watermelons—almost everything is offered for sale at these provincial railway stations, and the women, all more or less of Indian extraction, form picturesque groups as they squat between the rails or walk to and fro along the trains. In Chili the lower classes are brown-skinned cross-breeds of pronounced Indian appearance, and, like the unsophisticated wild man, they dislike chairs and prefer to squat on their heels. They are, as a rule, very ugly, their faces dull and expressionless, the hair black and wiry, the beard sparse. The women wear their hair in two long braids hanging down their backs, and when they get old they smoke cigarettes, wither up like parchment, and look very dirty and miserable.

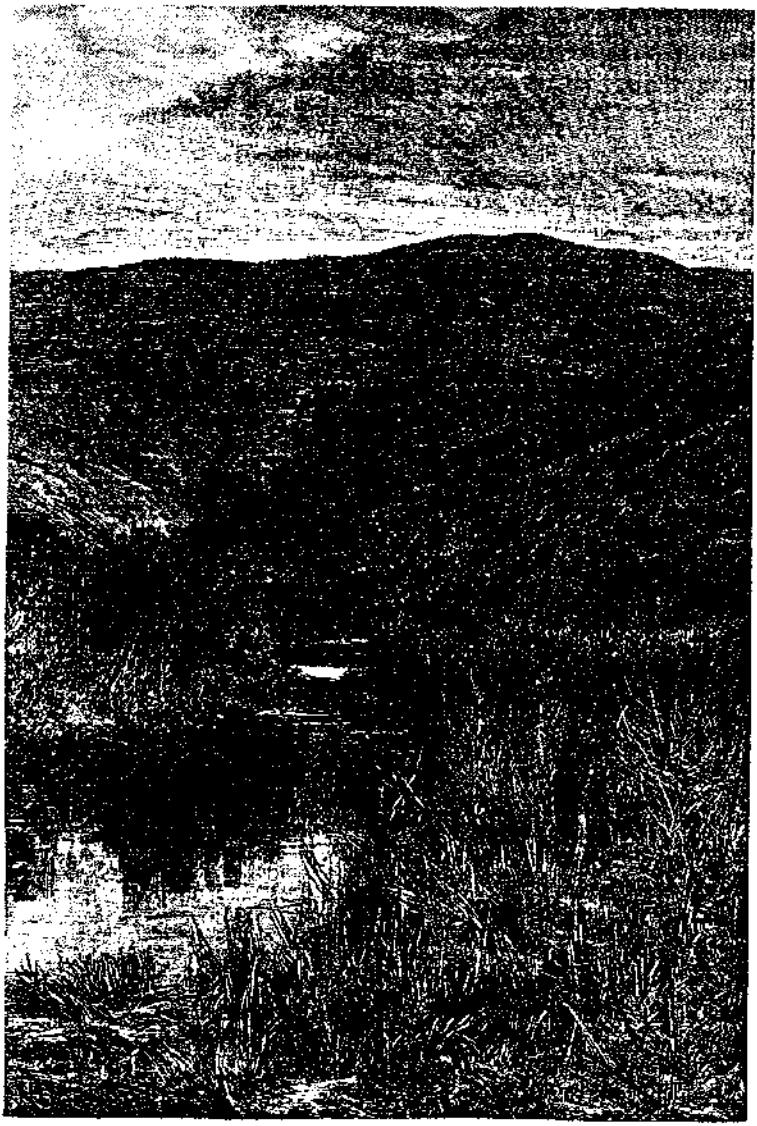
Still farther south men and things begin to look more primitive as we enter the territory only recently conquered from the Araucanian Indians. As far as Concepción the towns that we have passed are rapidly progressive. Such are Rancagua, Rengo, San Fernando, Talca, Chillan, at some distance from which, away up in the mountains, are the famous hot sulphur springs and natural vapor baths, in the flanks of the Chillan volcano, much frequented in the summer months, and destined to great vogue when once the railway renders them easily accessible. Even as it is, the very elementary hotel of the Baños de Chillan is crowded from December to April; but fine as the scenery is, and wonderful the physical phenomena to be seen, I would not recommend tourists to go there merely on a pleasure trip. For such a purpose the baths of Cauquenes, in the coast Cordillera, are preferable, and more easily accessible. But to continue our agricultural peregrinations, instead of going on to Concepción, we change trains at San Rosendo, and follow the line which runs to Los Angeles, Angol, and Traiguen, which is for the present the southern terminus of the Chilian railways, although now a line is being built through the provinces of Malleco, Cautin, and Valdivia, down to

Osorno, where the great timber region is situated. The train is not quite so luxurious as the southern express which we have just left. In this region there are no saloon-cars, and the third-class cars, in view of rough usage, are provided with sheet-iron windows. Unfortunately these cars are placed at the head of the train, and the first-class car behind them, so that the passengers in the latter receive from the former a perpetual blast of the most pungent odors, in which garlic and onions predominate. Onion pies and watermelons seem to be staple articles of food here, and the whole railway station as well as the train smells of them.

From San Rosendo to Santa Fé the country is dry and uninteresting. Then comes fine river and hill scenery as we approach the great wheat-growing region around the historic town of Angol, one of the seven Araucanian cities which the conquistador Pedro de Valdivia founded in the sixteenth century, when he explored and subdued the whole of Chili as far as the city of Valdivia, which perpetuates his name. But the indomitable Indians revolted, captured the seven cities simultaneously on Christmas Eve, 1553, killed Valdivia near Arauco, and remained masters of the country until within a few years ago. The country about these parts is still spoken of as the "frontier," and civil administration has taken the place of military authority within the past three years only. Civilization is therefore only just making its manifestations obvious. The present city of Angol is beginning to progress; it has 6000 inhabitants, and is a considerable grain centre, but otherwise it calls for no special notice. In the environs of Angol the Araucanian Indians still abound, and people the landscape in the most picturesque manner. These haughty and warlike tribes, which formerly occupied all the territory west of the Andes, from Chiloe up to Copiapó are now entirely subdued, and only about 50,000 of them remain in a state of semi-independence and with their primitive habits, though recognizing the Chilian republic, under whose protectorate they exist. These Indians live in some of the inner valleys of the Andes, and scattered through the country south of the river Bió-Bió, especially in the provinces of Malleco, Imperial, and Cautin, where they have their cane or brush huts, weave tissues, work on the farms, and get drunk as soon as they have earned a few cents. Like the redskin, the pure Araucanian is destined to disappear from the face of the earth; but, unlike the redskin, he will leave behind him a hardy though hybrid race, which will owe to him its best

qualities. I mean the Chilian *peones*, or laboring classes, which have a very large admixture of Indian blood, so large, indeed, that a good-looking Chilian peasant woman can often scarcely be distinguished from an Indian woman except by her costume. The Araucanian Indians that I saw were fine-looking and well built, dignified and carefully dressed, and apparently industrious. Some of the silver ornaments that they wear are very artistic. Their manners, too, are independent and indicative of self-respect. Still, they are a conquered race; they have no longer any *raison d'être*: the interest that they excite is enthnological rather than sentimental; and, if the truth must be told, they drink like the sand of the desert, and their white brothers, many of them blond Germans, distil for their especial benefit unrectified alcohols of most searchingly corrosive power, the result of which may be seen in the towns on Sunday afternoons and evenings, when they roll in the gutters by the dozen, roar like bulls, and end by being lodged in the police-station.

From Angol to Traiguen we pass through the wheat district, composed of low undulating hills and small plains, all yellow with stubble at the time of my visit. Traiguen is a fair specimen of a squatters' town. According to the usual Spanish custom, it is laid out in *cuadras*, with rectangular streets, absolutely unpaved except the sidewalks, where the earth is held up by lengths of timber beams along the gutter. The houses are cane huts, adobe cabins, or wooden sheds, with fluted tile roofs. The hotels, of which there are two, each with a bar-room and billiard tables, are likewise wooden sheds, built around an enclosed patch of dust and detritus. The barracks are wooden sheds also. Nevertheless, Traiguen is a growing town; it has scarcely four thousand inhabitants, but it boasts four local newspapers, a number of general stores, depots of agricultural machinery, flour-mills, vast wheat warehouses, and innumerable cheap restaurants and grog-shops for the country people and the Indians. Traiguen is the centre of the wheat and timber trade of Chili, and also of the government colonization system. All the wheat, timber, and other merchandise from the departments of Imperial and Temuco is brought to Traiguen in bullock carts to the railway, which carries it to the interior, or to the port of Talcahuano. On the hills and high table-lands around Traiguen you see for miles and miles nothing but wheat, and for miles and miles the eye can follow the red dusty roads that wind like ribbons over the slopes leading to the various colonies and to the



LANDSCAPE NEAR ANGOL.

towns of Victoria and Temuco. From time to time a herd of kine passes, driven along by half a dozen men and boys on horseback, armed with long lassos and a rich vituperative vocabulary. Then you will meet a train of fifty or a hundred ox carts laden with bags of wheat. Then a queer ram-shackle carriage will emerge from a cloud of dust and reveal five wretched horses harnessed abreast, the two outside ones simply attached by a rope, and awaiting their turn to do serious pulling between the shafts, mere galloping at the side being considered rest and not work.

In an official publication, entitled *Sinopsis Estadística y geográfica de Chile* (*Santiago, Imprenta Nacional, 1890*), I read the following, under the heading "Colonization:" "European immigration has begun to increase greatly since last year. The peacefulness of our country, and the complete liberty of action and of thought which natives and foreigners enjoy without distinction, tend to accelerate this movement day by day. Powerful agents, too, are the proverbial richness of our soil and the mildness of the climate, which permits immigrants to settle where they please without being obliged to adopt a new way of living. The Government, on the other hand, with a view to attending to the reception of immigrants, and to furnishing them with the means of establishing themselves as quickly and conveniently as possible, decreed last February [*i.e.*, 1889] the establishment in this capital of an *Oficina de immigración libre*, with agencies in Valparaiso, Talca, and Concepción. The immigrants who arrived in 1889 numbered 9659 men, women, and children. Lately our colonization agent in Europe contracted with Messrs. Luis Llanos & Co. to send out 25,000 immigrants within a year's time."

This question of colonization is of the utmost gravity. In December, 1889, the official statistics showed the total population of Chili to be some three millions. When all its productive territory is inhabited, it has been calculated Chili will sustain a population of from sixteen to twenty million people. Whether this estimate be exact or not, it is clear that there is room for immigration, and that the immense resources of the country are still only partially developed. On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to think that gold grows on the trees in Chili, and that people have only to go there in order to pick as much as they want. The development of a country is subject to certain economic laws. Chili doubtless needs immigrants, but the plain truth is that she has no inducements to offer them. I will

even go further and say that the actual system of assisted immigration patronized by the Chilian Government is a delusion and a snare.

The documents circulated in Europe by Chilian emigration agents are full of misrepresentations of the most culpable kind. One of these pamphlets, for instance, which I now have before me, states the Chilian dollar to be equivalent to four shillings, whereas it is only equal to two shillings. It speaks of gold and silver coins as the current money, whereas such coins are not to be had, the only current money being nickel and notes. The farm laborer's wages are stated to be £7 to £10 sterling a month, whereas the average throughout the country cannot be put safely at more than 50 or 60 Chilian cents a day, or, in other words, 30 to 32 shillings a month, with the food and lodging described on a previous page. Engine-drivers are stated to earn 10 to 16 shillings a day. The payment of drivers on the state railways is as follows: express trains, $6; first-class passenger drivers, $5 50; first-class freight, $5 25; second-class freight, $4 80; third-class freight, $4 20, in Chilian paper. The pamphlet again exaggerates and fails to state that the labor market is overstocked with drivers, mechanics, and artisans of all kinds, who, after having been lured out by the fallacious statements of interested emigration agents, have been glad to get work as waiters, porters, or anything in order not to starve. The same pamphlet affirms that the wages of navvies are from £6 to £8 sterling a month. The wages actually paid to navvies by the state railways are $1 to $1 20 a day in Santiago, and 80 cents, Chilian currency, a day in the country, together with the usual rations of bread and beans. We need not enter further into details. In the way of wages Chili has nothing to offer, and as regards farm laborers and navvies, she has her own *peones*, who, like their namesakes, the pawns at chess, do a great deal of work and get neither credit nor reward. No European laborers can compete with the native half-Indian Chilian *peones*, who live on bread, beans, and water, and sleep on the bare ground, deriving no other comfort or privilege than that of getting drunk on Sunday, keeping up the dream on Monday, recovering their senses on Tuesday, and resuming work on Wednesday. Such is the ordinary routine. As for artisans and skilled workmen, let them beware of going out to Chili, unless they have a written contract before they start; and let both skilled and unskilled reflect that Chili is a Spanish country, and that the first thing they have to do on arriving is to learn a new language, otherwise success is impossible.

As for actual colonization, the prospects, as far as my inquiries showed, are poor, and unless the immigrant has at least a thousand dollars capital, he would do better not to risk the attempt. Even if he has a little capital he will meet with many disappointments. In the first place, the land to be distributed on certain conditions among colonists is in Araucania, especially in the country around Angol and Traiguen, where there is a very thin coat of black soil on a bed of clay. This soil, after four successive crops, would be absolutely ex-

ARAUCANIAN INDIAN HUT, AND LOOM FOR WEAVING GUANACO AND OTHER WOOLLEN STUFFS.

hausted, and need artificial fertilization, and the only economical way of cultivating it is to grow a crop one year and let the land lie fallow the next. Furthermore, the soil is so light that wherever there is a slope or a plain exposed to the wind, it is necessary to leave the scrub and bushes to hold the land together and prevent it blowing away; hence it is impossible to use machinery, whether for cultivating or harvesting, and hence the persistency of primitive agricultural

methods, which astonish the visitor until he discovers the real reason. Supposing that the immigrant is content to struggle against all these disadvantages, he will still find other disagreeable surprises. As we have said above, the territory of Araucania, having been only recently delivered over to civil authority, is still inadequately policed. There are many bands of brigands, and murders, outrages, and robberies are frequent, while justice is rare and hardly obtained. The colonists in these parts have certainly double cause to complain, for they have been brought out on false pretences by the Chilian Government, and the Chilian Government fails even to assure them unmolested enjoyment of the poor lot which they have been obliged to accept. From conversation with several of the most intelligent colonists, I learned that one mistake made by the Government officials is to treat the colonists as if they were ordinary *peones*. In no country except England is the distinction of classes more marked than in Chili. There are the white men and the common herd, the creoles and the *peones*, the former lords and undisputed masters, the latter resigned and unresisting slaves. In Chili it is not the custom even to say "thank you" to a servant or a *peon* for any service he may render you; he is considered to be an inferior being altogether. The Chilenos, said my immigrant interlocutors, are accustomed to be tyrannized by their superiors in rank; the *peones* and the common people in general have had their *amour propre* destroyed by years of oppression on the part of the police and of the administration: they bow their heads before the storm, accept any treatment, and eat their beans with stolid resignation. The colonists, whether French, Swiss, German, or English, have different temperaments; they have ideas of justice and reason, and when they protest against obvious tyranny or absurdity of administrative decisions, their attitude is qualified by the Government officials as "insolent" and "insubordinate." In short, the poor colonists get robbed and maltreated both by professional brigands and brigandish officials, and when they present their grievances they find neither sympathy nor impartiality on the part of the administration. What do the Government employés care about these obstreperous *gringos*, as the Hispano-American contemptuously calls all European immigrants, both of high and low degree? And so the poor colonists go on living in their wooden houses with corrugated iron roofs in the distant solitudes of Araucania, very few of them having bettered their fortunes by leaving the old country, to say

nothing of the undeniable disadvantage of insecurity both of life and property.

In reality, the Chilians, I imagine, do not like foreigners; they are jealous of those who have settled in the country and established profitable industries; but still they solicit immigration because they feel that they must compete with other nations, and especially with their mightily progressive Argentine neighbors. There is now an idea afloat for extending the colonization system and populating the cold southern extremity from Valdivia downward with Scandinavian immigrants, who will develop the timber and the fishing resources of the country. If this project be carried out the Governments of Sweden and Norway will do well to take measures for the proper protection of their subjects. In any case, as things now stand, emigration to Chili is not a safe speculation. The colonization system is badly organized, the temporary accommodation

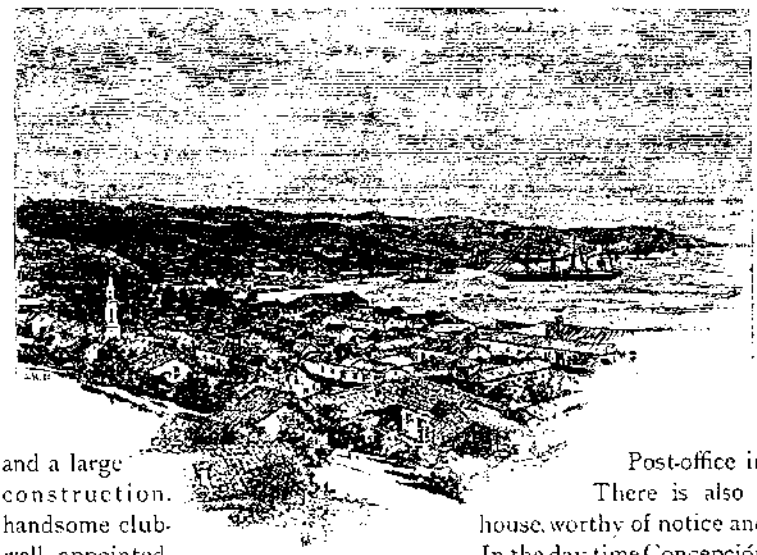
OX CART, TRAIGUEN.

for immigrants on their arrival is worse than inadequate, and the land offered is poor and unremunerative; while, as regards immigrants without capital, Chili requires only agricultural laborers, to whom she offers the same unenviable conditions as the native *peones* accept.

The seaport of the new agricultural districts which we have just been visiting, and which have only been opened to culture within the past four years, is Talcahuano, and the commercial centre is Concepción, which promises to become the great town of Southern Chili. Leaving Traiguen, we return to San Rosendo, gain the main line, and so reach Concepción, and twenty minutes later Talcahuano. Concepción is a town of 25,000 inhabitants, full of enterprise and local pride. It has a handsome and commodious railway station; the three main longitudinal streets are well paved—a detail of high importance in these South American cities—the shops are numerous and well supplied; several of the business blocks are relatively fine and solid buildings; and the plaza is one of the prettiest in Chili, being decorated with marble statues, a bronze central column, tastefully arranged flower beds, and fine shade trees. On one side of the plaza is the cathedral—without a tower, for we are in a land of earthquakes; on the opposite side are the Palacio de Justicia and the Intendencia; while on the remaining sides are banks, arcades, and shops. It may interest capitalists to know that the local Banco de Concepción paid last year a dividend of sixteen per cent. On the plaza is an elegant platform, decorated with bronze busts and gilt inscriptions recording the names of Rossini, Auber, Halévy, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, etc., where a band plays on certain evenings in the week, when all Concepción turns out in chimney-pot hats and Parisian bonnets, and walks round and round with much cap courtesy and obsequious bowing. A detail of no importance is that throughout my stay in Chili I did not see a "dude" wearing a single eye-glass. The young "swells" wear varnished boots, immaculate clothes, and gorgeous cravats; they also curl their mustaches, and put brilliantine on their hair, but they have not yet attained the impertinent sublimity of the *monocle*.

Concepción, like most Chilian towns, is overrun with electricity; it has hundreds of telephones, both urban and provincial, and an electric-light company which supplies one of the hotels and a number of shops. The tram-way system is considerable, and the conductors, as has been the custom throughout Chili since the Peruvian war took all

the men away from the towns, are young ladies with jaunty straw hats and neat white aprons. The local press is represented by two journals, *La Libertad Catolica* and *El Sur*, the latter having a fair circulation in the country. The public buildings, besides those already noticed, are a large new theatre, a practical Escuela de Agricultura,



PORT AND TOWN OF TALCAHUANO.

and a large Post-office in construction. There is also a handsome club-house, worthy of notice and well appointed. In the day-time Concepción presents the aspect of an ordinary South American town, with straight streets lined with white telegraph poles carrying a multiplicity of wires. Much business is done there in corn, wool, and general imports, which latter business seems to be largely controlled by Germans. It is also the banking centre of an extensive agricultural district. German enterprise is still more evident at night, when the shops issue from their somnolent, half-closed daylight state, and display in a glare of gas and electricity specimens of European manufactures, with their accompanying chromo-lithographic advertising cards. Then you see in the general stores the strangest medley of toilet soap, patent medicines, agricultural machinery, canned meat, cheap bronzes, gaudy gas fittings, chromo portraits of Bismarck, the Czar, and the Pope, side by side with ideal

German heads of sugar-plum women—in fact, all the trumpery and tawdry *bibelots* and counterfeits in which contemporary Teutonic industry excels.

In all the old Spanish colonies the capitals are situated inland, while the ports are comparatively small and unpleasant places. Examples are Lima and Callao, Santiago and Valparaiso, Concepción, and Talcahuano. The reason of this separation of the seaport and the business capital is to be found in the fear of pirates and privateers, who in the old days might land, sack and burn the port, and escape with their booty with ease; whereas to march inland and attack a town in the interior of the country was a more serious and dangerous business. Thus Concepción is distant from the sea twenty minutes by rail, and is a fine and growing town; while Talcahuano, the port, is a picturesque, old-fashioned colonial place with one-story board houses, a few grain *bodegas*, quays, and a mole, and, overlooking the bay, a hospitable and pleasant club, whose members require champagne cocktails on the slightest provocation. The situation of the little town at the head of Concepción Bay is very charming, and the bay itself is the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast, with the exception only of San Francisco. At Talcahuano a breakwater, quays, and a dock are now being constructed by a French company at a cost of 13,000,000 francs. The dock will measure 175 metres long, 37 metres broad, and 25 metres deep. The works were begun a year ago, and will require about three years more for their completion. Talcahuano will be the terminus and port of the transandine railway from Buenos Ayres *via* the Antuco Pass and Yumbel, and is likely to become a more important as it is already a safer and better port than Valparaiso.

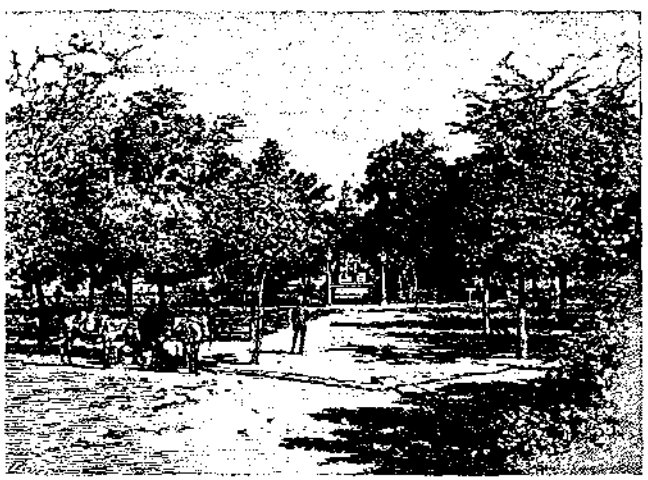
The exports from the bay of Concepción, with its three ports of Talcahuano, Tomé, and Penco, will give an idea of its interest. The chief item is wheat, of which 1,500,000 hectolitres were shipped in 1889, mostly to Europe, and the rest to Peru. Wool is sent from here, the coarse kind to the United States, the fine bales to Germany. Other articles exported are barley, oats, linseed, honey, beeswax, and *maqui*, which is a sort of bilberry, used in France to give color to pale wines. From Tomé great quantities of Chilian wines are shipped for consumption along the Pacific Coast, and some little to Europe. The steamers of five regular European lines touch at Talcahuano, bringing general cargo and agricultural machinery, partly English and partly American, in about equal proportions.

We noticed above the Escuela Practica de Agricultura at Concepción. Similar establishments are found at Santiago, Talca, San Fernando, Elqui, and Salamanca; but the most important are those of Santiago and Concepción, which receive from the state annual subventions of $40,000 and $23,000, respectively. Attached to these two last-mentioned schools are agronomic stations for the analysis of the soil and of the irrigation waters of the different agricultural regions of the republic. It is interesting to note this prudent attention to the cause of scientific agriculture on the part of a country which still possesses thousands of acres of virgin land and primitive forests. In the neighboring Argentine Republic much attention is also given to these matters. Young Argentines go to study in the agricultural schools of France and Belgium, and graduates from these schools are much demanded, both as professors and as managers of estates on the eastern side of the Andes. Still, in connection with agriculture, we must mention the Sociedad Nacional de Agricultura in Santiago, which receives an annual state subvention of $20,000 Chilian, for prizes in agricultural shows, conservation of the Quinta Normal, cultivation of trees, vines, etc., and for keeping up a small zoological garden. In the Quinta Normal there is an Instituto Agricola, with professors of rural economy, arboriculture, viticulture and vinification, agricultural chemistry, rural legislation, and a veterinary school with the necessary professors. The pupils of the Instituto Agricola obtain the diploma of agricultural engineers and agronomos, or simply certificates.

The Sociedad de Agricultura publishes a bulletin of useful and practical information, keeps a register of trade-marks, and has recently opened a stud-book for the registration of thorough-bred horses and cattle.

Agricultural Chili is a pleasant and interesting country to visit. The scenery, suggesting memories alternately of California, Switzerland, and northern Italy, is both grand and charming. Nothing can be seen more majestic and impressive than the main ridge of the Andes, with the volcanic peaks white with snow, while occasionally towards the south some small crater shoots up volumes of smoke and lava, as Villa Rica did about the time that I was at Traiguen. Nothing can be more charming than the scenery along the Rio Bió-Bió, whose sinuous banks the railway follows between San Rosendo and Concepción. In parts this river, the longest and broadest in the re-

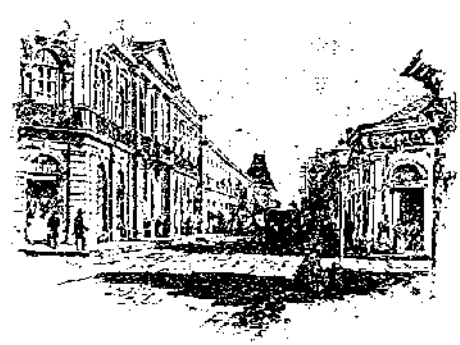
public, having a course of 222 miles, reminds one of the Loire, except that it flows continuously between sloping and often wooded hills. Like the Loire, it is full of shifting sand banks, some of clean yellow sand, others of black volcanic sand; and these, as the water varies in depth, give to the surface a *moiré* of violet and yellowish-green. As for the rustic population and the incidents of life along the road, they offer plenty of material for the painter and food for reflection to the student of manners. Here indeed is primitive civilization, needing no



CONCEPCIÓN: THE PLAZA AND WATER-CARRIERS.

house furniture, no comfort, very elementary clothing, and only the simplest forms of ceramic ware. What plainer food could be found than bread, beans, and onion pie? What more natural drinking vessel than a calabash? What less complex vestment than the *poncho?* What shoe more easily made than a bit of cowhide tied on with thongs? What more refreshing and obvious combination of food and drink than the familiar watermelon, which would seem to be the chief and only nourishment taken by many of the poorer Chilians? In the stations you see whole trains loaded with watermelons. In the towns watermelons are sold in every shop, and piles of them are stacked in the streets wherever there is an open-air breakfast stall. On the

steamers that ply between the ports of the Pacific the decks are encumbered with the inevitable melons, and the water in the harbors is covered with the floating rinds of empty ones. In no other country have I seen such universal consumption of watermelons except along the banks of the Danube, where the peasants are no better lodged and no better fed than those of Chili. All this I say not in dispraise of the Chilian *peones*. On the contrary, I am convinced that they are fine fellows in their way and splendid workers, especially by the piece. No Europeans can surpass them in strength and endurance. Above all, no Europeans could exist in the same conditions of alimentation and habitation. In Chili the *peones* live literally like pigs, both in the country and in the towns, regardless of hygiene or even the most ordinary sanitary precautions. The consequence is that infant mortality is great; the babies die like flies, and those who survive are only the strongest and the fittest. This rural and urban working population is ignorant, though not unintelligent; the *peones* can rarely read or write, but they have a natural talent for imitation, and when once they have been shown how to do a thing they will go on doing it; thus they learn in a few lessons to manage agricultural machinery, and when they have once learned they do not forget. As for morality, it is to be feared that they have but little. They are not afraid of death themselves, and have not much respect for the life of others, and both men and women alike appear to have inherited a fair dose of superstition and many queer beliefs from their Indian ancestors, together with a number of silly remedies. The women when they have a headache paste rounds of paper on their temples or the pip of a watermelon. If they feel anything the matter with their eyes they will plaster their cheeks over with leaves. Indeed, you rarely see a woman who has not something stuck on her face. All these



CONCEPCIÓN: CALLE DEL COMERCIO.

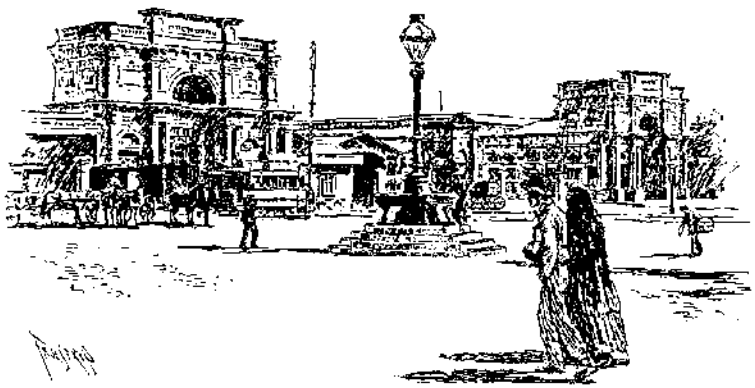
defects, all these superstitions, and all this neglect of the laws of hygiene, President Balmaceda hopes to eradicate by education, and therefore we see, not without surprise, in rustic townships like Traiguen, fine school-houses being built, at a cost of $90,000, before there is yet a single brick house within the district. This policy of building schools and promoting education is being actively carried on throughout Chili. Wherever you go you see a fine new school being built, and at no great distance from it an equally fine new prison, and the chances are that the cells of the latter will be filled sooner than the class-rooms of the former. However, the education of the masses has been one of the great cards of modern republicanism in Europe and in the United States, and it is therefore not astonishing to find imitative Chili following in the wake, perhaps a little hastily and a little blindly.

CHAPTER V.

URBAN AND COMMERCIAL CHILI.

THE Chilian capital, according to the fashion prevalent in the days when pirates and buccaneers flourished, is situated in the interior of the country, at the foot of the great Cordillera of the Andes, and at a distance of four hours by express train from its port of Valparaiso. It is a pleasant and rich city, very beautifully situated, highly favored in point of climate, and destined to become in the course of time one of the handsomest cities south of the equator. At present it is in a transition stage; the pavement of most of the streets is antique and irregular; palaces and paltry dwellings are next-door neighbors; the inadequate attention paid to keeping up the promenades and gardens still savors of provincialism; the public buildings are rarely models of architecture; the hotels for the accommodation of visitors are rather poor for a national capital; the business blocks have not that special *cachet* of commodiousness and practicality which our modern ideas demand. Nevertheless Santiago is unmistakably a capital, and in many respects it is the Paris of Chili, the city to which all Chilian eyes are turned, and to which all Chilian fortunes sooner or later find their way. This fact is manifested by the number and splendor of the private houses, the great quantity of private carriages, and the animation of the elegant and leisured movement in the streets.

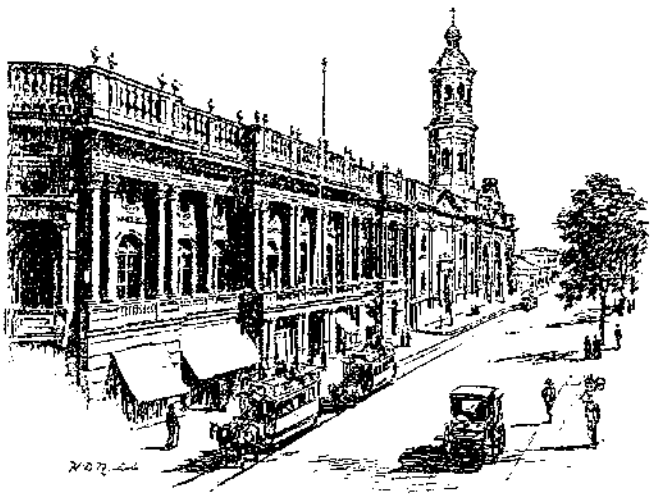
Santiago, with its steeples and towers and its wooded hill of Santa Lucia, lies towards one end of a broad plain, hemmed in by mountains which are always visible, closing the perspective of the streets, and rising in grand silhouettes, even more beautiful in winter than in summer; for then the mountains are covered with a mantle of snow which reaches within a few metres of the plain, and there ceases in a sharp line, marking the limit of the temperate air. The climate is delightful; rain falls only during the four winter months; the mean temperature in summer is 70° Fahr., and in winter 52° Fahr.; day after day for weeks together the thermometer scarcely varies, and the



CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, SANTIAGO.

sun shines in a clear sky with a constancy that conduces to filling the soul with placidity and contentment. The plan of the town is the usual rectilinear chess-board arrangement of uniform *cuadras*, or blocks, with a grand central square, and an avenue, or *alameda*, of overarching trees. On one side of the plaza are the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace; on the other the *Municipalidad*, or town-hall, as we should call it, and the post-office; and on the two remaining sides *portales*, or arcades, with shops on the ground-floor. The architectural monuments of the plaza call for no special commendation, excepting the post-office, which is conveniently arranged on a North American model, and served by obliging ladies and by male clerks, the latter as morose and obstinate as post-office employés in Latin countries generally appear to be. The plaza is the centre of all the movement of Santiago, the terminus and starting-point for the tramways, the great station for hackney-coaches, the fashionable evening promenade, when the band plays in the music kiosk. All the features of this movement are interesting to the visitor. At any hour of the day, from early morning until late at night, the observer will find there something to note, something to reason about and speculate upon. How pleasant this plaza is! what an important rôle it plays in the life of the town! and what a pity it is that the builders of Anglo-Saxon towns in new countries do not profit by the wise precepts of the old Spaniards, whose first care was always to provide

their cities with lungs, breathing-grounds, and agreeable meeting-places, that formed, as it were, the common hearth around which the citizens gathered both for pleasure and for business—the continuation, in fact, of the old Roman forum! The plaza, the cathedral, the town-hall, the Governor's palace, representing the Church, the municipality, and the central authority, invariably form the centre of the Hispano-American towns, and invariably you will find some effort to make of this spot a point of entertaining resort. Even in the smallest village of Spanish South America there is always a plaza, planted with trees and furnished with benches, for the accommodation of the citizens, the mothers, and the nurse-maids; for the plaza is not only the promenade of the grown-up persons, but also the playground of



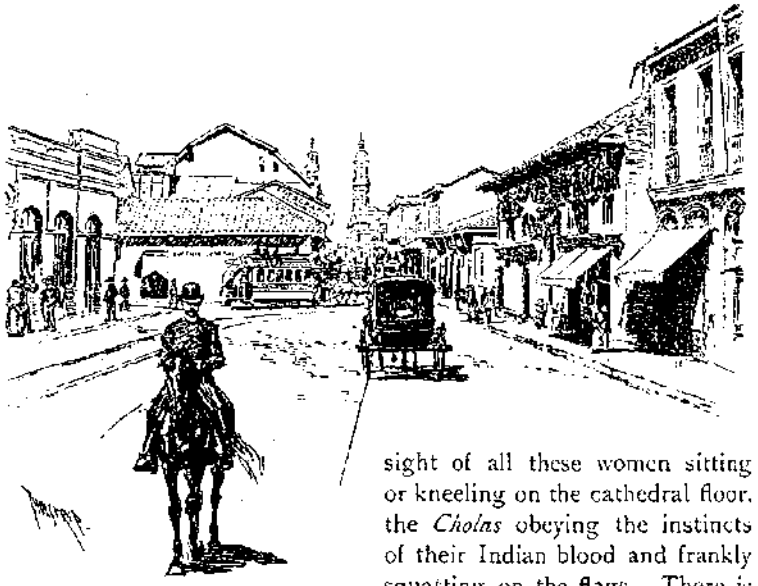
ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.

the young folks, who, however, amuse themselves in a quiet and orderly manner, having none of those boisterous games and violent exercises which are needed to develop the conquering muscle of Anglo-Saxon youth. The plaza of Santiago is of fine proportions, and rendered very charming by the shade trees planted around it, and by the small but luxuriant garden and trellised walks around the

central fountain, which in summer plays amid a brilliant mass of perfumed flowers carefully protected by iron railings and a vigilant policeman, who locks the gate at ten o'clock, so that the garden and its blooming riches may not be carried away surreptitiously by night. As I was informed by an Irish lady with a delightful brogue, who has had thirty years' experience of Chili at the head of a charitable institution for orphan girls: "The vice of the *counthry* is thieving." Protective measures are therefore necessary.

In the daytime the plaza is visited only by a few people of the lower classes, who sit on the benches to rest or to loaf. Other people cross it diagonally on their way to and from different parts of the town. The coachmen wait for customers for their two-horse landaus and barouches which stand around the plaza—a select few presenting a marked contrast with the ordinary broken-down, rickety, and dirty Santiago street carriage, drawn by a pair of miserable horses, and driven by a disreputable and stupid human being, who sits under a hood in front of the coach. The Santiago hackney-coach, such as receives the traveller on his arrival at the railway station, is a disgrace to so wealthy a city, and comparable only to certain specimens found in the wilder parts of Bulgaria, which country, as far as my experience goes, occupies one of the lowest positions in the tabulated observations hitherto made in that important branch of sociology known to specialists under the heading of "comparative cabs." The traffic in the streets around the plaza, besides the tram-ways and cabs, consists of carts drawn by three horses or mules harnessed abreast, and one of them ridden by the driver, armed with an active whip; teams of four bullocks bowing their heads under the heavy yoke, and preceded by a man carrying a long bamboo goad, who prods the beasts with a bucolic dignity that Virgil forgot to analyze; men riding on horses or mules, and wearing *ponchos*, and very wide-brimmed Panama hats with broad black ribbons to tie them under the chin; *Chola* cross-breed women with a parting at the back of the head and two long braids of coarse black hair hanging over the shoulders; *Cholitas* and Chileñas wearing the black shawl or *manta* which is the universal morning attire of South American women, both of high and of low degree. A Chilian womah never enters a church except clad in this almost monastic uniform of a plain dark skirt and a *manta*, worn as a shawl in a point at the back, and stretched tightly over the head to make a sort of hood and black frame that sets off the white skin

and bright eyes of the wearer. The *manta* effectually puts a stop to rivalry and jealousy in matters of dress, so far as church hours are concerned. Nothing can be more decorous and touching than the



CALLE DEL PUENTE, SANTIAGO.

sight of all these women sitting or kneeling on the cathedral floor, the *Cholas* obeying the instincts of their Indian blood and frankly squatting on the flags. There is no distraction, no danger of a fair worshipper's thoughts being diverted from her prayer-book to the criticism of her neighbor's new bonnet. And yet there is room for the display of coquetry in so simple a garment as a black *manta*: it may be of more or less fine stuff; it may be discreetly embroidered; above all, it may be worn with more or less elegance, the folds around the face arranged with a certain piquancy, the shape of the coiffure revealed by a more pointed silhouette on the top of the head, or a fascinating curl allowed to escape by the merest accident from beneath the austere hood, whose only object is to hide that which the Scriptures declare to be the glory of a woman. There is something very pretty, too, in the way the women have of readjusting the fold of the shawl that is thrown over the left shoulder; the gesture may be charming, and would doubtless have inspired Captain Steele with many a gallant

simile if he could have seen some of the Jocastas and Belindas of Santiago as they come out of church of a morning and take a turn through the *baratillos* on their way home.

The *baratillos* are a great feature of the plaza. They occupy the spaces between the arches of the arcades, or *portales*, and consist of booths and stalls which, when closed at night, with their shutters, look like big cupboards set against the wall. In these booths are sold cigars and cigarettes, toilet articles, toys, mercery, flowers, and fruit, while the other side of the arcade is lined with regular shops. In the blocks adjoining the plaza are some handsome passages full of shops, where French, German, and English manufactured articles of all descriptions are displayed for the temptation of the fair sex. The principal streets for retail business and also the market being close to the plaza, this centre is well adapted during the daytime for the study of *mantas* and their wearers. The shops of Santiago are not remarkable for stylishness; on the contrary, they are rather shabby and provincial-looking. The goods are displayed generally pell-mell, and the great art of window-dressing is yet unknown. On the other hand, there is a good assortment of things for sale, and a large place given to objects of luxury. A point worthy of notice is the large number of important book-shops, comparatively with other South American cities, and the serious class of works offered for sale, although in all of them you will also find a prominent place given to French publications, particularly French novels, including the most libertine productions of the modern Parisian artistic pornographers. For that matter, I may say that in all the towns I have visited, from the Volga to the Pacific, these naughty French books, with a black-stockinged but otherwise nude heroine depicted on the cover, have always appeared most obtrusively *en évidence*, so that the above observation cannot be taken as a special reproach to Santiago. Indeed, far be it from me to make any reproaches. The statement of a fact need not imply the passing of a judgment. To return now to the shops, it may be noted as typical of creole indolence that towards five o'clock in the afternoon the shutters are put up for two hours, and at half-past eight or nine all the stores are closed; there seems to be a desire to devote as little time as possible to business, and as much as possible to cigarette-smoking, gossip, and meditation. This is not a reproach either; it simply means that the Chilian temperament is averse to early rising, continuous effort, or excessive energy; where these qualities

are needed, the foreigner is called in. Hence the cosmopolitan names on the sign-boards, the groups of unmistakable Englishmen in various businesses, and the equally if not more numerous specimens of blond, ponderous, and highly accomplished Germans. Wherever the Chilians are left to themselves and their own devices, there will

IN THE ARCADES, SANTIAGO.

invariably be found evidences of indolence and slovenliness, although they profess to be the Yankees of South America, and the most progressive and civilized nation between Cape Horn and the Caribbean Sea. Take the public library of the capital, for instance, now lodged in the old Congress Hall. This collection comprises 70,000 volumes,

in course of being catalogued—16,000 volumes for the out-door lending department, already catalogued; and a very large collection of colonial archives and documents, some 25,000 pieces of the greatest value for the history of New Spain. The librarian informed me that as many as a hundred readers a day made use of the large reading-room, but on the day of my visit there were only nine persons there. However that may be, I could not fail to be struck by the untidy aspect of the establishment, and particularly by the fact that both readers and employés are allowed to smoke freely cigars or cigarettes as they please, and that, too, in the very room where the archives of the nation's history are stored with inadequate care and respect. The only place where the Chilians do not smoke is in the church, which for that reason, perhaps, is not much frequented by the men. The priests smoke constantly in the streets; in the tram-ways and the railway trains absolute liberty of smoking prevails.

It is always interesting, on arriving in a strange city, to wander about the streets, and receive some rudimentary and unbiassed impressions before kind friends find you out, and proceed to show you the sights and introduce you to representative men, and fill you with information, statistics, and opinions, which it becomes your arduous duty to assimilate and to control. We have seen the plaza, the arcades, and the passages which have a certain character and originality. The other streets are interminable straight roads, crossed at regular intervals by other straight roads; some fairly paved, others badly paved; some lined with old-fashioned buildings bristling with flag-poles, others lined with mansions interspersed with poor plebeian houses; some streets planted with trees, others devoid of shade, and all of them sufficiently monotonous. When you have seen two or three streets in Santiago, together with the plaza, the *alameda*, and the hill of Santa Lucia, you have seen the whole city; the rest is all sameness and repetition spread over an expanse of many square miles, for Santiago occupies a superficies out of reasonable proportion with its 189,000 inhabitants, who require to be conveyed from point to point by a railway and an important net-work of tram-ways. Since the war against Peru, it appears, women have been employed as conductors of the horse-cars, and at one time an attempt was made to employ women as drivers too, but it failed. Chilian beasts of draught are obstinate, and require a stronger hand than a woman's to manage them. As it is, all over Chili, in the large towns as well as the small

WOMAN CAR CONDUCTOR, SANTIAGO.

ones, the tram-way conductors are girls, whose uniform consists simply of a man's straw hat, a money-bag, and a white apron, the rest of their costume being left to individual taste. These girls have a seat at the back of the car, and seem to perform their duties modestly, and to the general satisfaction. The pretty ones, or rather the least bad-looking —for the Chilian women of the lower classes are not blessed with much fairness of face—rarely remain long in the service; they soon find husbands, or get otherwise provided for. The horse-car girl is one of the peculiarities of Chilian street life. As far as I know, it is the only country in the world where women are engaged in such work. The telephone being very popular in Santiago, the main arteries of the town are planted with tall white posts and crossbars carrying innumerable wires, which do not augment their beauty. As for the houses, the majority are built of adobe or sun-dried bricks, and the second story, if there be one, of Guayaquil cane, the whole plastered over with mud and stucco, and colored and ornamented in a greater or less degree. Most of the houses have but one story, and are built as lightly as possible, for fear of earthquakes; but the more modern houses are built of brick, for the first story at least, with very thick walls and strong foundations, often of stone; and if the second story be built of brick also, the whole structure will be braced together with iron, so that no mere trembling earthquake could shake it down. Of late some three-story houses have been erected. Many of the private houses in Santiago are of patriarchal proportions, covering four or five hundred square feet of ground, and having accommodation for three generations of a family, and dining-rooms where fifty or sixty people can sit at ease. Many of them have considerable architectural merit, always within the traditions of the Renaissance style and its derivatives; often, too, the painted stucco and elaborate mouldings of the façades are enriched with slabs of real marble. But, as a rule, stucco and paint of the most delicate shades of blue, rose, green, yellow, and brown are thought sufficient, and imitation of everything that is good and bad in architecture is here carried to a degree that would make a Ruskin frantic. Alas! although Don Pedro de Valdivia founded the city of Santiago three hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants have not yet had time to acquire for themselves a distinct personality; themselves, their life, manners, and surroundings are reflections of the Old World from which they came; and like too many of the nations of old Europe, when they finally determined to embellish their

city with new monuments, they could conceive nothing more novel and original than to seek inspiration in a Greek temple of the age of Pericles, and a castellated stronghold of the epoch of the Crusades; hence the Congress building, the new cathedral, and the towers of Santa Lucia. Does it not seem strange that in the land of the Incas, about whom nothing precise is known—in the land of the *conquistadores*, who had seen the grace and splendor of the Alhambra; in the land of these modern Chilians, whose representative men have travelled in many countries and speak many tongues, besides being otherwise highly intelligent and ambitious of national distinction—does it not seem strange to find the Senators and Deputies holding their sittings inside a vast pile of rose terra-cotta-colored stucco correctly conceived in the Corinthian style, and adorned with tall columns and elaborate capitals whose acanthus scrolls are prodigies of lath and plaster?

Does it not seem still more strange, in a land where the fear of earthquakes is always reasonable, and in a land where stone adapted for the carver's chisel is unknown, that men should be found to order, and an architect to construct, a cathedral in the Gothic style with rose-windows laboriously built of brick, clustered columns that have no *raison d'être*, and floral capitals of plaster that are at best a miserable sham? A similar absence not only of originality but of the most elementary ideas of appropriateness to the end, of utility, of comfort, of personality, in short of any kind, may be noticed in many of the private mansions which wealth and vanity have erected. One man has built himself a Pompeiian house, magnifying the proportions to a scale the model was never intended to support. Another citizen delights in a gloomy pseudo-Tudor home. A third has thought that nothing could be more original than a Turco-Siamese villa with gilt domes and minarets on the roof. The most famous of all the show houses of Santiago, that of Señora Isidora Cousiño, is even more devoid of originality than the others. It is a handsome two-story mansion with Ionic pilasters and panels of blue and yellow faience tiles set in the façade to form plaques and cornices, and so relieve the flatness of the white stuccoed walls. Around the house is a garden, not kept with that abundance of flowers and minute care which characterize European horticulture. This house was designed by a French architect, and entirely decorated and furnished by French artists and artisans. Here we are in the capital of Chili, thousands and thou-

sands of miles away from Europe, in a country that has its own flora and fauna, its incomparable mineral wealth, its characteristic scenery of mountain, valley, and sea-coast, its interesting aboriginal inhabitants,

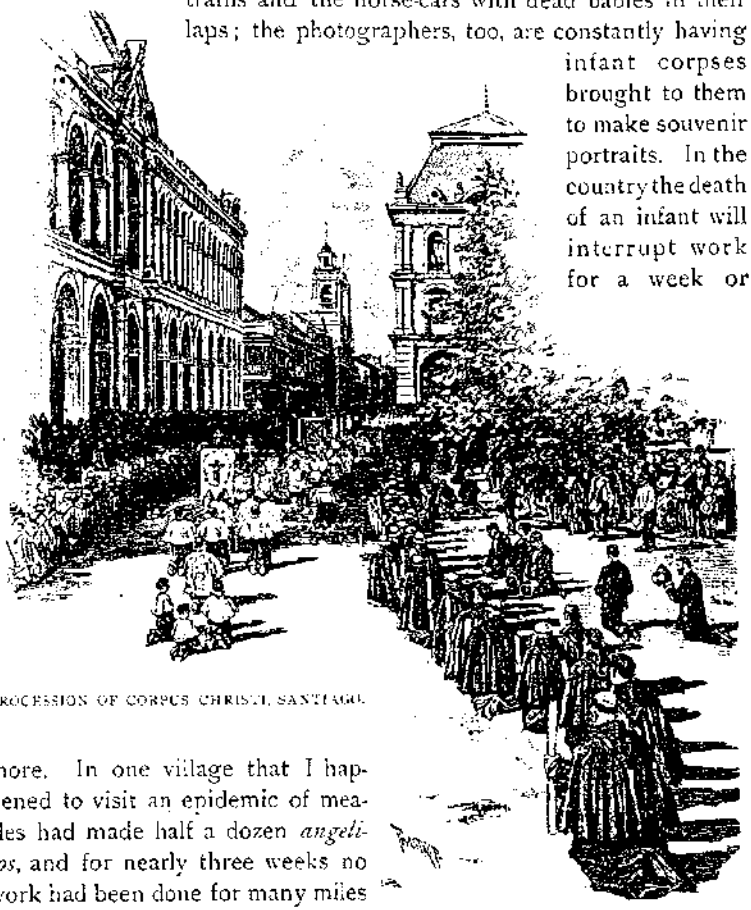
THE COUSIÑO HOUSE, SANTIAGO.

its popular customs, its special methods of agriculture. Surely there are themes for the decorative painter in these sources of inspiration. Señora Cousiño thinks differently, and so she has commissioned M. Georges Clairin to paint for her entrance hall and staircase the four seasons such as they do not appear in the Southern Hemisphere, together with strangely frivolous Parisian scenes—a masked ball at the Opera; the corner of the boulevard where the Café de la Paix stands; the tribunes at Longchamps, with some well-known *cocottes* in the foreground; and the Place de la Concorde, with more *cocottes* in front of the fountain. M. Clairin has executed these panels with his usual facile skill, and there they stand, glaring, ineloquent, and incongruous, beneath the glorious Southern Cross. The rooms of the Cousiño house are all most richly furnished in the best modern French taste;

the wall hangings and curtains are particularly magnificent, and the *ensemble* is handsome and in good current taste. The pictures, sculpture, and *bibelots* are poor in the extreme. Indeed, had it not been so famed in Chili, and so much talked about by travellers, I should not have thought of speaking about this house, for, after all, it is only remarkable as an instance of French influence. Every detail is French and nothing in it at all Chilian, except the inhabitants, and they are cosmopolitans. The genuine Chilian house is the old Spanish house built around one or more court-yards, and shut off from the street by an open-work wrought-iron gate, and by heavy wooden doors that are closed at night; it is the house that we have seen in Cordoba or Seville, with its blind side turned towards the public, and revealing through the elegant scrolls of its protecting iron screen a glimpse only of the orange-trees and flowers that sweeten the privacy of the *patio;* it is the semi-Oriental dwelling of Andalusia, sacred to family life and not readily opened to strangers. Of these old colonial houses, with far-projecting roofs, carved rafters, nail-studded doors, and strongly barred windows, many may still be seen in Santiago. The genuine creole mansions are built on the same plan, with severe exterior and impenetrable interior, court-yard behind court-yard withdrawing the intimacy of family life farther from the scrutiny of indiscreet gazers. Such, too, is the plan even of the more modern houses that make a show of gay colors, ornaments, and precious marbles on their façades, but still withdraw the living-rooms into the stillness of sheltered court-yards. The poor alone live in public, either in the unhygienic sheds and cottages of the city, or in the rudimentary cane huts of the suburbs, where the *peones* and their families squat on the ground like wild Indians, and manifest fewer evidences of civilization than the miserablest of the Russian peasantry. For the *peones*, life is truly a question of the survival of the fittest, inasmuch as none but the very strongest can live through the trials of childhood.

Thanks to the fearful dens in which the poorer classes of Chili live, the infant mortality is enormous. On the other hand, the *peones* and their women folk are prodigies of hardy endurance; they are indeed the fittest and strongest of their generation, all the weaker having died in the first few months or years of their struggle against insalubrious circumstances and conditions. These infant victims of defective sanitary arrangements do not occasion grief or mourning by their premature departure from this world; their mothers believe that

the little souls immediately go to paradise and become angels, and so they are called *angelitos*, and their death is a pretext for rejoicing, and inviting neighbors to drink and dance. The little corpses are kept for days and days; often you will see women in the trains and the horse-cars with dead babies in their laps; the photographers, too, are constantly having infant corpses brought to them to make souvenir portraits. In the country the death of an infant will interrupt work for a week or more. In one village that I happened to visit an epidemic of measles had made half a dozen *angelitos*, and for nearly three weeks no work had been done for many miles around. The whole population had been keeping up a continuous wake, dancing, singing, and drinking around the *angelitos*, who were dressed up like church images, and surrounded by burning tapers. This belief in *angelitos* and the custom of wakes also prevail in Peru, Bolivia, and the Argentine.

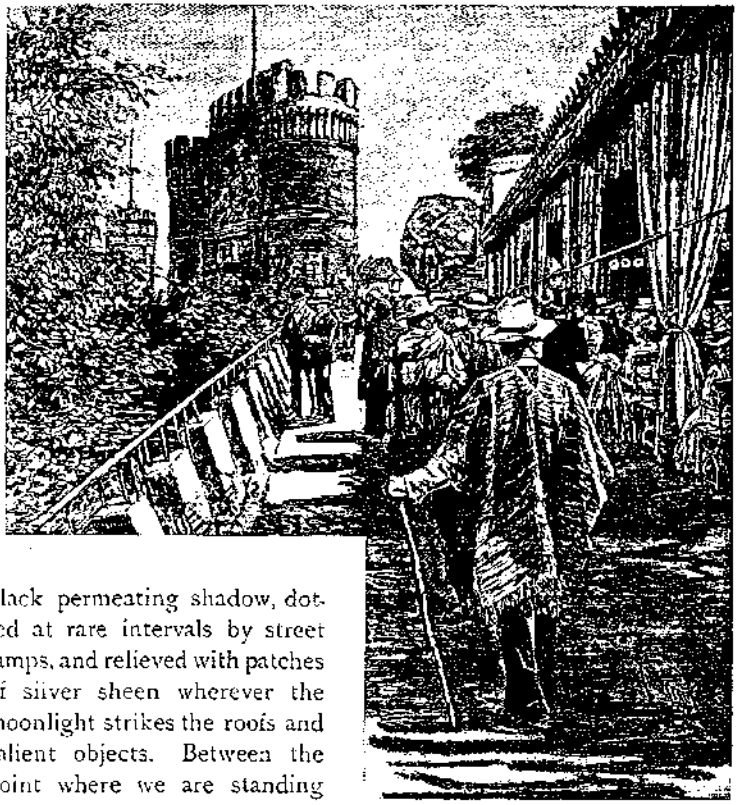


PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, SANTIAGO.

The fine houses of Santiago, I am told, are not often opened for entertainments. The invitation to dinner is not so freely given as in Anglo-Saxon countries; the family circle is more close; the family life of two or three generations is self-sufficing. The means of social intercourse is the *tertulia*, the reception, or *médianoche*, where the young people dance and the old people gossip; these, however, I am told, are rare, so that there cannot be said to be much social movement in Santiago. But of these matters a stranger cannot speak with confidence, for unless he spends years in a city he does not penetrate the mysteries, if mysteries there be, of what people are accustomed to call society. Such social animation as he sees is that of the theatres and the public resorts. Strange to say, in spite of the lovely climate, cafés are not in favor in Chili. Nowhere do you find those dainty little tables on the sidewalk, as in Paris, where you can sit and enjoy the *spectacle de la rue*.

Santiago has a very large, commodious, and elegant theatre, which has its opera season every year, and the usual windfalls of travelling companies during the winter, while the pleasant little theatre on the top of Santa Lucia offers light and digestive operetta and *zarzuela* on the warm summer evenings. This delightful hill is an example of intelligent city improvement. A few years ago it was a barren plutonic rock lifting up its untidy aridity in the midst of the city; now it is an aerial park, a hanging garden, a mass of trees and flowers, and sinuous walks rising to a height of some three hundred feet, and surmounted by towers and battlements of mediæval style, within which are restaurants and refreshment bars and the theatre—the last a very pretty and comfortable place, and often fertile in contrasts, so far as concerns the audience. One night that I was there I had for neighbors the ladies of a whole family of civilized Araucanian Indians, who spoke the language of Cervantes, and heartily applauded an indifferent performance of the *Mascotte*. Such surprises are nowadays only too common; facility of communications destroys local color, and sows disappointment in the path of the traveller.

The view from the top of Santa Lucia on a moonlight night is of unsurpassed charm. The whole plain is spread out before you, with its dark enclosing mountains, and at your feet lies the expanse of the town, with its reddish-brown tile roofs, its *patios*, from which rise here and there masses of foliage, its cloistered convents, its churches and towers, its *alameda* of tall trees—the whole plunged in mysterious



SANTA LUCIA.

black permeating shadow, dotted at rare intervals by street lamps, and relieved with patches of silver sheen wherever the moonlight strikes the roofs and salient objects. Between the point where we are standing and the foot-hills of the Andes, the vast plain stretches darkly, and, to close in the perspective, the imposing silhouette of the mountains towers up like a silvery phantom, above which the moon resplends with a pure brilliancy of dazzling intensity. The landscape is so admirably composed, the picturesque arrangement so perfect, and the management of the light and shade so ideally excellent, that one cannot help remarking how suggestive the view is of nature corrected by art, as she generally needs to be; it reminds one of an ideally beautiful piece of theatrical scene-painting. Indeed, as we have already seen, the situation of the town of Santiago is admirable, and if heroes in their eternal sleep still take interest in the things of this world, its founder may well be proud

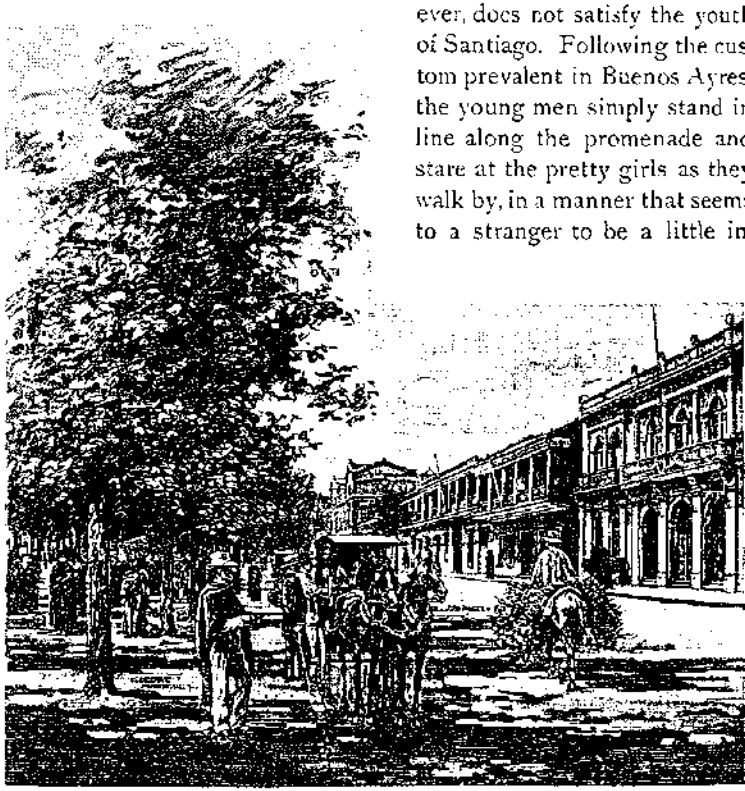
of his choice, and of the honor paid to his memory. On the hill of Santa Lucia, overlooking the town, is a white marble statue of the *conquistador*, with the following inscription:

Don Pedro de Valdivia
valeroso capitan estremiño
primer gobernador de Chile
Que en este mismo sitio
Acampó su hueste
de ciento cincuenta conquistadores
el 13 de Diciembre 1540
dando a estas rocas el nombre de
Santa Lucia
i formando de ellas un baluarte
delineó i fundó la ciudad de
Santiago
el 12 de Febrero 1541.

The *alameda* of Santiago, a magnificent avenue of trees, with a broad roadway on each side, lined with houses of high and low degree, ought to be the Champs Élysées of the Chilian capital. Here should be the great public buildings, the fine mansions, the favorite promenade of the citizens amid the monuments of the past and present glory of the nation. Here, indeed, are the statues and busts of heroes—General San Martin, whose march across the Andes entitles him to be compared with Hannibal and Napoleon; Bernardo O'Higgins, Carrera, Bello, Freire, and others whose names should awaken patriotic echoes in Chilian breasts. But the marble and the bronze are neglected; the *alameda* is not a fashionable resort, except in one small section where the carriages congregate on certain days of the week, and the gentlemen pay their respects to the ladies, who sit in their coaches under the trees. The rest of the fine avenue is lonesome, badly paved, absolutely deserted. In the morning you see the country people milking their cows there, while under the trees are piles of watermelons, elementary tents or booths, and gypsy fires, where the workmen obtain a simple and inexpensive meal. The *alameda* is typical of Chilian men and things in general. It possesses all the elements necessary for excellence, but from want of energy, attention, and continuous effort it remains inchoate, unsatisfactory, and irritating.

Of an evening the plaza is the great fashionable and popular resort for young and old people alike. In an elegant kiosk, surrounded

by sentries with grounded arms, one of the military bands plays European music, waltzes, operatic pieces, and what not, while the public sits or walks round and round the square, the men in many cases wearing tall silk hats and black coats, the women and children dressed in Parisian costumes that often have a savor of excess, as if they were extravagant models which the good taste of the French capital had refused to adopt, but which the unscrupulous exporters had sent out beyond the seas, as they send out corrosive liquors with special labels, "bon pour nègres." Beautiful girls abound in Santiago, and it is a pleasure to sit and see them pass, and to attribute to them in fancy all the moral and intellectual qualities which they must have in reality. This discreet inspection, however, does not satisfy the youth of Santiago. Following the custom prevalent in Buenos Ayres, the young men simply stand in line along the promenade and stare at the pretty girls as they walk by, in a manner that seems to a stranger to be a little in-



THE ALAMEDA.

delicate. Such, it appears, is the creole custom, which it is none of our business to criticise. I cannot, however, help remarking the useless existence led by the very numerous *jeunesse dorée* of the capital, composed of young men who for the most part have spent a year or two in Paris, and now endeavor to continue in Santiago the life of frivolous dissipation which was all they saw of France. These young men have no respect for women. Their thoughts, conversation, and way of life are wholly pernicious.

While examining the promenaders on the plaza, where the finely dressed ladies and gentlemen are interspersed with men wearing *ponchos* and big straw hats, and with dark-skinned women with straight black hair and flattened, moony faces, dressed in cotton dresses and black shawls, we note the very strong differentiation of classes. On the one hand, the white men, the *caballeros*, and on the other, the *peones*, or footmen. These latter are semi-Indians, who toil, get drunk, and multiply, have no morality to speak of, no fear of death, and in their present intellectual condition no marked tendencies to be dissatisfied with their lot. In contrast with the white upper classes, whose looks and dress are European and devoid of any particular character, the *peones* make a strong appeal to the traveller's attention, for it is they who impart to the landscape in town and country its Chilian aspect, and it is they who formed the conquering armies of the regenerated republic. Here on the plaza you see both the rank and file of these armies and the officers—the latter fine men of Spanish type, for the most part wearing uniforms imitated from the French, and looking thoroughly military; the former those dark-skinned semi-Indian soldiers, who showed in the late war against Peru that they could fight like demons, and kill, plunder, and burn with a savage ferocity that few soldiers can equal and none surpass. Still, we must not judge the whole Chilian army by the conduct of the troops in Peru. In order to raise men for that campaign the Government relaxed, perhaps, its severity of selection, and accepted many bad characters, which now remain a curse to the country. Many of the brigands and professional horse-stealers, who have received their special purloining education from Italian liquor-sellers, and who practise in the newly settled Indian territory and the southern provinces, belonged to regiments that were disbanded after the war, where they became so accustomed to pillage and rapine that they could not return to an honest life. In the course of years, and with a little aid

THE PLAZA AT NIGHT, SANTIAGO.

from the police and the gallows, these rascals will, it is to be hoped, disappear, and leave the poor colonists to live in peace and security.

The war and its great prize, consisting of the rich provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, have made Chili wealthy, proud, and hateful to all her neighbors. In a way the Chilians are the Prussians of South America, overweening talkers, arrogating to themselves the first place in war and in peace among the republics of the Southern Hemisphere, and taking measures to make their pretensions a reality. Thus in Santiago enormous and costly buildings are being constructed for barracks and military schools, and much prominence is given to military matters, there being, besides the Escuela Militar, an Academia de Guerra, a military club and periodical subsidized by the State, and an Institute of Military Engineers, while a committee of officers is travelling in Europe to study the armies of England and the Continent. Meanwhile the standing army has been much reduced within the past few years, and by the law passed in December, 1889, the total number of men under the colors cannot exceed 5885, distributed in two regiments of artillery, one battalion of sappers and miners, eight battalions of infantry, and three regiments of cavalry, plus one battalion of coast artillery of 500 men. The number of officers in active service is 943. Besides the regular army there is the Guardia Nacional Sedentaria, consisting of artillery, 8970 men, and infantry, 42,120 men, making a total of 51,090 organized for mobilization when needed. The Government has, furthermore, made a contract with a Prussian ex-officer to build fortresses at various points along the coast, and large purchases of guns are being made.

The Chilian navy is a matter of even more national self-satisfaction than the army. It now consists of two iron-clads, each of 2033 tons, a monitor of 1130 tons, two corvettes of 1101 tons, one corvette of 1075 tons, two gunboats of 600 and 775 tons, a cruiser of 3000 tons, another of 465 tons, ten torpedo-boats of from 40 to 400 horse-power. An iron-clad of 6902 tons and two cruisers of 2080 tons each are being built in France, and two torpedo-boats and other material in England. The naval forces consisted in 1889 of 123 officers, 180 engineers, pursers, inspectors, etc., and 1285 sailors and men of the crews, making in all, including servants, a total of some 1600 men. There is an excellent naval college at Valparaiso, a naval club and periodical, and in Santiago a hydrographic office. All this may seem very insignificant to those who are accustomed to read about the great

armed forces of Europe, but to the Chilians their navy seems to be the commencement at least of a mighty future. At any rate, they can ask any of their neighbors to show something better before they begin to sneer. One weak point in this navy is that it possesses no arsenal. If a ship needs docking or repairing, it has to be taken over to Europe.

The expenses of the national armament are being paid out of the revenues produced by the export tax on nitrate, or, in other words, out of the riches taken from the Peruvians in the late war. The ministers of Public Instruction and of Public Works are also accomplishing great things with funds derived from this source. Education is the great hobby of the actual president, José Manuel Balmaceda, more particularly primary education. Santiago is naturally the great educational centre of Chili. In the *alameda* is the university, which counted 1175 students in 1889, and has already turned out more doctors and lawyers than the country needs, whether for professional purposes or for the more sterile and disastrous occupations of politicians, Deputies, and Senators. Near the Hospital of San Vincent de Paul and contiguous to the cemetery is an Escuela de Medicina, a terra-cotta-colored stucco monument in the always popular Periclean Greek style of architecture. Then we have for higher and secondary education the Instituto Nacional of Santiago, with 1200 pupils, and 25 provincial *liceos* with a total of 3800 pupils. Finally come the free primary schools throughout the country, numbering more than 1000, and having a total attendance of 57,000 boys and girls. There are also normal schools for preparing teachers. The budget of the Department of Public Instruction for 1890 exceeds 7,000,000 of Chilian dollars, including the expenditure for 119 normal, primary, and secondary schools being built in various towns, often, it would appear, with great extravagance, and far in advance of actual needs. Private schools are numerous also, and whatever criticism may be made of the Chilians, it cannot be countersaid that both the men and the women of the upper classes are very well educated, well informed, and well provided with knowledge of foreign languages, particularly French and English. I was much interested by some conversation that I had with the Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart one morning that I visited that most fashionable school for Chilian girls, now presided over by a North American Sister. "During the last ten years," she told me, "English has become the foreign language *à la*

mode, to the detriment of French, which was formerly in favor. If the girls are punished for neglecting their English lesson, the parents say it serves them right. If I punish them for shortcomings in the French class, the parents plead for indulgence. Nowadays in Chili if you know English you are supposed to be sure of going to heaven." This last *boutade* elicited a reproachful burst of laughter, and a scandalized "Oh, Mother, what are you saying?" from the other Sisters who were taking part in the conversation. But the Madre Superior persisted in her paradox, and I found the confirmation of her remark both in actual experience of men and women in Chili and also in the success of a private school called Santiago College, which is in high favor with the liberals, and prospers only because it gives a good high-school course *with English text-books and English teachers*. This Santiago College was built with funds given by the Bishop Taylor Transit and Building Fund, and doubtless exists in the eyes of its New York Methodist patrons as a missionary enterprise. In reality, the institution does no missionary work, takes care to hide its missionary connections, and in so doing acts wisely. Missionaries are not wanted in the civilized parts of South America. The country is Catholic and wishes to remain Catholic. The pupils of Santiago College simply receive there a good academical education, which has nothing to do with Methodism, and they obtain their religious instruction outside, and become good Catholics, boys and girls alike; for it would be a social, if not a moral disadvantage to both, if they did not follow in the steps of their forefathers and of their contemporaries.

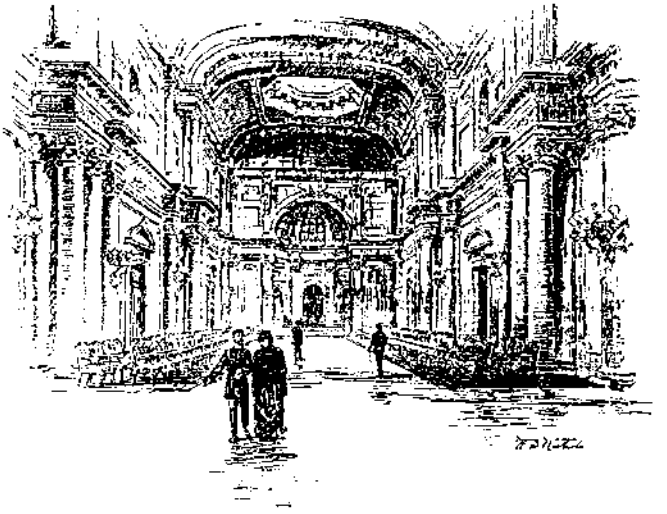
Santiago has incipient museums of interest, notably that of Natural History, in the handsome exhibition palace in the park of the Quinta Normal, comprising sections devoted to zoology, mineralogy, botany, geology, palæontology, and ethnology. The museum is rather a dead place, betraying that lack of initiative and active care which we have so often to remark in Chili. It is not sufficient to found a museum, a library, or a school; it must also be kept up and improved with equal and continuous attention. A somewhat similar museum exists in Valparaiso. In the palace of the Quinta Normal there is also a Museo de Bellas Artes, which disposes of considerable sums for the purchase of works of art, both native and foreign, and for the publication of a *Revista de Bellas Artes*. The museo already possesses a small collection of native paintings and sculpture. Santiago also enjoys an annual Salon, where an average of 400 works

are exhibited, and compete for prizes of a total value of $2500 Chilian. I did not have the pleasure of seeing one of these exhibitions, so that I cannot advance any opinion as to contemporary Chilian art. It is, however, interesting to note that in this ancient city of the *conquistadores* the citizens are beginning to take some interest in matters, artistic and intellectual, and also that they have, besides the annual Salon, a school of painting, which now boasts four pupils, and a school of sculpture, with two pupils. The Government ministerial report announces with no small satisfaction that the pupils who most distinguish themselves in these arts will be sent to Europe, with pensions of $1500 a year. The Santiago Conservatorio de Musica, I am told, has realized great progress within the past few years, and possesses a fine concert-room. I am also informed that the state spends $220,000 Chilian a year to keep up the above interesting establishments, which all show a laudable desire to imitate foreign nations, more especially France.

While still speaking of intellectual matters, I may state that in Chili are published 400 daily, weekly, monthly, or intermittent periodicals. Santiago has eight daily four-page papers, which are stated to publish all together more than 30,000 copies a day. One of these, *El Ferrocarril*, may be seen all over the south and centre of the republic. As far as I could judge from careful reading during a couple of months, these papers satisfy the limited wants of the public, and dole out in an indolent and dignified way a certain quantity of news, the obtaining of which has not cost the reporters much effort, or caused the editors to go to bed late, or even to sacrifice a single contemplative cigarette. These journals, like those of France and Spain, publish a *feuilleton* novel, which is almost always a translation from Ohnet, Malot, Maupassant, Loti, or some other French genius. The capital publishes sixteen literary, artistic, administrative, and scientific reviews, and ten various periodicals, none of which call for special mention. In Valparaiso four daily papers are published, with a total circulation of 20,000 copies. One of them—*El Mercurio*—is more than fifty years old. One or more newspapers are published in each of the capitals of departments. Other manifestations of intellectual life are the forty literary and scientific societies which exist in Santiago, at the two most important of which public lectures are given in season. But of these I cannot speak from experience. There are also nine social clubs in Santiago, of which the most important is

the Union, commodiously lodged in a handsome house, well kept, and frequented by the best men of the republic. At the Union you will hear the political situation of Chili discussed three times a day round an excellently served table, and after dinner there is plenty of money to be lost and won in the card-rooms at poker or *rocambole*.

Politics in Chili, as in all the Southern republics, is an interminable subject of conversation, and perhaps it has never been more ardently pursued than during the administration of President Balmaceda. The cry is reform and progress. The Government of Chili is nominally popular and representative; the republic one and indi-



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, SANTIAGO.

visible; and the Constitution is supposed to be modelled on that of the United States. The President is elected every five years by electors appointed directly by the provinces, at the rate of three electors for each deputy to which the province has a right. The President is not eligible for re-election except after an interval of one term. He administrates through six ministers, chosen by himself, and a Council of State composed of eleven members, six elected by the Congress, and five appointed by the President himself. This Council

is not remunerated, and is of little importance, owing to the great powers held by the President, who really directs the whole administrative and elective machinery. Thus the President appoints and removes at will the *intendentes*, or governors of provinces, and the *gobernadores*, or governors of departments. These latter appoint the subdelegates, who preside over the subdelegations, and in their turn appoint *inspectores*, who preside over districts. In this way the President controls absolutely the political administration of the republic in its divisions and subdivisions of province, department, subdelegation, and district; all the officials are his creatures, and dependent for their position on his good-will. The municipal authority is vested in city Councils, elected every three years by the people; but their activity is very limited. The judicial power is vested in magistrates appointed, under certain rules, by the President of the republic; but they cannot be revoked without legal cause. The legislative power resides in a national Congress, composed of a Chamber of Deputies, elected directly by the departments, in the proportion of one deputy for every 30,000 inhabitants and fraction of the same not less than 15,000, and of a Senate, whose members are elected by popular vote by the provinces at the rate of one senator for every three deputies and fraction of two deputies by which the province may be represented. Deputies are elected every three years, and the Senate renewed in half its numbers likewise every three years, each senator thus remaining in service six years.

During the past six administrations, we may say without fear of contradiction, the Government of Chili, in spite of its name, has been an oligarchy, composed of the best families of Santiago, who have controlled everything, and, on the whole, governed well and to the general satisfaction, the more so as no attempt was ever made to suppress the farce of universal suffrage, which amuses the people if it does not convince them of their so-called sovereignty. The outgoing President has invariably named his successor, and brought all the necessary machinery into play to secure his election. The great point at issue in Chili, as indeed it is the great point in all the South American republics, is whether or not the President shall continue to wield the enormous power which the Constitution gives him, and whether or not his intervention in electoral matters shall cease; in short, whether republican institutions, representative government, and local autonomy shall become a reality in these countries, and not a

mere illusory programme. Roughly speaking, the political parties in Chili are the Conservatives, who are now identified with clericalism, and the Liberals, who demand great liberality in all matters of creed and in the interpretation of the Constitution. There is also a small and talented radical party, forming the advanced guard of the Liberals, but not differing from the latter on any questions except those of opportunity. President Balmaceda has had the rare privilege, which has not fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors, to have made himself exceedingly unpopular by his individualist pretensions and his obstinate refusal to bend in conformity with the opinion of the legislative body; and the consequence is that both Liberals and Conservatives are united in a strong majority against the *jefe supremo*, as the President is called, and some notable reform of the Constitution seems imminent. Let us hope that the people will be ready to take advantage of their new powers, and be able to exercise them wisely.

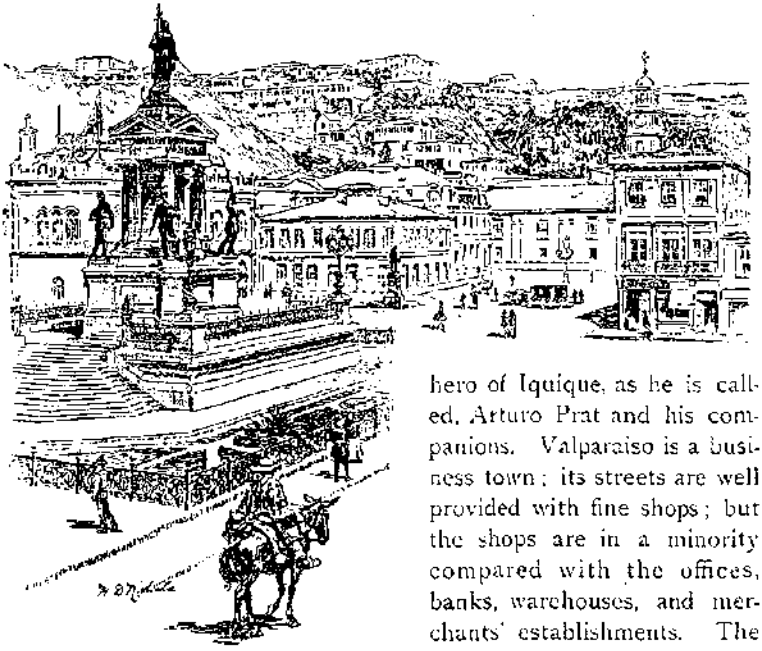
A point on which the Chilian radicals express strong views is the large surplus that the Treasury holds, and to diminish which vain efforts are being made by expenditure on schools, railways, armaments, and public works. Among South American republics Chili has the rare privilege of being not only solvent, but also of having excellent credit. According to M. Leroy Beaulieu's classification of the credit of nations into seven categories, corresponding to the interest and type of their loans, Chili comes in the third category, and stands on a level with France. This state of affairs is thoroughly satisfactory. The radicals, however, consider the present considerable surplus to be a danger to the country so long as the Constitution and the powers of the President remain unmodified. The idea is that the disposal of these funds facilitates the efforts of the Government to tamper with electoral matters by direct or indirect bribery. Too much importance, however, must not be attached to these political questions; none of them is likely to interfere with the tranquillity and peaceful development of the country, for Chili has long outgrown the period of dictators and revolutions, and her political evolution must henceforward be always constitutional and never violent. On the other hand, this evolution is not likely to be very rapid.

A great item of expenditure, provided for out of the nitrate royalties, is the extension of the Chilian railway system. At present the lines belonging to and managed by the State are those between Santiago and Valparaiso, with a branch to Los Andes, and from Santiago

to Talcahuano, with branches to Palmilla, Los Angeles, Traiguen, and Collipulli, measuring in all 1068 kilometres. In 1888 these lines represented a value of $49,911,073 Chilian, and gave a clear profit of $1,599,886, or 3.11 per cent. on the capital. They carried within the year 3,016,313 passengers, a figure almost equal to that of the total population of the republic, which is estimated at 3,165,000, of whom 50,000 are Indians. This number, considering how vast Chili is and how thinly it is populated, is worthy of notice, and to be accounted for to a great extent by the natural restlessness of the people; the lower classes especially are always travelling by railway or steamer; any pretext is sufficient to send a whole family off with beds and baggage to a fresh place. In addition to the above lines the State has purchased the line from Chañaral to Animas and Salados, 65¼ kilometres. Then we have the following private lines, beginning from the north: Arica to Tacna, 63 kilometres; the nitrate railways and branches between Iquique and Pisagua, 300 kilometres; Patillos to Salitreras, 93 kilometres; Mejillones to the Cerro Gordo mine, 29 kilometres; Antofagasta to Ascotan and Huanchaca, 440 kilometres; Taltal to Cachiyuyal, 82 kilometres; Caldera to Copiapó and branches to Puquios, San Antonio, and Chañarcillo, 242 kilometres; Carrizal Bajo to Carrizal Alto and Cerro Blanco mine, 81 kilometres; Coquimbo to Serena, 15 kilometres; Coquimbo to Ovalle and Panulcillo, 123 kilometres; Serena to Vicuña, 78 kilometres; Tongoi to Tamaya, 55 kilometres; Laraquete, in the bay of Arauco, to Maquegna, 40 kilometres; making a total of 1611 kilometres. There are also short lines in the coal districts of Coronel, Lota, Lebu, etc., and the line of the Arauco Company from Concepción to Curanilahue, which, when completed, will measure 66 kilometres. Some twelve other private lines, all in the mineral and nitrate zone, are being studied or constructed, and the State, by means of the Bernstein and subcontracts, is building lines from Huasco to Vallenar, Ovalle to San Marcos, Vilos to Salamanca, Calera to Ligua and Cabildo, Santiago to Melipilla, Pelequen to Peumo, Palmilla to Ancones, Talca to Constitución, Coihue to Mulchen, Victoria to Tolten, Tolten to Valdivia and Osorno, all to be finished within periods of from two to five years, dating from November, 1888, and making a total of nearly 1000 kilometres. Meanwhile, among the great private lines in construction are Clark's transandine, by way of Los Andes, the Uspallata Pass, and Mendoza, which will put Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres in direct communication, and the Ferro-

Carril Interoceanico, between Buenos Ayres and Talcahuano, of which the *concessionnaires* are Francisco Bustamante & Co. This line, according to the plans I saw, has a total length of 1412 kilometres. Starting from Buenos Ayres, it passes through the heart of the rich province of the same name, touches a point in communication with the port of Bahia Blanca at Carhue, and so through the pampa and the towns of General Acha, Chadileuva, Rio Colorado, and Rio Neuquen, then over the Andes by the Antuco Pass at a height of 2000 metres above the level of the sea, and so down to Yumbel, where it joins the Chilian State lines. The construction of this line has been begun on the Chilian side, but the Argentine section is still at the time of writing only a project. Another line, called the Ferro-Carril Trasandino del Norte, is projected, to run from Copiapó, in Chili, to Cordoba, in the Argentine, and to bring the port of Caldera into communication with those of Rosario, Santa Fé, and Buenos Ayres, passing through the provinces of San Juan, La Rioja, and Catamarca. The Chilian Government has already granted the concession for this line, which will doubtless be built in the course of time, and certainly prove to be of the highest commercial importance.

After the capital, the city that plays the greatest rôle in Chilian urban life is Valparaiso, which consists of a blue bay very dangerously exposed to the north winds, a vast sweep of quays, three parallel streets, and at the back an amphitheatre of hills covered with houses —hills of red-brown rock and earth rising to a lofty ridge, whose aridity is rendered more evident by a scant mantle of black scrub. The houses are built on the spurs of this ridge, called *cerros*, three of which are built over with decent villas, enlivened with gardens, trees, and verandas, commanding a magnificent view of the bay. The other *cerros* are inhabited by the poorer classes, who dwell in sheds and shanties built of all kinds of old lumber, fragments, and débris, such as sardine-boxes, oil-cans flattened out, lead out of tea-chests, broken trunks, wreckage of ships and railway cars—the whole patched up with sacks and sheets of corrugated iron. The very road up the *cerro* is a rickety piece of patchwork held together with boards and cross timbers. The *cerros* where the foreigners live are provided with decent roads, and many of the villas are commodious, pleasant, and elegantly furnished. The business town below is not remarkable for its architectural monuments. Indeed, almost the only monument is that to the memory of the hero of the war against Peru and Bolivia, the



THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO.

hero of Iquique, as he is called, Arturo Prat and his companions. Valparaiso is a business town; its streets are well provided with fine shops; but the shops are in a minority compared with the offices, banks, warehouses, and merchants' establishments. The port is provided with a landing-place for passengers, who come ashore in small boats, and with a fine mole, called the Muelle Fiscal, provided with excellent hydraulic machinery for hauling trucks and working cranes. This mole, however, is inadequate for the traffic of the port, and consequently all the loading of cargo is executed by means of lighters, the quay being used only for unloading ships with cargo from foreign parts. The quays are formed by a sea-wall, strengthened by old iron railway rails, which are put to most varied uses in Chili; and the fine semi-circle is now being extended towards the north, much land being gained from the sea and filled in, so as to give the city room for expansion. Near the Muelle Fiscal are the immense buildings of the Custom-house and bonded warehouses; on the top of the hill, the military school; and then beyond, along the cornice road, forts, navy store-rooms, and a light-house. From this point may be viewed the admirable panorama of the town climbing up the hills, terrace above terrace; the bay, with its torpedoes, iron-clads, steamers, sailing ships,

and busy shoals of lighters and small boats; and the distant boundary hills that close in the glistening bay, and stretch their jagged promontories into the calm blue waters of the Pacific.

Valparaiso, the port of Santiago, and the principal port of the republic, is quite an English city. "The Chilians will not be pleased to read that statement," suggests a friend at my elbow. "Can it be denied?" I ask. "Is not the whole aspect of the place English? Is not the bay full of English ships? Do you not hear English spoken everywhere as soon as you get ashore? Do not the public-houses bear the familiar old sign-boards of the 'Royal Oak,' the 'Queen's Arms,' the 'Red Lion,' 'All the World's Corner?' Here is the suave English chemist, whose speech is so precise; English booksellers, three or four of them with fine shops; English doctors by the dozen; English grocers, who sell bacon and pickles, and style themselves 'Italian warehousemen,' according to the classical tradition of their guild; English shop-keepers of all kinds; English hotels, and, of course, an English newspaper. What are all those tall and slender girls, with blond hair, queer hats, loosely fitting dresses, a rather ungraceful although athletic walk, an incomparably fine quality of rose-and-white flesh, such as Reynolds—Sir Joshua, I should say—loved to paint, are they not unmistakably English girls? Up there on the hill do I not spy an English church? All these business blocks, house after house, are not the firms English, with an intermixture of German? If you take away the English firms from Valparaiso, what remains?" "True," replied my friend. "It is quite true." "I will even go further, and ask what is left of Chili if you take the foreigners away, particularly the English and the Germans?" "Good gracious! I hope you are not going to put these fearful ideas into print. You alarm me." "What will you?" I replied. "A stranger visiting Chili for the first time, and imagining vaguely that it is some far-away and delightful Paul and Virginia country—as it truly is—a country of great wealth and beauty, vast in extent, varied in aspect, and still full of the energy and chivalry of the *conquistadores*, is surprised to find that the descendants of the *conquistadores* are very few in number, relatively, to the extent of their territory and the age of their settlement. He is struck, above all things, by the prominence and ubiquity of foreigners in the practical management and organization of the great business enterprises, and even of the great private fortunes of the land. You, who are living here, do not notice the phenomenon so much as one who has arrived freshly. For

instance, we will suppose you come to Chili by way of the Strait of Magalhaens. In Tierra del Fuego you are astonished to find a station of English missionaries, who have taught the Indians to be kind to shipwrecked mariners, and not to eat them as they formerly did. In Punta Arenas the great sheep-farming enterprises are in the hands of Englishmen. Valdivia is simply a German colony, the most flourishing and charming in the republic, troubled only by too numerous bands of cattle-lifters and brigands, who also plague the English, French, and Swiss colonies in the old Araucanian territory. Now we come to the coal coast, and the first proprietors we find are the 'Arauco Company, Limited, London,' also owners of a railway, at the hands of whose English managers I received kind hospitality. The Lota and Coronel mines belong to Chilians the Cousiño family—but the managers are all English. The managers of the Cousiño agricultural estates are likewise English. In Talcahuano and Concepción all the business on a large scale is done by English or Germans. The railway from Talcahuano to Santiago and Valparaiso was built by English engineers; many of the higher employés are English: so, too, are a majority of the engine-drivers. All the State railways, be it remembered, were paid for almost exclusively with the money obtained from British loans. Valparaiso is incontestably English. In the mining districts Englishmen and English capital predominate.

"In Taltal and the neighboring nitrate beds and gold and silver mines the English and the Germans are working hand in hand, the former having provided the capital. Antofagasta is controlled by English capital and management. Tarapacá is almost wholly an English province, owned by London joint-stock companies. You cannot land at a single port of any importance along the Chilian coast without finding a little group of Anglo-Saxons who are making or trying to make their fortunes. Every little port has its 'king,' its great man, who controls business there, and has a finger in all sorts of pies. And how often does this 'king'—your Don Alfredo, Don Juan, or Don Julio—prove to be a stalwart Englishman with a very red face and a violent hatred of Mr. Gladstone, or a gigantic Teuton of the Fortschrittspartei, who weeps on your bosom when he speaks of Bismarck's retirement? In those queer little wooden towns in the north, where all the houses smell close and acrid, like an attic bedroom under sunburned rafters, you invariably find two or three pleasant and well-kept houses, and genial meetings of an evening, when the

Spätenbrau flows freely, and those hearty and accomplished Teutons play Beethoven, Schumann, and Strauss, while the English gentleman who manages the railway looks on through his eye-glass, correct and reserved in manner, just as he would be if he were sitting in the smoking-room of the Reform Club or the Travellers'. Where are the Chilians? They, too, abound, but are less prominent, at any rate in what the French call the extractive industries. The Chilians have their vast agricultural estates, their vineyards—managed invariably by French or Italians—their mines, too, and their interest in various enterprises. There are fine business heads among them, remarkable intellects, able financiers, and large fortunes. Errazuriz, Urmeneta, Brown, Edwards, Matte, Cousiño, and a score other names could be

THE PASSENGER MOLE, VALPARAISO.

mentioned in connection with great and stable wealth, but for some reason or another it would appear that the Chilians have not studied business investments for their money until quite lately. Their natural temperament, perhaps, inclines them to passive enjoyment; they are satisfied with the easy and indolent life of Santiago, and the mild excitement of a little card-playing for heavy stakes. Enormous fortunes have been made by Chilians in mines, but most of these have been dissipated as soon as acquired, and not a few have found their way to Paris and Monte Carlo, where their reckless spenders have contributed to create the composite and imaginary type known by the name of *rastaconère*. Now we know that these unregenerate days are

over, and that the Chilians are going to do wonderful things, and become a great nation, and ultimately make Chili an industrial country, they say, like England, Switzerland, and the German provinces of the Rhine, in the realization of which aspirations foreign immigration and the completion of interior and transandine railways are to play a great rôle. At present, however, this grand and self-sufficing national development is more or less remote, and meanwhile it must be admitted, in presence of incontestable evidence, that English capital and English initiative are the chief agents in opening up and utilizing the riches of Chili."

But what have the Chilians been doing, we may ask, all these long years since Pedro de Valdivia founded their capital 350 summers ago? How does it happen that this enormous territory, measuring 753,216 square kilometres, and consequently larger than any European country except Russia, has a population of only three millions and odd? The natural increase in the course of three centuries ought surely to have produced a greater total. The only explanation that we can suggest is the terrible infant mortality. From the beginning, we may presume, the lower classes have lived in the same unhygienic conditions which may still be observed; and from the beginning the majority of the children born have died in infancy, as they do at the present day, and as they will doubtless continue to die for many years to come in spite of the wider dissemination of primary education. The Chilian *peon* loves his hut of mud and cane. His women folk, true to the blood of their Indian progenitors, disdain chairs, and delight only in squatting on the earth. And the *peon* and his wife alike prefer to buy of the squatting open-air dealers rather than to patronize a clean and well-arranged shop. A proof of this may be seen on the quay at Valparaiso, where the *Chola* women, with patches of sticking-plaster on their temples, leaves in their ear-holes, and melon seeds stuck in their nostrils—queer traditional nostrums for the cure of real or imaginary ills—still spread out their wares in the dust, and get all the popular custom, although there are good modern stores just across the way. What influence education will have on these *peones* it is hard to say, and President Balmaceda himself has perhaps not thought of the future in his zeal for building fine school-houses. As it is, the *peon* is an excellent miner, though he does pocket the choicest bits of gold and silver ore. He is an indefatigable worker at agriculture or anything else, very docile when treated justly, and

easily manageable when handled in the right way. He has his faults and his shortcomings, but withal he is by no means wanting in intelligence, and when the socialists begin to preach in the land they will certainly find him an apt disciple. Then there will be a fine upsetting of things in general, and of the existing white oligarchy in particular.

The Chilian *peones*, especially the more intelligent miscellaneous workers, known as *rotos*, or ragged men, are truly wonderful creatures for strength and endurance, and no European can compete with them. To see them working in the mines is most curious. Half naked, they run along the low galleries, scramble up a notched pole, and then up the ragged rock stairs of the old Spanish crooked shafts, all the time carrying a hundred-weight of ore in a leather pouch slung on their shoulders. When they reach the top they just shrug their shoulder, the ore falls on the ground, and they remain a few seconds gasping for breath, and then, all of a sudden, they run down the mine again, whistling as if nothing had happened. And so they work nine or ten hours a day. So it is with stevedores in the Chilian ports, also *rotos*. These men have immense physical strength, disdain all mechanical help, and carry enormous weights, always on their heads and shoulders. Both the miners and the stevedores are like overgrown children in the government of their lives. What one does the others do; and with fair words they can be led to do anything, except to work when they think they have worked enough. Then it is useless to offer them more dollars. They have as many dollars as they want for the moment, and so they say, "No quiero trabajar mas, patron," in the most friendly way possible, and an hour later all of them are drunk and dancing furious *cuecas*. Thus they all work by fits and starts, spend their earnings to the last cent, and never look to the future. When a *roto* gets old, which rarely happens, for bad liquor, heart-disease, and pulmonia carry most of them off in the prime of life, or when he is no longer able to work, he goes and lives with a more prosperous brother, for all these *rotos* are *compadres* and *tocallos*, or namesakes, and full of kindly feeling towards each other, except when they quarrel at times, draw knives, and use them. The *rotos*, however, are now emigrating in large numbers to the Argentine, where they get better wages than the father-land pays, and so Chili is losing some of her best working-men.

In conclusion, I say, with grateful souvenirs of the unfailing kind-

ness shown to me in all parts of the country, that the Chilians are pleasant and agreeable people to deal with and to live among. Their land is full of natural beauties and mineral wealth. The climate is perfect, except in the extreme south, where it is severe in winter, but less so than the north of Scotland or the extreme zone of the United States; and of all the places where a man could go to settle away from the father-land, Chili is certainly one of the most favored in certain respects. On the other hand, it is difficult to foresee for Chili a very much greater development in wealth and in civilization than that already achieved, the former being precarious, inasmuch as it depends upon mineral riches of uncertain duration, and the latter being superficial and imitative rather than sincere. The Chilians have remarkable facility and singular faculties of imitation and adaptability. But they are not *gründlich*, as the Germans say. They are pleasant, hospitable people, having a certain outward semblance of refinement; but it is preferable not to probe the surface too deeply.

As regards colonization, serious reserves are to be made, for the reasons indicated in a previous article. At present I am speaking not so much of Chili as a haven of rest for the humble agricultural laborer, but rather as a field for the merchant, the business man, and the capitalist, and more especially for the North American capitalist. The ground is already very much taken up, it is true. English capital and German trading enterprise have implanted themselves far and wide over the territory; but there is still plenty of room for young men commanding a certain amount of capital who would be content to go to Chili, learn the language, study the people and their ways, and simply live quietly, wait and watch until they saw their chance of getting into the "swim." In the mining business, particularly gold, silver, and manganese, and perhaps coal in the extreme south, there are no doubt fortunes to be made. For that matter, the mineral deposits of Chili contain every known metal. All that is needed for success is capital, energy, patience, and good-luck. There is much to be done also in public works, not only railways, but moles, docks, and harbor works. Finally, there would seem to be room for banking establishments, both metropolitan and provincial, the profits of the existing public and private banks being unusually large. The Bank of Valparaiso, for instance, paid a dividend of 18 per cent. in 1889, with $1,000,000 in its reserve fund, and the provincial Bank of Concepción a dividend of 16 per cent.

CHAPTER VI.

COAL-MINING IN CHILI.

WHILE travelling in the Chilian agricultural zone I made a point of visiting the coal district which lies along the coast, and, as luck would have it, made the trip in pleasant company. One evening at Concepción I was spending an hour in the fencing-school of Professor X., who had recently arrived from France and established himself in a most unexpected manner in that Southern capital—who would have thought of finding a French fencing-master in a provincial town in Chili?—when a boy came from the hotel to tell me that I was wanted at the telephone.

"Holloa! holloa!" I cried against the vibrator. "*Con quien hablo?*"

"Don Ricardo," replied a well-known voice.

"What? Don Ricardo? Are you talking from Talcahuano?"

"Yes. I am at the club. We have been dining together, the consul, Don Julio, and myself. We want to go to Lota with you."

"*Bueno, amigo,*" I replied; "*con mucho gusto.* Come up by the eight o'clock express in the morning, and I will be at the station."

"All right. Good night!"

"Good-night!"

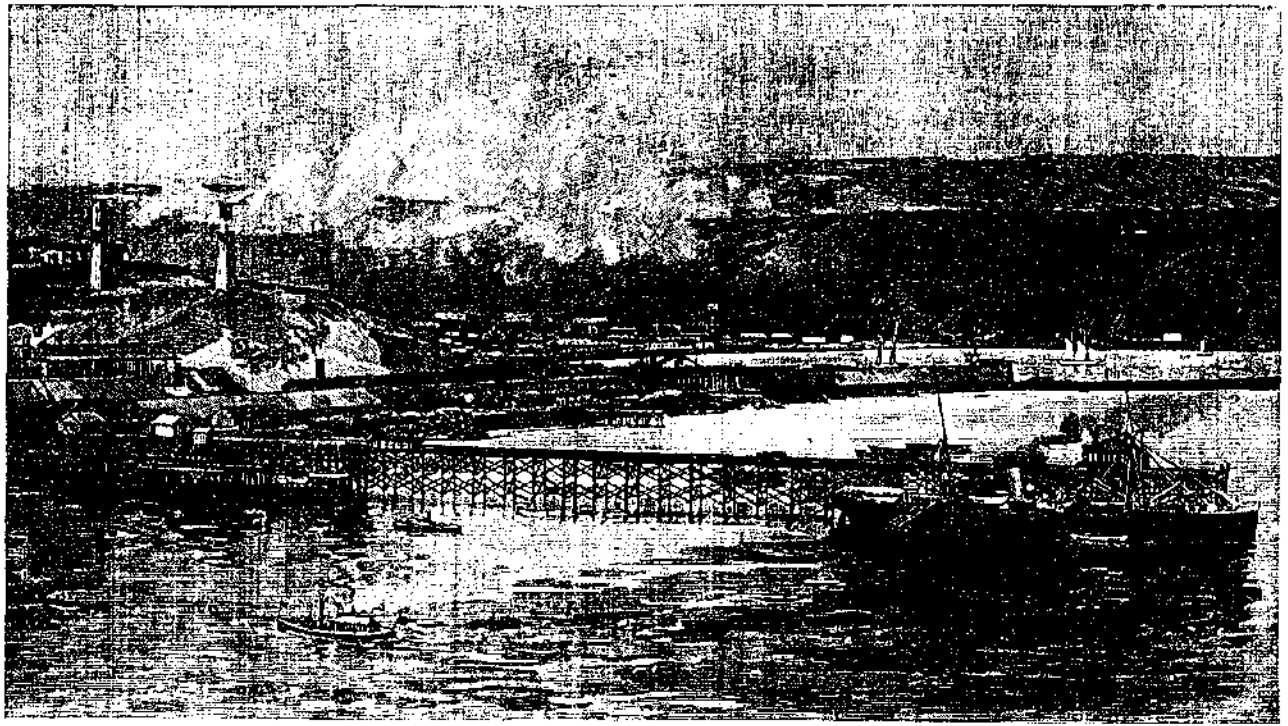
The gentlemen in question were a member of the Chilian Chamber of Deputies, the consul of a great European power, and a Cornishman who has become a Chileno by length of residence. This matter having been thus arranged, I went to look up the engineer of the Arauco Railway Company, to ask him to oblige us by placing at our disposal a hand-car to cross the famous long bridge over the Bió-Bió River; for at that time, although completed, this section of the line was awaiting the very tardy approval of the Chilian Government officials. My request was promptly granted, and I retired to rest, always a little surprised to reflect that these telephonic and other incidents were happening in latitude 36° 50′ south.

The following morning I met my three friends at the railway station and conducted them to the hand-car, and so we started gayly, and

passed the Bió-Bió bridge with interest, for it measures 1864 metres, and is, I believe, the longest bridge in the world, except those over the Tay and the Forth, and a wooden bridge over the Oxus, built by General Annenkoff. It comprises sixty-two spans, carried on pairs of tubular columns, the conical bases of which have been driven deep into the sandy bed of the stream. At the end of the bridge we found ourselves at San Pedro, a little encampment composed of cane huts and sheds, with corrugated iron roofs. One of these sheds formed the railway station, and another was dignified by the name of "restaurant." As the train for Lota did not start for an hour, we directed our steps towards the restaurant, intending to breakfast. But to my astonishment the Deputy suggested champagne and bitters to begin with, and the proprietor of the restaurant without hesitation produced two half-bottles of real Heidsieck, whereupon I declared Chili to be truly a wonderful country. Were we not on the edge of a wilderness, in the province of Arauco, in the territory recently held by the indomitable Indians? Was not this restaurant a mere shanty? Why these unexpected evidences of extreme civilization? My friends assured me that such is the normal condition of modern Chili, and with this explanation I remained satisfied and breakfasted in peace.

The line on which we were travelling belongs to English capitalists. It is called the Arauco Company (Limited), and will run from Concepción to Los Rios de Curanilahue, a distance of 96 kilometres, carrying goods and passengers, but principally coal. The company owns a coal-bed, through which the line passes, beginning at kilometre 66, and continuing to the end of the line, a distance of 30 kilometres. The journey offers no particular interest, as far as concerns scenery. The land is arid, and produces only scrub and low thorn-trees, good for making charcoal; there is no irrigation, and therefore no agriculture, until we reach Coronel, on the bay of Arauco, and a little beyond Coronel, Lota, with its verdant woods climbing up the hill-side, and contrasting strangely with the smoking chimney-stacks and the barren coast around. The oasis is, however, entirely artificial; it is the park of Lota surrounding the elegant château which Señora Cousiño is now building for herself on the bluff that commands a view of the Pacific, of the bay, and of the vast establishments owned by the Cousiño family along the shore.

We are here in the heart of the Chilian coal district. Lota is the place where the first coal was obtained when Don Matias Cousiño



LOTA—THE SMELTING-WORKS AND MOLE.

established the industry in 1855. At the beginning some difficulty was experienced in introducing the coal into the market, there being a prejudice against it on account of the quality. Lota coal is 15 to 20 per cent. inferior to English steam coal; it is a substance between lignite and true coal, and belongs to the lower tertiary formation. In the Lota district the coal seams lie principally under the sea, but farther south they are found more inland. The limits of this coal-bed are Tomé, in Concepción Bay, on the north, and Cañete on the south, the whole length of the Chilian coal-field being about one hundred miles. The stratifications all incline towards the west. At Lota there are three workable seams. The first seam is about one metre thick, then comes a layer of shale and sandstone thirty-five metres thick, with below it the second seam, also about a metre thick, and then below another nine-metre layer of shale and sandstone comes the third and finest seam, 1.60 metres in thickness. The best Lota coal is extracted from below the sea, where the quality is more regular and the seams have fewer faults. The greatest depth of the submarine galleries is 280 metres.

Five pits are now being worked by the Cousiño Company, with a daily output of from 800 to 1000 tons, and an annual production of 180,000 to 220,000 tons. From 1500 to 2000 miners are employed; they work twelve hours a day, and earn from 80 cents to $1 75, Chilian paper currency. The coal-hewers are paid so much a truck. The workmen have free lodging and free water on the estate, each family receiving two rooms, rent free, in good brick houses, constructed with due regard to hygiene. The miners' homes number about four hundred, which gives an average of two inmates for each room.

The deepest of the pits has a vertical depth of 280 metres, and the pit, which is entirely under the sea, has a maximum depth of 230 metres, attained by an inclined plane 900 metres long, up and down which the trucks are run by means of an endless chain. This pit gives a daily output of 350 tons, and the head of the inclined plane, which you see sinking gradually into darkness, is one of the busiest spots in Chili, and one of the noisiest also, for the chain rattles incessantly, the trucks are swung up with a rush and a bang over an iron platform, and the empties, hitched on to the chain, are sent crashing back again into the bowels of the earth with terrific and deafening rapidity. In this submarine pit there is a good deal of gas and fire-damp, so that the miners use safety-lamps, but in the vertical land pits

there is very little gas, and the men carry little tin lamps with open, flaming wicks, fixed on the front of their caps. These caps are made of leather and ornamented with round-headed brass nails in the best designs that the owner can invent. One of the characteristic sights of Lota is to see the miners walking home after nightfall, in Indian file, or in groups of two or three, with their lamps in their caps burning brightly and suggesting fire-flies. Our illustration will give an idea of some of these worthy fellows, who are true Chilenos, having the vices and the qualities of the race — intelligence, improvidence, and intemperance. About two-thirds of the miners at Lota are permanent workers; the remaining third work in the mines eight months out of the twelve, and during the other four become agricultural hands, both for the sake of a change and in order to profit by the higher pay obtained in harvest-time. After the Christmas pay-day many of the men leave the mines and take a change of air. This fact is an interesting proof of the versatility of the Chilians; they can turn their hands to anything. The miners live well and eat soup, beef, potatoes, and white bread, but they drink only coffee and water while they are at work. This diet costs about $15 a month, and as the average monthly earnings are $24 to $25, the miner has a balance of $9 to $10 for clothes, luxuries, and jollification. They are paid by the month, and after pay-day they get drunk for several days,

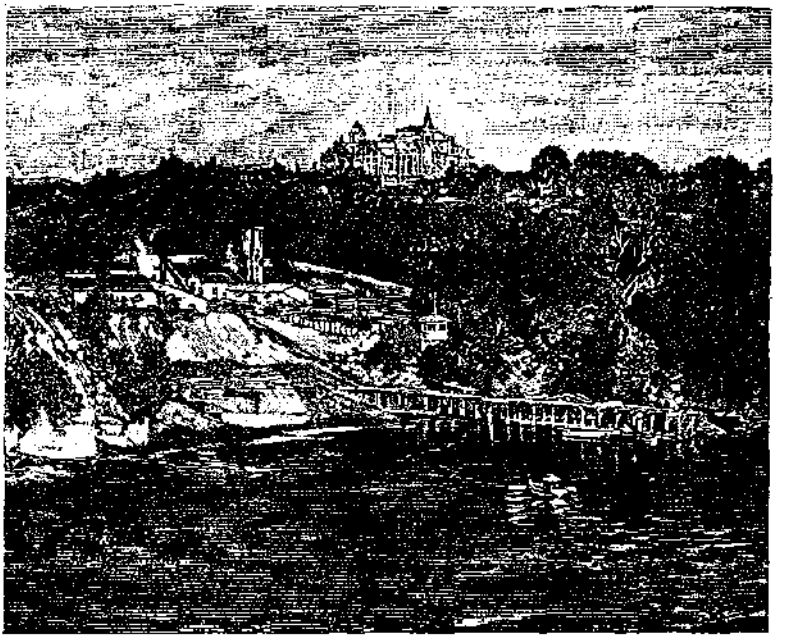
TYPES OF MINERS.

sing, and dance the *cueca*. Among the Lota miners you see many pure Spanish types, and on the whole there is much less Indian blood visible than there is in the more northern provinces; and although as a class the Lota miners are far from handsome, still you do occasionally meet one with regular, well-formed features of a pronounced and recognizable type, whereas among the hybrid *peones* this is not the case.

The miners on the Lota establishment are well treated, and their lot is infinitely preferable to that of the average Chilian workmen. The mines are well ventilated; all the machinery for winding and blowing is excellent; when the men are sick a fine and charmingly situated hospital is ready to receive them and treat them gratis; while besides the four Government schools in Lota itself, there are two schools on the Cousiño estate, attended by some 200 children. The whole population of Lota, including both the upper and lower towns, is about 14,000, and the whole number of children attending school between 500 and 600.

The Lota establishment is officially known under the title of the Compania Explotadora de Lota y Coronel, the company having been formed some years ago by Don Luis Cousiño, son of the founder, Don Matias; but all the shares are owned by the family, so that it is really equivalent to a private enterprise. The clear profits for the year 1889 were, I am informed, $1,200,000 Chilian. The estate, running in a narrow band along the sea-shore, occupies a superficies of about one square mile, and includes, besides the five mines at Lota and the Buen Retiro Mine north of Coronel, smelting-works, glass-works, brick-works, all provided with machinery and means of transport, namely, 15 steam-engines, 3 air-compressors, 7 compressed-air pumps, 4 locomotives, several hundred trucks, and 4 kilometres of railway, which bring the various departments into communication with two moles in Lota Bay, one mole for ships and the other for lighters. The company has four steamers of from 800 to 1200 tons burden, and several sailing ships, which carry coal north to supply the Pacific ports, and return south with a cargo of copper ore for the Lota smelting-works, which were established originally to use up the slack from the mines at a time when Chili coal had not yet obtained a regular market.

The smelting-works, whose chimneys are carried by a tunnel deep into the hill-side and find an issue in the two tall stacks that vomit



BAHIA CHAMBIQUE, LOTA.

forth incessant volumes of yellowish-white smoke, beclouding the landscape, and producing effects which would have captivated the painter Turner, well repay a visit. They are the largest in Chili, and consist of a long series of brown sheds covering furnaces from which molten metal rolls forth in dazzling rivulets of fire; heaps of ore; piles of bar copper; enormous blast pipes stretching overhead from point to point; cyclopean kettles on wheels, otherwise known as converters; trucks running to and fro; iron baskets full of burning slag emitting sulphurous vapors and feeble tongues of blue flame. These works give employment to 600 men, and when in full swing they turn out 1000 tons of copper a month, mostly by the usual processes of furnace calcination. There are 7 furnaces, of 2½ tons capacity each, for treating the raw ore and producing regulus of 50 per cent. copper. This regulus then requires to be crushed and calcined, for which purpose there are 14 calcining furnaces, and finally 9 furnaces

for making bar copper of 97 per cent. nominal and 96 per cent. guaranteed.

Besides the usual smelting processes, the Lota works are beginning to employ the Manhès converters, which are the cyclopean kettles noticed above, invented by David Manhès, of Iquiiles, near Lyons. Three of these Manhès converters have been in operation at Lota since the beginning of last year, and three others are being built. The Manhès converter is simply an application of the Bessemer steel process to the production of bar copper. Regulus containing 50 per cent. copper is run into the kettle hot from the furnace, then blast is thrown on to the mass, and after about two hours' blowing the metal can be run out into bars of 99½ per cent. pure copper. The converter dispenses with calcination and the other ordinary processes of converting regulus into bar copper, which is a matter of some thirty-six hours; it economizes time, labor, and fuel, and produces a purer and richer copper. On the other hand, it requires great care and attention, for if the regulus is overblown or underblown the result is compromised. There seems, too, to be considerable difficulty in keeping the blast holes open; the moment the copper begins to run it sinks by its own weight, and tends to clog the air-holes, which therefore require to be continually probed with iron rods during the operation.

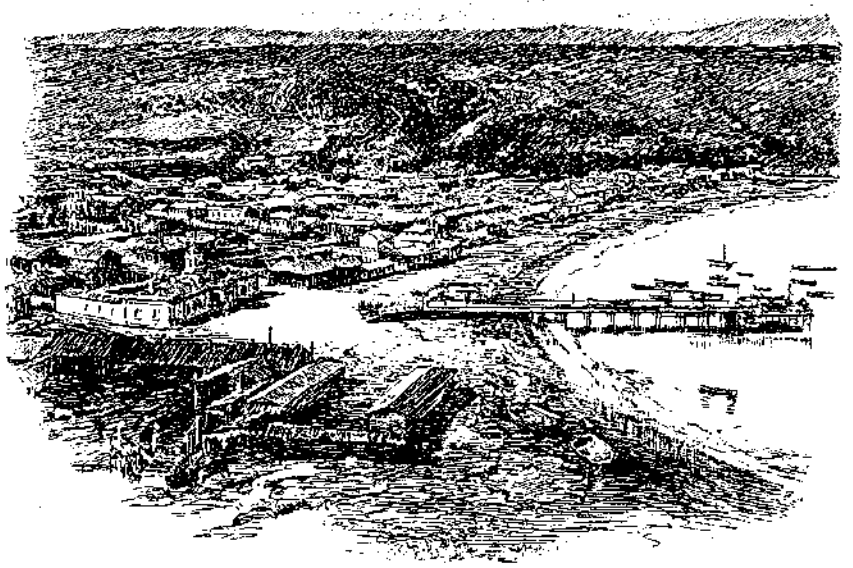
The Lota glass-works is the only establishment of the kind in Chili; it is furnished with Siemens gas-furnaces, and turns out about 100,000 bottles a month, besides various articles, such as telegraph insulators. In glass-blowing and furnace-work 80 men and boys are employed.

The brick-works produce building and fire-bricks, gas-retorts, flower-pots, drain-pipes, and tiles; they employ 150 men and boys, and turn out about 2,000,000 bricks a year. The only fire-clay hitherto discovered in Chili is found at Lota, below the lower and main coal seam.

Besides the above sections we must mention a general machine and workshop, or *maestranza*, where 80 men are employed attending to repairs, making tools, etc.

Altogether the Lota establishment, with its various branches, gives employment to some 3000 people. The coal-mines are the most extensive in Chili. No other mines reach the output of 180,000 to 220,000 tons, which is the annual average at Lota. The output of the other principal mines in the Chilian coal-field may be estimated as

follows: the Schwager mines, at Coronel, 70,000 tons; Rojas mines, at Coronel, 30,000 tons; the Errazuris mines, at Lebu, 40,000 tons; and the Arauco Company, 30,000 tons. This last company is, however, greatly increasing its output. The total annual production of coal in

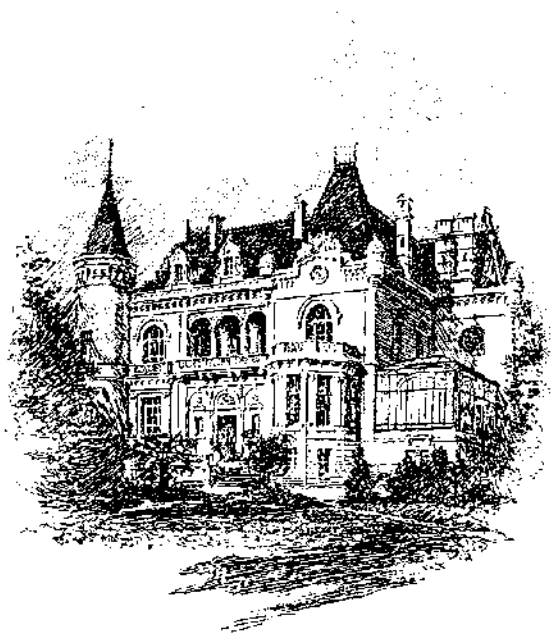


LOTA BAJA.

Chili may be estimated at 400,000 tons, and about 250,000 to 300,000 tons are imported from England and Australia. Lota coal brings $10 (Chilian) placed on board in Lota Bay, and is used for steaming, gas, and smelting. The Government official statistics state that in 1888 the export of Chilian coal amounted to 128,386 metric tons, having a value of $1,314,259 (Chilian).

With the exception of the manager of the *maestranza*, who is a German, the heads of the various departments at Lota are all English; several of them, it is true, born in Chili, but still English in language, habits, and genius.

We spent two days inspecting the industrial marvels of Lota, and enjoying the hospitality of various obliging gentlemen, whom we found admirably provided with the necessaries and luxuries of existence. We were also requested to feel at home in the club-house at Lota, which once more excited my surprise by the relative completeness of its appointments. Veracity obliges me to state that one of the most important features in Chilian clubs is the bar-room. As for the town of Lota itself, there is nothing particular to be said except that upper Lota, with its neat villas surrounded by gardens, reminds one of an English sea-side town. I cannot, however, leave the place without devoting a few lines to the Cousiño house and park, which is one of the show-places of Chili, and certainly one of the most beautiful gardens in the whole world. The house, which is still in construction, is a reminiscence of some of the most charming châteaus of Touraine. It stands on the summit of a bluff jutting out into the sea between the bay of Lota and the bay of Coronel, commanding a magnificent view on three sides over the ocean, and on the fourth side over woods and gardens.



THE COUSIÑO HOUSE, LOTA.

This bluff is entirely covered with trees and flowers right down to the water's edge, and is laid out with many miles of paths that wind capriciously up and down, over bridges, along terraces overhanging the sea, through grottoes and cascades and trellised pas-

sages radiant with the splendid red bell-flowers of the Copivia or *Lapageria rosa*, with which the Chilian ladies deck their hair so effectively. Never have I seen such abundance and variety of flowers as in this garden, or a finer and completer collection of the trees and shrubs of North and South America. The park of Lota, the result of twenty years' assiduous attention, needs only a catalogue to be one of the best botanical gardens in the world, as it is certainly one of the most picturesque.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NITRATE DESERT OF TARAPACÁ.

THERE are but few towns on the face of the earth where one may lead with satisfaction a delicately material life. It is needless to enumerate these favored spots. It suffices to say that Iquique, latitude 20° 12′ 15″ south is not one of them. From the point of view of population Iquique is the seventh city of Chili, the order being Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepción, Talca, Chillan, and Serena. From the point of view of commerce it is second in importance and interest only to Valparaiso, for it is the great business and export centre of the nitrate trade, which is the true source of the present wealth of Chili. Uninviting as the place may seem, it is the duty of the traveller to halt there in order to visit the strange desert in the interior where the nitrate is extracted and manufactured; and if the traveller have eyes to see withal and intelligence to understand, he will not regret his visit, for after the petroleum grounds of the Caspian there is perhaps not a more curious tract of land in the world.

As trains do not start for the pampa every day, we will take advantage of an enforced delay to examine Iquique. It is a poor port, blocked up with dangerous rocks and reefs, which prevent ships approaching the shore. There are several small moles, but these are insufficient for the traffic, and consequently you see men wading in the surf up to their waists with burdens on their shoulders. The system is most primitive. The ships are anchored at some distance, in a bay to the north of the town, and the loading and unloading are done with lighters. When there is no mole at the disposal of the lighter, it is brought within forty or fifty yards of the shore and the cargo discharged into small boats, which are beached in the surf, and unloaded by the wading wharfmen. Along the water's edge are shabby warehouses and piles of nitrate in sacks. To the north are many sailing ships riding at anchor on the glassy water. To the south are the smoky chimneys of silver-refining works. In the background rise brown and barren mountains some 2000 feet high, zebraed with zig-

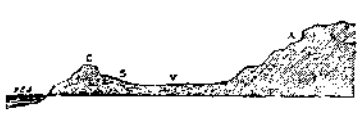
UNLOADING FREIGHT ON THE BEACH AT IQUIQUE.

zag paths of a lighter shade, and striped along the lower spurs with pointed sand drifts, which themselves whirl and swirl until they gradually grow into crests and hills of respectable size. These mountains spring up about two miles from the shore, leaving a flat and arid sandy plain on which the town has been laid out with streets fifteen

to twenty metres wide, a fine carriage-road along the sea to the south, an agreeable plaza ornamented with Norfolk Island pines, and a central monument in the Gothic style in honor of Arturo Prat, the modern naval hero of Chili. I remarked with renewed surprise this South American taste for Gothic when I entered my hotel beneath a depressed Gothic archway with stucco mouldings. No style could be less adapted to a land where earthquakes are permanently dreaded. On one side of the plaza is a handsome theatre which seems rather large for the population; on the other sides are some pleasant private houses with open upper stories, built of wood and painted bright green, blue, or brown; other commodious private houses may be noticed in the different streets, but with the exception of two or three blocks of stone or brick, all the buildings in Iquique are of wood with flat roofs, strewn with crushed sea-shells to absorb what little moisture the dews deposit, and dotted with ventilators that suggest enormous mouse-traps set to catch the prevalent breeze. In this part of the world, it must be remembered, it rains perhaps once in five years, and even then the moisture that falls is more like heavy fog than regular dropping rain. The consequence is that there is no water and no vegetation, not a blade of grass, not a weed. The brown streets with their wooden sidewalks are sprinkled daily with sea-water to lay the dust, and remain glistening with little crystals of salt, while for domestic purposes the inhabitants use distilled water or water carried in special steamboats from Arica. Now, however, pipes have been laid from Pica in the interior by the Tarapacá Water Company, and Iquique will soon be well provided with the standard temperance beverage. Meanwhile, to judge from outward appearances, temperance doctrines are not popular; bar-rooms and drinking saloons are innumerable, cocktails are in constant demand, and the town enjoys along the coast an old-established reputation of "moistness." Otherwise the aspect of Iquique is sufficiently cosmopolitan; the shops are enlivened with a profusion of gaudy American and English chromo-lithographs advertising cigarettes, patent-medicines, soaps, spirits, and various articles; the signs are polyglot, as in all seaports, and English influence triumphs in the formation of such signs as "*Lunche* a todas horas" and "Hojalateria y *Gasfiteria*," while the English colony is very numerous, and controls the chief business of the town and province. Thanks to English friends and to the hospitality of the English Club, I managed to pass my time agreeably while waiting for

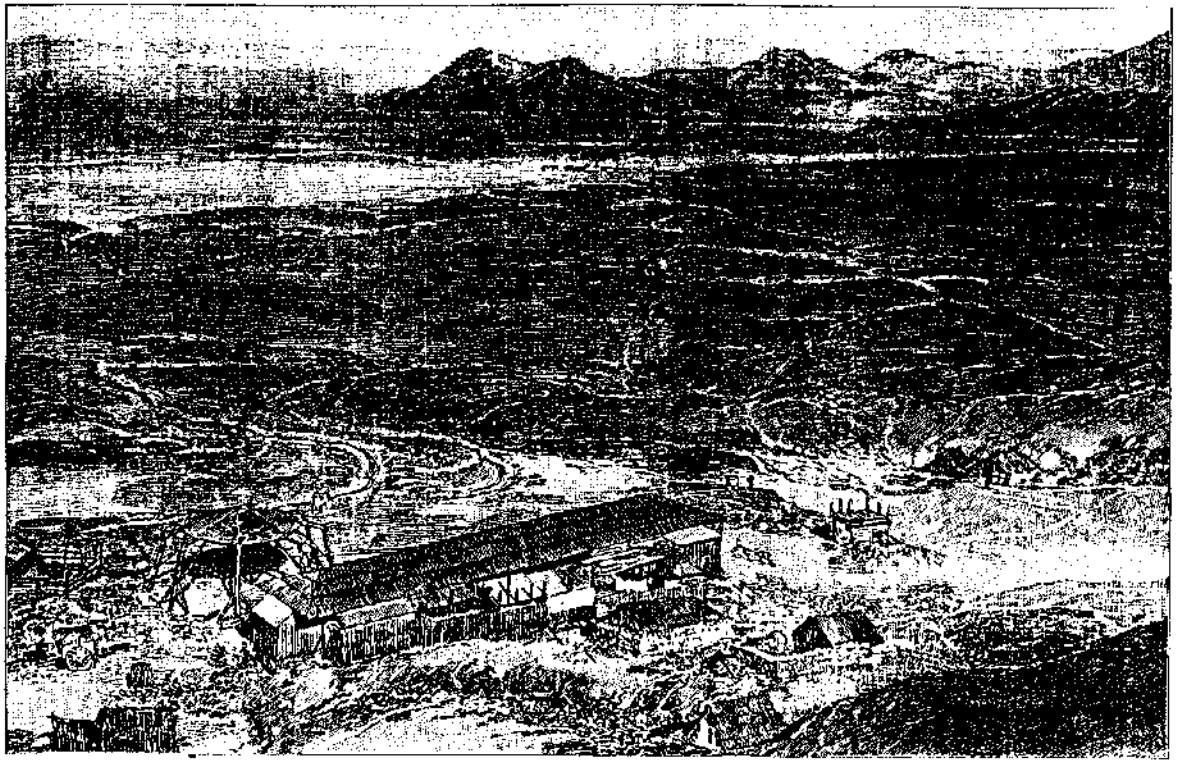
trains and steamers in this queer, brown, slummy Iquique, inspecting the shops and the movement of the port, gossiping with pleasant people, marvelling at the wonderful after-glow of the Pacific sunsets, and admiring the charming Spanish and Anglo-Spanish maidens who may be seen of an evening when the military band plays on the Plaza Arturo Prat.

The vast desert between the Camarones and Copiapó has been aptly compared to an immense chemical laboratory, so great is its richness in salts of various kinds. The region which produces raw nitrate of soda, called *caliche*, extends from the Camarones in latitude 19° 12′ south as far as Taltal, latitude 25° 45′, covering a longitudinal distance of 6° 33′, or 393 geographical miles from north to south, with an average width of say three kilometres from east to west. In these latitudes the coast rises quickly to a height of about 3000 feet, and then, journeying eastward, we find the country mountainous, the coast Cordillera continuing its course parallel with the Andes. On the eastern gentle slopes of the coast Cordillera the nitrate beds occur at a distance from the sea of between 25 and 30 miles, and at a height of from 3000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The *salitreras* of Iquique and Pisagua are the nearest to the sea, and their height above the sea-level varies between 3000 and 4000 feet in round numbers. With slight variation in the stratification, the nitrate beds of the provinces of Antofagasta and Atacama resemble those of Tarapacá. So, then, we have towards the east the great masses of the Andes, in the centre a longitudinal valley or pampa which resembles the dry bed of a river, and on the west the gentle slopes and undulations of the coast Cordillera, where the nitrate deposits are found along the edge of the pampa, so that a transverse section of this part of the continent would look thus:



C. Coast Cordillera. S. Salitreras. V. Longitudinal Valley or Pampa. A. Andes.

The nitrate band, as we may call it, is not absolutely continuous; the distribution of the *salitre* is not uniform, and considerable stretches of land are found without it; but wherever the *salitre* does occur, it is in the conditions specified—that is to say, along the western edge of the pampa, and on the slopes of the foot-hills of the coast Cordillera. Furthermore, the nearer we get to the level of the pampa, the greater the propor-



NITRATE DESERT OF ATACAMA.

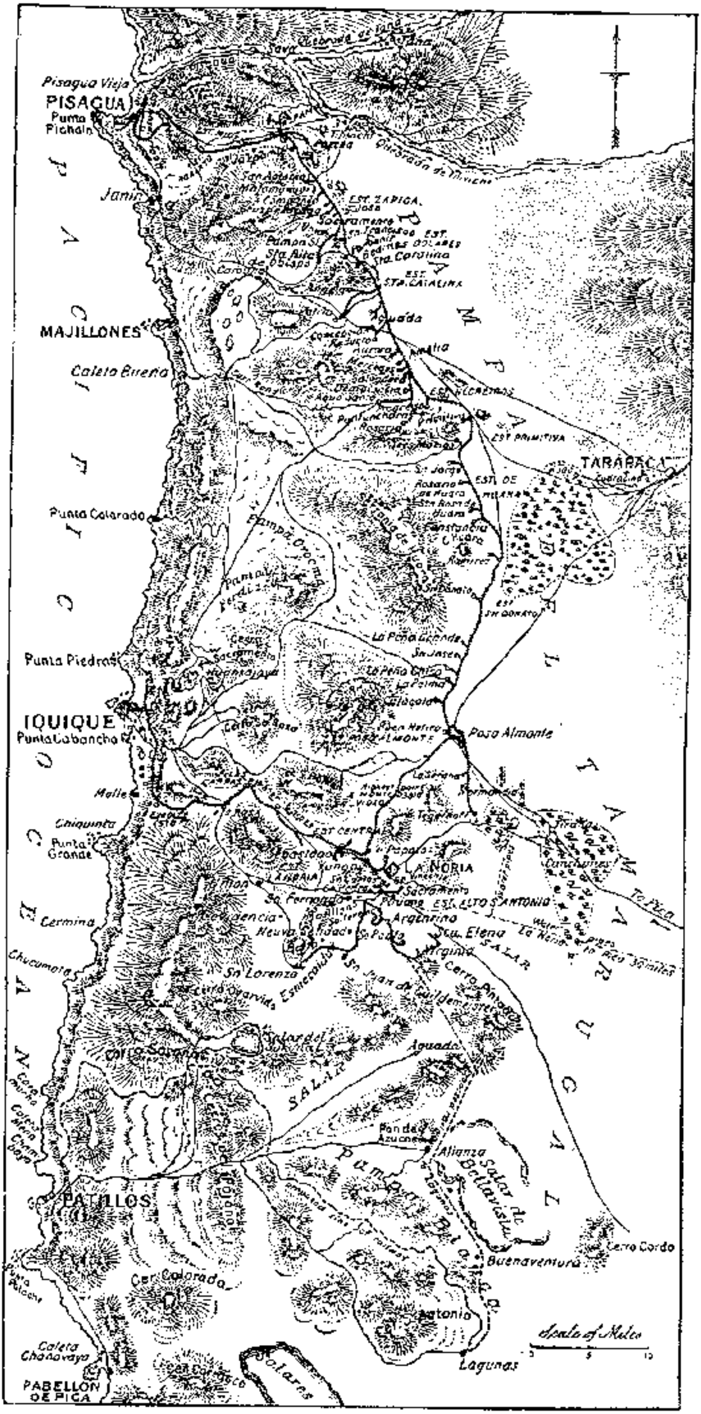
tion of other salts found in the *salitre*, which becomes consequently less suitable for the economical manufacture of nitrate of soda. The *salitreras* of the province of Tarapacá being the richest and the most interesting from both the physical and the commercial point of view, we shall limit our attention to them, and asking the reader to accompany us in a visit to some of the best establishments, or *oficinas*, as they are called, we shall endeavor to explain the processes of the extraction and manufacture of this product, which is of vital importance to Chili, and, it would appear, of almost equal importance to modern agriculture. In order to make our prose more lucid we subjoin a sketch map of the nitrate fields of Tarapacá, showing the general configuration of the country, the railway and water-pipe lines, and the position of the different *oficinas* now existing, and representing many millions of English capital, for the nitrate industry in Chili is essentially English.

So, then, we start one morning from the Iquique station in the long and crowded train of the Nitrate Railways Company Limited. The passengers are very mixed, even in the first-class cars, for those who labor in the pampa are improvident, and while they have money they want the best that money can buy. Our neighbors are English engineers, some in light clothes of the most correct London cut, others wearing riding-breeches, long boots, and helmet hats; Italians and Austrians who keep liquor shops and stores in some of the settlements; Peruvians and Chilians employed in the *oficinas;* two or three women in modern hats and mantles; other dark-skinned native women wrapped up in black shawls, silent and ruminative; while the rank and file of the passengers consist of workmen of all shades and nationalities, including several Japanese who have drifted down from Peru, a few Chinamen who are established in the pampa as peddlers or dry-goods dealers, and a large number of Bolivian Indians, the women all laden with baskets and eager for business.* The train steams out of the station and begins to climb up the mountains. At a distance of two miles we reach a reversing station, and then mount up with gradients of 2.50 to 3.85 per cent., and curves after curves, some of 450 feet radius, until we gain the station of Molle, 1578 feet above the level of the sea. Thence we mount gently to Santa Rosa,

* The number of workmen employed in the Tarapacá nitrate field in January, 1890, was nearly 13,000, consisting of 8267 Chilians, 1282 Peruvians, 2719 Bolivians, and the rest of various nationalities.

2872 feet, near which are the famous silver mines of the same name, and on the other side the line the silver mines of Huantajaya which were worked by the Spaniards. Passing Las Carpas and San Juan we attain a height of 3223 feet at the Central Station, 29 miles from Iquique. The scenery thus far has been at once curious and fascinating in the novelty of certain effects. All that we see is sand or rock, or a sort of red conglomerate strewn with bowlders, and loose flint or limestones; but the outlines of the mountains are beautiful in silhouette, the undulations of the lower valleys have a singular softness, and the brilliant sunshine plays over the interminable wilderness of hill and dale, developing in the arid rock and sand a variety of color that replaces vegetation, and sometimes even produces the illusion of some dark green growth which might be appropriate in a lunar landscape. There are places, too, on the hill-sides where nature's chemistry has painted graceful designs, as it were the arabesques of foliated Gothic windows, with the colors of green, violet, and yellow oxides, while other brown hills are toned with a velvety purple haze of sun smoke, soft as the bloom on a plum.

The Central Station is an important junction. Here the pampa proper begins, and with it the nitrate deposits. One branch of the line goes southward through La Noria, and divides into two sections, which terminate at San Lorenzo and Santa Elena, respectively 47 and 52¼ miles from Iquique, and communicate with some twenty establishments. From a point near Virginia, on one of these sections, it is proposed to build a new line down to Lagunas, where there is one lot of 8000 acres of nitrate in many places 8 feet thick, and in the immediate neighborhood other equally rich deposits. It will be noticed that another line is marked on the map between Lagunas and the port of Patillos, "proposed line begun but construction pending." If this line should be built it would naturally divert the traffic from Iquique, and the two shipping ports for nitrate would become Patillos and Pisagua. It remains to be seen whether the Government will allow this sword of Damocles to fall and annihilate at one blow the youthful and thriving town of Iquique, whose municipality, I am told, has just ordered from those terribly dexterous Italian sculptors four white marble fountains for the further adornment of its Plaza Arturo Prat. However, it is curious to note the fact that the existence of Iquique is precarious. The final question always is, "Will it last?" *it* meaning not only Iquique, but the nitrate industry and all connected therewith.



MAP OF THE NITRATE DESERT OF TARAPACA.

From the Central Station we continue along the northern line, and at Montevideo, 36½ miles from Iquique, we reach the highest point of the railway, namely, 3810 feet, and thence descend to Pozo Almonte, 3371 feet, where we find the solution of a problem that has been exercising our inquisitive minds: In this brown and rainless desert where is water obtained for the locomotives? At Pozo are wells from which the water is pumped up to Montevideo, whence it runs down by its own weight to the Central Station, and from there it is carried in tank-cars as far as Santa Rosa. This well-water, being charged with lime and other substances, requires to be purified before it can be used in the boilers, and with this object it is heated and a quantity of carbonate of soda dissolved in it. The lime and other salts are thus precipitated. So far as the southern pampa is concerned, the water-pipes from Pica will, of course, modify in the near future this state of affairs, which I mention as an instance of the difficulties encountered. Meanwhile, in all the *oficinas* and all along the line as far as Dolores, 91 miles from Iquique, where good water is found, the well-water for the boilers has to be treated with carbonate of soda before it can be used.

At Pozo Almonte we enter the great northern pampa of Tamarugal, which is lined with *oficinas* for a distance of nearly 60 miles, as far as the Nivel station. From Pozo, 3371 feet, the ground gradually rises up to Primitiva, 3752 feet, and sinks a little towards Nivel, which is 3610 feet above the sea-level. From Nivel to the port of Pisagua, a distance of 20 miles, the gradients vary between 2.70 and 5 per cent., and over the last 5 miles from Hospicio to Pisagua the line zigzags down the steep coast hills with three reversing stations. The gauge of the line is 4 feet 8½ inches, and the total length of rails in working in January, 1890, was 236.77 miles. The Nitrate Railways Company, it may be added, was finally incorporated in London as a joint-stock company in the year 1882, the enterprise having passed through many hands, phases, and difficulties since the first concession was granted by the Peruvian Government in 1860. With the history of the line, however, we need not concern ourselves. Let us return to its picturesque and industrial features. In the important stations like Central, Pozo, and Huara, we notice crowds of spectators and swarms of small traders, like those who attracted our attention in Southern Chili, offering for sale *cazuela* with thumb sauce, cakes, grapes, and other fruits. The types are slightly different from those of the southern

provinces. The women, instead of being half-breeds of various degrees, are mostly pure Bolivian Indians, with long braids of glossy black hair hanging down their backs, some very large and portly, with broad round faces, suggesting a sphere slightly flattened by vertical pressure, others more elegant and slender in stature, with finely cut features, *busqué* noses, and brilliant eyes. On closer study I discovered that the larger women were not really so massive as they appeared to be; their apparent volume is due to the fact that every year at carnival time they put on a new skirt over the old one, so that as they increase in years they increase in skirts. Their costume consists of a man's hat of felt or straw, a camisole and shawl, and a rough baize skirt of brilliant green, red, or old-gold yellow. These ladies are indefatigable traders, and ride on donkeys from camp to camp in the pampa, selling the fruit and vegetables that are grown in the oasis of Pica, a beautiful green spot dating from the old Spanish mining days. Around the chief stations little towns are growing up. They are composed of one or two streets of corrugated iron sheds erected in the midst of the sandy wilderness. In accordance with Chilian custom, each householder endeavors to have a flag-pole over his door, and some ragged colored bunting flaps in the wind, while enterprising shopkeepers hoist flaunting signs—"La Vencedora," "Al pobre Diablo," "Al pobre roto," "La Flor de Iluara," or "La Bella Jardinera;" and in still bigger letters another trader announces that the rich new *chicha* has just arrived—"Llegó la rica chica!" Near these gray sheet-iron camps, a few hundred yards beyond, in the sandy wilderness, is a still more dismal spot — the cemetery, a few black wooden crosses planted all askew in the rough sand, beneath which the corpses remain dried and shrivelled like mummies, the salt soil preserving them from putrefaction, and from that return to dust which we are told is the end of all men.

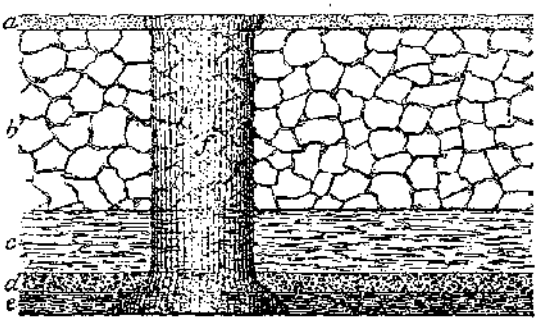
The scenery from Pozo Almonte continues with a certain sameness the whole length of the pampa. The configuration of the land is similar; the effect varies as the light changes. In the morning all is calm; towards one o'clock a strong wind sweeps along the valley, raising clouds and whirlpools of dust; at sunset the calm returns, and the brown hills assume the most brilliant colors, while the gray sandy pampa becomes tinted with pink and violet. The nitrate desert would, indeed, form a rich field of observation for the analytic colorists of the "impressionist" school. After we reach the upper table-land,

the absolute barrenness ceases so far as concerns the pampa proper, where some dry bushes of the acacia family, called *tamarugal*, still grow with a gray and dusty pertinacity — remnants of former days, when the whole valley was covered with them, and so furnished handy fuel to the first extractors of nitrate. It is now afternoon, and the train is steaming along gently. In the distance, over the glaring waste of sand and scant scrub, you see the snowy peaks of the Andes, and on the horizon of the plain innumerable spiral columns of whirling dust rising to a great height like the smoke of so many bonfires. On the other side of the line are the deep red-brown slopes of the foot-hills of the coast Cordillera, and the band of gray sand and brown conglomerate beneath which the nitrate lies. From time to time there appears a group of two or three smoking chimneys, strange terraces of banks rising one above the other on a substructure of open timbers, row after row of little hillocks of a snowy coarse powder, an incipient village composed of long sheds of corrugated iron, a movement of laboring men and mules, and all around the plain and slopes torn up with holes and irregular trenches and covered with heaps of shapeless brown bowlders that look like gigantic truffles. This is an *oficina*. We pass many of them, each more or less resembling the other, until we come to "La Primitiva," where we are to make our headquarters. This is one of the most modern and complete establishments in the Tarapacá district, and in this *oficina*, and in the neighboring ones of San Rosario de Huara, San Jorge, and Agua Santa, the visitor and the technical observer will see all the most recent improvements that science and experience have brought to the development of this nitrate industry.

The production of nitrate of soda is divided into two distinct operations: the extraction of the raw material, or *caliche*, from the ground, and the extraction of the nitrate itself from that raw material, and the separation of it from other accompanying substances. In order to see the first operation we must ride over the grounds on one of those easy Chilian pacing horses and visit the *calicheras*, as they are called. The beginning of the process is a *tiro*, or hole 30 or 35 centimetres in diameter (*f*), pierced through the bed of raw nitrate by means of long crow-bars and spoon-shovels to scoop out the dirt. When the hole is of sufficient depth a little boy drops down the shaft, and digs out a cup-shaped excavation of greater diameter than the shaft itself, and in this cavity the blasting-powder is placed, and then

the hole is filled up and the fuse lighted. The object aimed at is simply to break the ground over a space of five or six metres, and not to blow it up and scatter the fragments right and left; hence the broadening of the hole at the base, and the use of weak gunpowder. A sketch of a *tiro* would present the aspect of the accompanying cut, which will also explain the stratification of the nitrate beds.

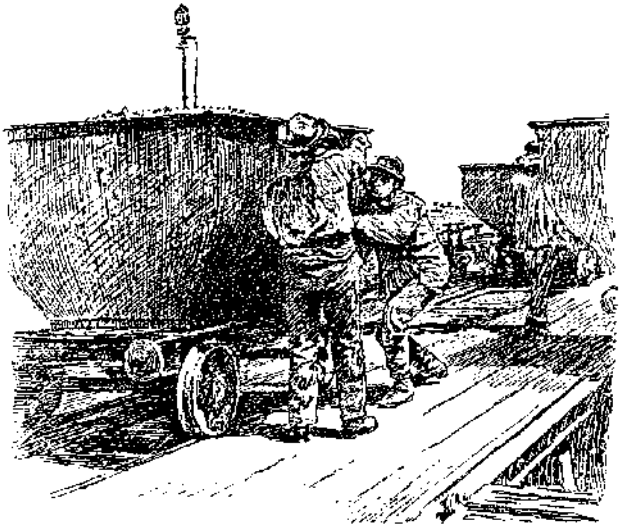
This *caliche* is seldom found lying on the soil, but usually at a depth of 1½ to 10 or more feet below the surface. The first layer (*a*) is generally one of sand and dust, called *chuca*, about 15 centimetres thick. Below this is a rocky conglomerate of clay, gravel, and fragments of felspar, porphyry, and greenstone, cemented together with sulphates of calcium, potassium, sodium, magnesium, and a little common salt. This layer (*b*) is called *costra*, and the lumps of it are often used for building walls, etc., which are solid enough so long as water does not touch them, for water dissolves the cementing elements, and then the *costra* crumbles. Below this is the *caliche* (*c*), and in the lower part of the *caliche* a layer of *congelo* (*d*), resembling externally a very moist gravel which has been frozen. This layer contains common salt, chloride of magnesium, sulphates, and only a small percentage of nitrate of soda. Below this is a pale reddish-brown loose clay, sometimes mealy, sometimes sandy, with many glittering crystals of anhydrite. This layer (*e*) is called *coba*, contains no nitrate, and rests upon the primitive rock or clay bed forming the basis of the geological formation of the region.



The layer of *caliche* varies in thickness from a few centimetres to 2 and even 2½ metres. It varies also in quality, purity, and color. The raw material contains from 17 to 50 per cent. of nitrate of soda, and even more in very favored spots, for instance, at Agua Santa. Its chemical composition is a mixture of nitrate of soda and chlorure of

sodium in very variable proportions as principal elements, combined with clay, sand, stones, and other earthy matter insoluble in water. The accessory salts found in it are chlorures of potassium and magnesium, nitrate of potassium, gypsum, iodates and iodure of sodium. *Caliche* is crystalline in structure, slightly salt in taste, and very soluble in water. Its color varies from all shades of gray and brown to snow-white, lemon, sulphur, violet, blue, and green. The yellow tints indicate the presence of chrome or bromide of sodium, while oxides of iron, copper, and manganese account for the red, green, and black shades.

The origin of these deposits has been and is still the subject of ingenious conjectures, no one of which is entirely satisfactory. To mention these hypotheses at length would require much space. Let it suffice to say that the most probable seems to be that which attributes the formation of this substance to the decomposition of sea-weeds, the nitrogenous collectors of iodine. At one time, it is supposed—and fossil remains confirm the theory—that the present continent was a sea-bottom. By the lifting up of the land through volcanic action great lakes of salt-water were formed in the valleys. Gradually the salt-water evaporated, and the sea-weed contained in it began to decompose and form nitric acid, which, coming in contact



TRUCKS LADEN WITH CALICHE.

with chalk, supplied by shells and limestone, formed nitrate of calcium, and the nitrate of calcium, in presence of the sulphate of soda deposited by the sea-water, produced a change of elements with this latter salt, the result of the double decomposition being sulphate of calcium and nitrate of soda. This sea-weed theory has the advantage of accounting for the iodine which is found, in greater or less quantities, in most *caliche*.

Another hypothesis presupposes large deposits of guano, which might undergo nitrification and produce chemical reactions in the same way as the sea-weed. Certain organic remains are found in *caliche* to give color to this theory also. Yet another theory is that the nitrification of the sodium, the presence of which in the soil is easily accounted for, was produced by the violent and abundant electrical discharges which are common in the Andes, and that the present disposition of the *caliche* along the slopes of the foot-hills is due to capillary attraction, nitrate of soda having a singular tendency to creep upward, as experiment will show, provided the air be sufficiently dry. As for the explanation of the present deposits of *caliche* on one side of the pampa only, and always above the level of the pampa, it is simply that this band is all that remains, the rest having been melted and washed away. Doubtless at a given moment there was *caliche* on both sides of the valley, and in the valley itself, but the intermittent water floods from the Andes have naturally dissolved it all except the narrow band in question, in the formation of which capillary attraction may also be supposed to have had a rôle. An absolute condition of the existence of *caliche* is dryness. The desert where it is now found must have been for thousands and thousands of years without rain, and should the climate suddenly change and moisture come in abundance, the precious deposits would disappear like a charm. Therefore, although the soil of the pampa is magnificent in quality, and although irrigation on a grand scale from the Andine lakes would be possible and practical, cultivation cannot be thought of until the nitrate beds are exhausted, because vegetation would attract and store moisture and rapidly modify the climate. We must not, then, expect to see wheat waving on the pampa of Tamarugal for the next fifty or perhaps a hundred years.

The extraction of the *caliche* is a simple operation. The *tiros* are dug and blasted systematically, the work being, for convenience sake, directed from the lower to the higher beds, so that the loads may be

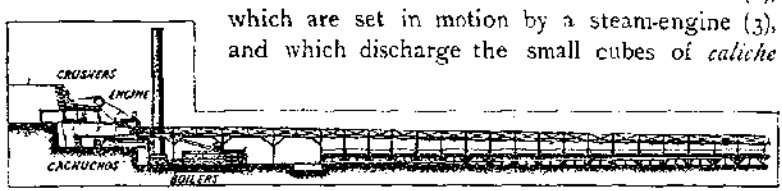
MAKING A "TIRO" IN THE NITRATE BED.

always carried downhill. The *caliche* is broken with sledge-hammers and wedges into lumps of about thirty pounds weight, which are cleaned and separated from rock and rubbish as much as possible before being loaded into the sheet-iron mule carts and carried to the crushing machinery, which is always placed on the highest point of the manufactory. Often, if the ground is not naturally favorable, an artificial elevation has to be constructed so as to obtain the differences of level necessary for the manufacturing process.

If we follow one of these carts, drawn by three mules, with the driver mounted on one of them, we shall reach the tipping-place above

the hoppers of the crushing machinery, at which point we may conveniently begin our visit to the manufactory. Cart after cart arrives, wheels round, and deposits the lumps of *caliche* around the hoppers of the crushers, which are fed by hand generally. The crushers are of the same kind as those employed in crushing ore, and are of course driven by steam-power; they break up the *caliche* into cubes of about two inches, which fall into trucks placed below the crushers and on the level of the boiling tanks. A reference to the accompanying cut will help the reader to understand the theory and practice of nitrate-making, which consists of three main and important operations—1. The dissolution of the *caliche* in water. 2. Separation by filtration or decantation of the substances held in suspension in the liquid, and which are less soluble salts, earthy matter, or secondary products originating in the chemical process itself. 3. Crystallization of the nitrate from the clear and pure liquid. We need not describe the various methods which have been hitherto employed in these operations, and the gradual modifications and improvements which have been introduced.

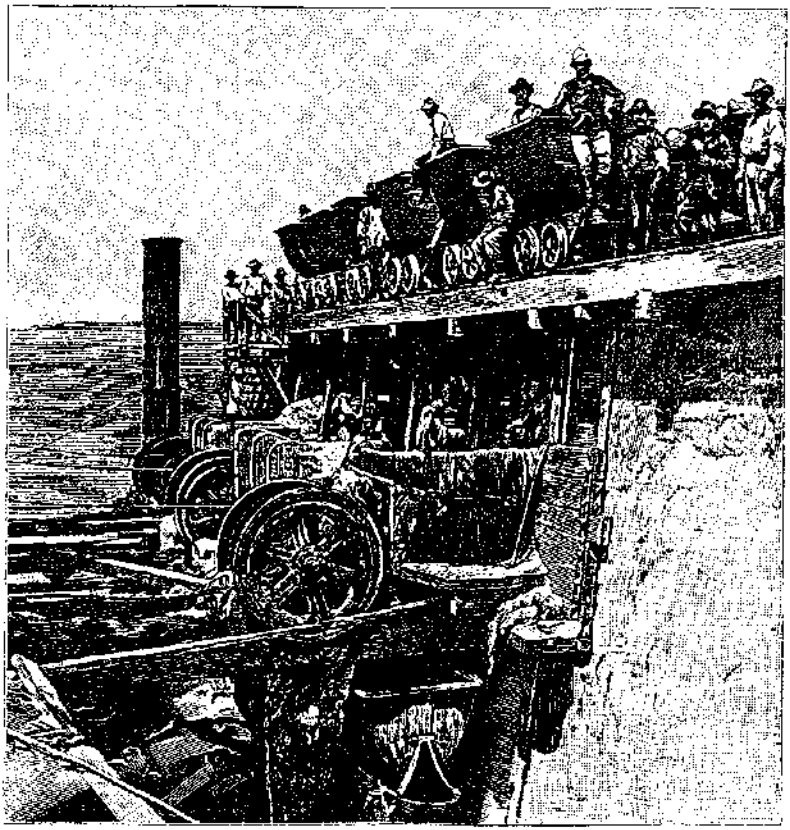
In no modern industry have more costly experiments been made than in that of nitrate-making, and doubtless there is yet much to be done in the way of simplification and economy. However, we will take the best machinery employed to-day, and see how it works. We have, then, the highest point (1), where the mule-carts tip the blocks of *caliche* into the crushers, or *chancadoras* (2), which are set in motion by a steam-engine (3), and which discharge the small cubes of *caliche*



into trucks (4). These trucks are pushed by hand along rails over the boiling tanks, or *cachuchos* (5). The boiling is effected by Shanks's lixiviating system, first introduced into nitrate manufacture by Mr. I. T. Humberstone, the manager of "La Primitiva," causing a continual circulation of the liquid from tank to tank. The *cachuchos* are arranged in sets, side by side. They are boxes of sheet-iron, each provided with a coil of pipes and appropriate valves and siphons for communication with the main steam-pipe, with the other tanks, and

with the canal for running off the liquor. Each coil receives steam from the boilers by the pipe *a*, and returns the condensed steam to the boilers by the pipe *g m m n*. The *cachucho* has a false bottom pierced with holes fifteen centimetres from the real bottom, and on this perforated plate, called a crinoline, the crushed *caliche* rests. In theory the manufacture of nitrate consists simply in dissolving the *caliche* by means of water heated to ebullition, and then leaving the water to cool in pans where the saltpetre can be conveniently deposited. In practice the process is more complicated, owing to the passing of the liquor from tank to tank. Let us suppose, for example, a series of five boiling tanks in operation. No. 5 is full of crushed *caliche* and cold *agua vieja*, or mother-liquor; that is to say, of the water that has been left from previous operations after the crystallization has taken place. Steam is turned on, and when the liquor has reached 110° centigrade and 112° density by Twaddle's hydrometer, the siphon is opened to allow the denser liquor at the bottom of the tank to pass into the canal, and so to the settling tanks, while at the same time more *agua vieja* is let in on the top. When the density of the liquor running into the canal descends to 104°, and the temperature to 94°, the siphon is closed, and the communication opened with tank No. 4, the *agua vieja* still continuing to run into tank No. 5. Full steam is then given to No. 4, and half-steam only to No. 5. In three hours or so the dense liquor is ready to be run out of No. 4 tank, and the communication opened with No. 3, *agua vieja* still running into No. 5 all the time. In the same way the denser liquor is run out of No. 3, in turn, and communication opened with No. 2. By this time the *caliche* in No. 5 will be worn out, and very little nitrate left in it. The communication between 5 and 4 is then closed, and the *agua vieja* current transferred to 4, while a current of well-water is run over 5, in order to completely wash out what nitrate may remain in the *caliche*. The result of this washing is called *agua de relave*, and is stored in special recipients. The *caliche* in No. 5 being now quite exhausted, a door is opened in the bottom of the tank, and a batch of men half naked shovel the hot rubbish and mud through the aperture into trucks, which run on rails below, and are dragged by mules out to the *ripio*, or refuse heap, which forms a conspicuous feature in every *oficina*. The *ripio* truck is marked 6 in our cut. Meanwhile tank No. 1 has entered into the combination, and passes on its lighter liquor to No. 5, which has been filled with new *caliche*. Then

tank No. 4 is emptied, and so on in rotation, there being always one tank full of fresh *caliche*, and one being emptied. There is an obvious economy of heat in this process, and a very complete extraction of the nitrate, not more than five per cent. remaining in the great mass of *ripio*, or refuse. But to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the systems that have been and are employed, and to explain the why and wherefore of details of the process, would lead us into a labyrinth of technical minutiæ where both the patient reader and ourselves might lose our way. For the general comprehension of the matter the above notes will, we think, suffice.



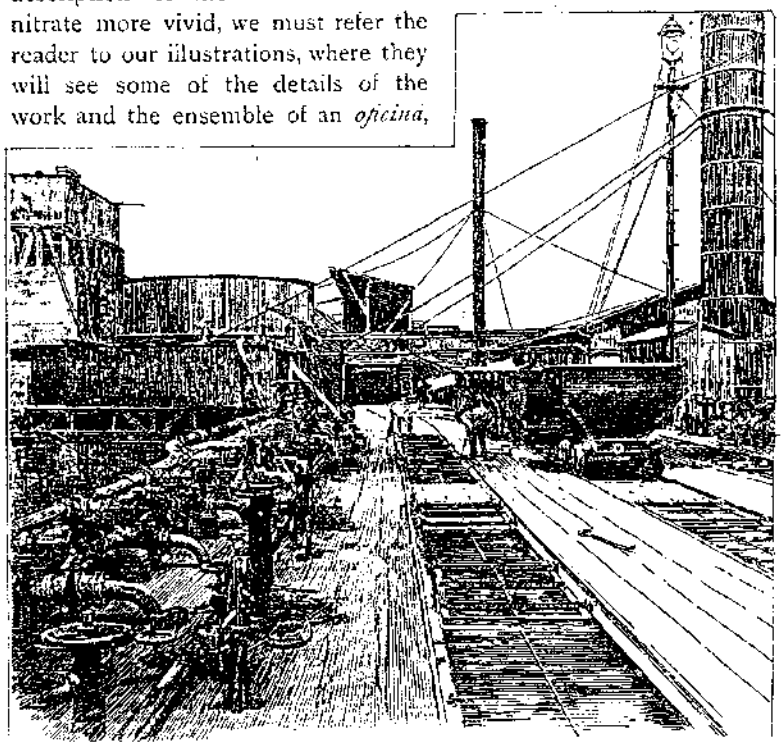
TRUCKS OVER CRUSHERS AT "LA PRIMITIVA."

Now we pass to the second operation of decantation, which is simply running off the dense liquid into settling tanks, or *chulladores*, and thence into crystallizing tanks, or *bateas*. In the Tarapacá district the liquid obtained is so pure and so dense that the cooling tanks are often dispensed with, and the liquid *caldo*, or broth, as it is termed, is run directly into the crystallizing tanks, along a canal marked A in our plan. These *bateas* are placed on frames of wood or iron about six feet above the ground. Each *batea* is filled, and in the course of two or three days the crystallization is complete, and the bottom and sides of the receptacle are covered with nitrate. The water that remains, or *agua vieja*, is then run off into a reservoir, whence it is pumped up again to be used in the boiling tanks. The *bateas* are often provided with sloping side platforms, on to which the nitrate is shovelled and left to drain completely before it is piled up in the *canchas*, packed in sacks, and loaded on the railway trucks, which carry it to the ports of Iquique or Pisagua.

The *aguas viejas* produced and employed in the manufacture of nitrate of soda contain a certain quantity of iodine in the form of iodate of soda, generally about 1 per 1000, or one gramme of iodine in a litre of *agua vieja*. In many of the *oficinas* this iodine is extracted by a very simple and interesting process. The *aguas viejas* from the *bateas* are deposited in wooden baths, and the iodine precipitated by the application of a quantity of bisulphite of soda. The bisulphite is obtained by passing fumes of sulphur or sulphurous acid through a solution of carbonate of soda. The sulphur is brought mostly from Italy, and in smaller quantities from the Andes, where there are vast deposits still to be worked when economical means of transport have been provided. The carbonate of soda is made on the spot by burning nitrate and coal-dust in an open cylindrical furnace, from which the carbonate or sal natrón runs into a cylindrical receptacle on a lower level. Every night just after sunset you see the pampa dotted with these brilliant white bonfires, each *oficina* needing a daily supply of the substance, either for its iodine house, or for purifying its boiler water, or for both purposes. The mixing of the bisulphite with the *agua vieja* is effected in the wooden baths by means of compressed-air blowers, or more primitively by means of revolving paddles turned by hand. When once the precipitation has taken place, the water is drawn off, neutralized, and returned to the tanks, whence it passes again through the nitrate *cachuchos*. The iodine is also drawn off,

washed, filtered, and pressed into cakes, which are placed in iron retorts, the neck of which runs into a series of fire-clay pipes of sufficient length to cool and sublimate the vapors, which are collected in the form of beautiful violet crystals, packed in barrels, and shipped.

In order to make the theoretical description of the manufacture of nitrate more vivid, we must refer the reader to our illustrations, where they will see some of the details of the work and the ensemble of an *oficina*,



TRUCKS BRINGING CALICHE TO BOILING TANKS.

with its black chimneys, its terraces of red tanks discolored with drippings and stalactites of nitrate, its labyrinthine systems of pipes and valves, and its mountains of snow-white salts piled up in the *canchas* ready for the market. The *oficina* of "La Primitiva" is the largest yet established, and for the benefit of readers of a practical and precise turn of mind I will give a summary of its capacity. In

"La Primitiva" everything is duplicated; there are two sets of machinery, complete and distinct, each set consisting of: Three crushers, worked by an engine of 36-horse-power. Twelve boiling tanks, or *cachuchos*, each 32 by 6 feet, and 9 feet deep, provided with coils of five turns of drawn-steel pipe 3 inches in diameter. Six settling tanks, used only for making refined nitrate of 96 per cent., ordinary nitrate being 95 per cent. Four *relave* tanks, whence the water is pumped back to the higher level by centrifugal pumps. Semicylindrical canals to carry the liquor to the 80 crystallizing tanks, measuring 18 by 18 feet, with a depth of from 2 feet 9 inches to 3 feet 3 inches, the slope being made to facilitate draining the nitrate. Each of these tanks has a cubic capacity of 960 feet, and holds 320 quintals, or 34 pounds to the cubic foot. Six boilers, 30 by 7 feet each, with two flues, of the Lancashire type, whence the steam is carried up in an 11-inch pipe, and the condensed water produced in the coils of the boiling tanks returned to the boilers in a 4-inch pipe without a feed-pump. Three reservoirs for *agua vieja*, or mother-liquor, on the lower level, and 4 reservoirs on the upper.

The wells that supply the *oficina* with 120,000 to 130,000 gallons a day are distant nearly four miles across the pampa, where there is a steam-pumping station and reservoirs connected by 5-inch pipes with the establishment.

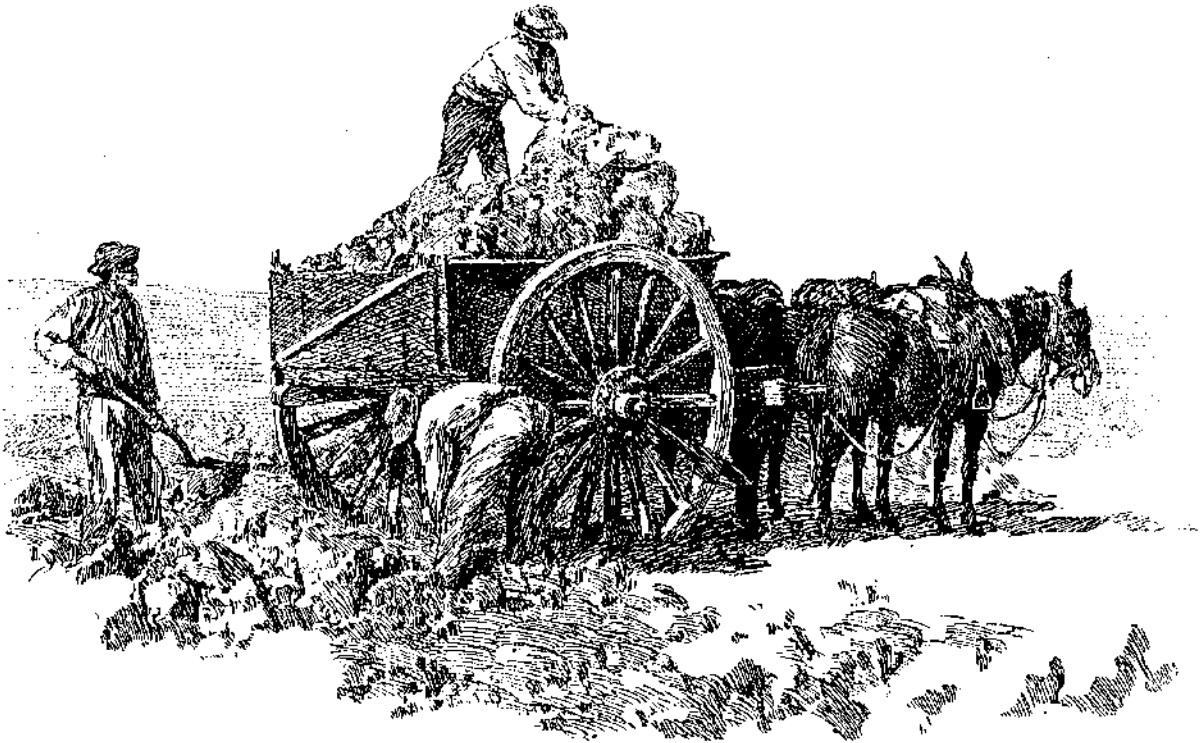
The two sets of machinery, as above set forth, have a maximum productive capacity of 10,000 quintals a day, with a consumption of about 1000 quintals of coal, the proportion being one ton of coal to produce ten tons of nitrate.

The nitrate grounds, or *calicheras*, of "La Primitiva" cover a strip of land 4½ miles long by a half-mile wide, and, owing to their extent, it has been found necessary to use rails and locomotives to bring in the *caliche* to the crushers. Within half a mile radius of the *oficina* carts and mules alone are used, but outside that radius the carts and mules carry the *caliche* to the trucks that run on sections of 2½ feet gauge, with gradients of ¼ to 3½ per cent. There are 5 miles of railway, 3 locomotives, and 200 trucks in use. When "La Primitiva" is in full work it employs 1400 men, who live in two villages, and earn on an average $3 paper a day, while the tank men make as much as $5 paper, all the work being by contract and by the piece. Finally, we may add that the *caliche* is transported by forty carts and 320 mules, and that the whole *oficina* is lighted by electricity, and goes on night

and day, as do the other *oficinas*, month after month and year after year, for the boiling processes cannot be interrupted in their eternal rotation.

While still concerned with technical matters I may mention a very interesting piece of engineering work accomplished in connection with the *oficina* of Agua Santa, which, although situated on the line of the nitrate railways, uses other means of transporting its nitrate to the sea. From the *oficina* a cart road 19½ miles long leads to the top of the coast Cordillera, where it dips down to the sea, and from this point to the little bay of Caleta Buena an inclined plane has been constructed with tracks of 2½ feet gauge. The top of the inclined plane is 2500 feet above the sea, and the total length of the plane is 1900 yards, divided into three nearly equal sections, broken by terraces. The gradient of the top and middle sections is 28 per cent., and that of the lower, 52 per cent. The cars carry each 100 quintals of nitrate, and could bring up 45 per cent. return cargo if necessary. The cars work entirely by gravitation, the controlling machinery, or brakes, on each section being a Fowler clip pulley of the same system as that invented for use in steam-ploughs. The hauling tackle for the cars is also steel wire plough rope 1 inch in diameter. The down cargo is nitrate, and the up cargo wood, coal, and provisions. At the bottom of the incline is a mole, along which the trucks run out to the ships; but instead of weighing the sacks of nitrate, truck, and all, the customs official in uniform insists upon having each sack lifted out, weighed separately, and then reloaded on the truck. Progressive as Chili is in many things, she is sadly behindhand in the management of her seaports, and peculiarly deficient in moles. The Pacific ports are fearful places. We have already spoken of Iquique and its wading wharfmen. At Pisagua things are still more primitive. Goods are carried from the shore to the lighters on *balsas*, which are queer double canoes made of inflated seal-skins. It requires four seal-skins to make a canoe which will hold five sacks of nitrate and the boatman astraddle in the stern, with his feet dangling in the water and toiling heavily with a double-ended paddle, like some belated Esquimau.

After seeing the backward and semi-barbarous conditions of life in the Pacific ports, one is agreeably surprised to find in the pampa the refinements of a London drawing-room and the amusements of an English country-house. No more striking example could be found of the English faculty of transplanting a bit of England into the midst



A CALICHE CART.

of the desert than the houses in the pampa of Tamarugal. In the pampa the manager of an *oficina* and his assistants, almost exclusively Englishmen, are lodged in a house provided and kept up by the proprietors, whether individuals or companies, and form together a more or less numerous family, comprising very often two or three ladies and some children. Some of these houses are handsomely furnished, lighted with electricity, provided with every comfort that an exacting Englishman can demand, and adapted for offering ample hospitality to visitors, who are always welcome. In the drawing-room the ladies exercise the same refining influence as they would at home; in the dining-room the table is served with English correctness; in the bedrooms a stock of novels with the familiar stiff board covers and sensational pictures of passionate heroines offers a soporific to the uneasy sleeper; other illustrated papers and magazines and the ubiquitous *Punch* are seen lying in handy places; indeed, if Mr. Du Maurier happened to be banished to the pampa of Tamarugal he could still continue to find types and incidents for his drawings; athletic Englishmen wearing clothes that fit them, and young ladies who play lawn-tennis in provokingly coquettish costumes, and ride like Amazons across the dusty plains to pay visits in the neighboring establishments. Certainly life in the pampa is far from being gay, but nevertheless these healthy and strong-willed English exiles of industry seem to be quite happy, a fact to which the delightful climate doubtless contributes not a little.

The corrugated iron dwellings of the workmen present a strong contrast with the correctness and comfort of the manager's house. As each *oficina* gathers around it, women and children included, from one to three thousand souls, there is quite a village in the immediate vicinity of the works. It consists invariably of a few rows of corrugated iron sheds, at the back of which the tenants build out huts of poles and old bags, where they prefer to spend their time rather than in the iron rooms heated by the unclouded sunshine of the rainless desert. The villages always swarm with dogs, donkeys, and Bolivian women, and the last assemble twice a day round the fountain where distilled water is sold to them morning and afternoon, and also at the barred window of the *pulperia*, or general store, where all their wants are supplied by the provident proprietors of the *oficina*. In the pampa the old truck system or something equivalent prevails in all the *oficinas*, and apparently must prevail still, the conditions of labor

and the nature of the laborer being peculiar. However, the *oficina* prohibits any trading within its grounds, except in vegetables and fruit, and the men are obliged to buy their food and drink in the *pulperia*, which also holds at their disposal clothes for themselves and

PRETTY SEMI-BOLIVIANS.

their wives, furniture, sewing-machines, accordions, and all sorts of articles. These stores are carried on with a view to making a profit out of the sales, and not merely for the accommodation of the workmen. We may say, further, that through the *pulperia* the company calculates to make a profit of ten dollars on an average from each workman. From another point of view we may say that sixty per cent. of the earnings of the men are spent in the company's store, and the other forty per cent. wasted in drink and gambling, either inside the camp or in neighboring villages. Very few of the workmen save any money; many of them are fearful gamblers and the victims of "professionals," who make a specialty of the pampa, and nearly all of them are prone to drinking *chicha* and adulterated spirits, which provoke wild *cuecas* that last for several days. Withal they are not unpicturesque, and their women folk with their gaudy baize skirts and queer jaunty hats often form effective groups against the arid back-

ground of arid, sunny distance. The Bolivian trading women also look very paintable as they squat on their heels in the shadow of a galvanized iron wall waiting for customers for their fruit, which is one of the pleasant surprises of the pampa. Thanks to the oasis of Pica, fine grapes are abundant, also other fruits and vegetables. Between Pozo Almonte and Pica there is another oasis of a curious nature near the wood of Tirana, where there are large beds of salt, or *salares*. The top crust of salt is removed to a depth of three or four feet, until moisture is reached, and then alfalfa is sown, from which crops are obtained for four or five years in succession. After this pits are dug to a greater depth, and algarrobas, or locust-beans, are grown for fattening cattle. The places where this system of subsoil cultivation is practised are called *canchones*.

If any kind reader has had the patience to follow me thus far he must have frequently asked what is the good of talking at such length about nitrate of soda? What is the use of it? Who cares about it? What is nitrate? These questions are appropriate. If nitrate were of use only in the manufacture of gunpowder, perhaps it would not have been worth while travelling across the dusty pampa and prying into other people's business as I did. Still, even if that were the case, I should not regret having visited a tract of country so rich in rare physical phenomena as the province of Tarapacá. But there are other reasons. Nitrate has been found to be an excellent artificial fertilizer, and its use for this purpose is destined to become more and more extensive. The French, German, and English experts who have experimented and written upon the subject, and whose observations have been summed up and presented in a lucid pamphlet by Professor Wagner, of Darmstadt, show that nitrogen is one of the essential nutrient substances of plants, that no crop can flourish without a supply of nitrogen from the soil, that farm-yard manure is rarely sufficient to supply the cultivated plant with the nitrogen it requires to produce crops securing the highest possible clear profit, and that the practical farmer must therefore have recourse to artificial manure. The two most important nitrogenous manures are nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. Here again I fear to weary the general reader with special and technical matters of interest only to the agriculturist, and therefore refer those who are interested to Dr. Wagner's pamphlet, *Nitrate of Soda: Its Importance and Use as Manure* (London: Whittaker & Co., 1887), where much information will be found concerning

the application of nitrate to cereals, root crops, and tobacco. The growing increase of the quantities of nitrate exported to the United States would indeed seem to indicate that the American farmer is beginning to pay some attention to scientific farming. The statistics are as follows:

Year.	Spanish quintals of 100 pounds.	Value in United States gold.
1887	1,564,959.20	$2,135,473 20
1888	1,474,920.15	2,356,241 24
1889	2,141,259.52	3,158,799 60

The quantity of iodine exported to the United States was as follows:

Year.	Pounds avoirdupois.	Value in United States gold.
1887	57,706	$72,022 01
1888	76,493	108,226 61
1889	104,338	191,117 23

The total exports of nitrate of soda from Chili during the past three years have been as follows:

Year.	Spanish quintals of 100 pounds.	Value in United States gold.
1887	15,299,655	$21,595,983
1888	16,682,665	25,060,170
1889	20,606,454	30,403,515

The above totals include, of course, the exports to the United States. The exporting ports for nitrate in Chili are Pisagua, Iquique, Caleta Buena, Junin, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, Taltal, and Puerto Oliva. The chief European ports to which shipments are made are Liverpool and Hamburg, the whole being sent to the United Kingdom and the European Continent, with the exception of that sent to the United States. Of this latter, in 1889, 1,797,417 quintals were shipped to the east coast, and 223,394 quintals to California.

The nitrate question is one of vital importance in Chilian finances, inasmuch as the royalty levied on exported nitrate, namely, $1 60 Chilian, at 38 pence per metric quintal of 100 pounds, is the most important item in the revenues of the State, producing an amount even superior to that of the general import duties all together. Thus,

in the budget estimates for 1890, the *rentas* amount to a total of $23,010,000 Chilian paper, of which sum $20,900,000 are produced by nitrate royalties, while in the total produced by taxes, namely, $22,995,000, the general import duties figure for $20,655,000. Furthermore, it is believed by the Chilians that far from diminishing as a fiscal element and as an international return, nitrate will go on increasing in importance in future years, and will exercise a considerable influence on the material and economical progress of the country.

Everything that tends to extend and popularize the use of nitrate in the agricultural countries of the world, it is argued, will contribute to the advance of Chili, because the increase of State revenues thus obtained will assure the realization of various public works, which in turn will augment the national wealth, cheapen interior transport, make communications easier, reduce the cost of loading and unloading, and give a solid basis to the commerce and industry of the republic. At the same time the increase of the revenue will enable Chili to pay off her debt, and finally to return to specie payments, and to "that metallic currency which is the most legitimate and natural aspiration of the country." "Given the actual situation of Chili," says the *Memoria del Ministro de Hacienda*, presented to Congress in 1889, "now that the importance of copper and wheat—formerly the principal returns—has been to a great extent lost, and that of silver considerably reduced, nitrate has come to be the principal article of exportation, and the basis on which the foreign commerce of Chili rests." Considering the vast extent of nitrate-bearing land, and the number of *oficinas* in activity besides those belonging to the State, the Government believes that the production may be greatly developed, the only limit being that imposed by the demand of the market. The Chilians, however, are full of prudence, and remembering that it is well to take new remedies while they are still fashionable, they say with touching candor, in the *Memoria* above referred to, that "in view of discoveries that may be made in the matter of artificial fertilizers, it is desirable to take advantage of the moment, and to transform in as short a time as possible these unproductive riches of the nitrate beds of Tarapacá, Antofagasta, and Atacama into means of national welfare, force, and progress;" and with that object it is proposed to establish an active propaganda, in order to make nitrate and its merits known all over the world. In this work not only are the Chilian con-

suls engaged within the measure of their means, but even special envoys are, I understand, to be sent out, one of them going as far as China as a nitrate missionary. All this is curious and worthy of notice. So far as the United States are concerned, if it be found that the farmers, the tobacco planters, and the viticultors of California need nitrate in annually increasing quantities, as statistics would seem to show, then a great step will have been made towards developing greater commercial relations with Chili, for nitrate is the only return cargo that the southern republic can send in exchange for American machinery and miscellaneous manufactures.

CHAPTER VIII.

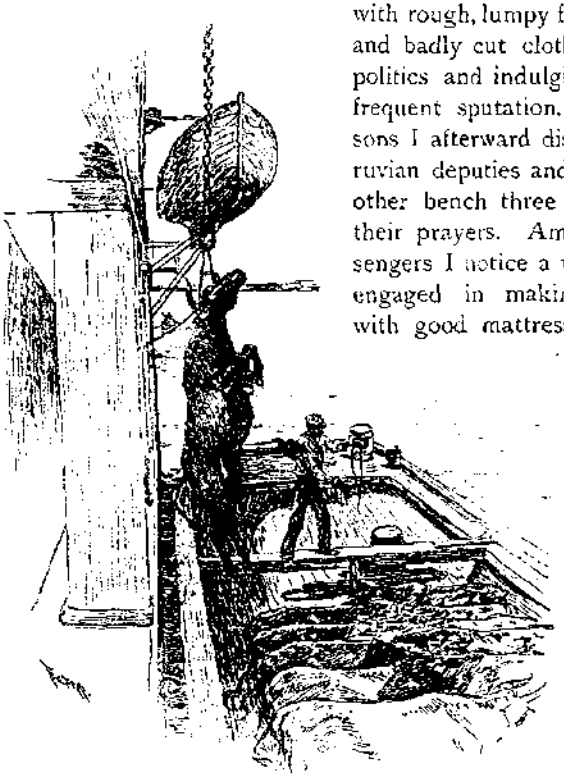
IMPRESSIONS OF PERU.

I.

A LETTER I received on landing at Callao ended with the following words: "Hoping that you are enjoying your trip and getting a true impression of these republics, *gleaned from the many untruths you are doubtless flooded with*, I remain, etc." That, indeed, is my aspiration; but the task is not easy, especially if you listen to what people tell you without controlling their contradictory statements by a reference to facts where facts are accessible. In Peru facts are not so accessible as they might be. For the want of means of communication, it is a long and difficult business to travel through the country and see things for one's self. On the other hand, the poverty-stricken Government is too poor to publish an official journal, much more to issue a geographical and statistical synopsis of the country. The consequence is that for most travellers Peru is represented by Lima and the port of Callao alone, and the rest of the country, whose boundaries even are undefined, is left to the legends and imaginations of enthusiastic explorers. For my part I make no pretensions to being an explorer. All that I saw in Peru was that which any industrious observer might have seen. My impressions were unbiassed by prejudices or preconceived opinions. I simply saw and was interested.

My route towards the Peruvian capital lay along the coast northward from the nitrate desert of Tarapacá, where I had made my last halt for observation and study. After a farewell breakfast with an English gentleman resident at Iquique in the flesh, but still wandering in memory through the galleries of the Louvre and the cloisters of Verona—a friend of a few days' standing, whom sympathy had at once made, as it were, a friend of old years—I left the brown nitrate port almost with regret, and went on board the steamer *Cachapoal*, bound for Panama and intermediate ports. This is one of the sad-

dening moments in the traveller's existence. As you mount the gangway, followed by the boatman with your baggage, you feel the brusque change, you think of the pleasant people on shore who have kindly entreated you, and whom you will probably never see again. Then, after the brief diversion of finding your cabin, and immediately corrupting the steward, with a view to securing creature comforts during the voyage, you wander up and down the deck full of *ennui*, not knowing anybody, examining the queer-looking people who are your chance companions, and wondering who they are. One passenger, a dilapidated and anæmic youth, has already settled down in a corner to read Zola's *La Tierra* in a Spanish translation, decorated with a gaudy chromo-lithographic cover, representing the man-brute kissing the woman-brute in a cornfield. In another corner half a dozen men, with rough, lumpy faces, hoarse voices, and badly cut clothes, are discussing politics and indulging in audible and frequent sputation. These gross persons I afterward discovered to be Peruvian deputies and senators. On another bench three priests are saying their prayers. Among the deck passengers I notice a whole family busily engaged in making up their beds with good mattresses and nice clean white sheets. Father, mother, son, and two daughters are all chattering over the work, which is being done in a very satisfactory way. Later in the day I found the whole family in bed —with their boots on.



LOADING CATTLE ON A STEAMER.

We have now started. The silence of the ship

impresses one. There is no sound but the regular thud of the engine and the rush of the water that dashes against the ship's side, like an enemy ever to be repelled, and ever returning to the charge. The sun is shining brilliantly; the Pacific continues its long and indolent roll; the red-brown barren coast closes the horizon and deepens in the distance into rich purple tones. Day after day the scene is the same—brown and arid hills along the coast; occasionally a white patch of guano; now and again a town and port, and a narrow fertile valley running down to the sea. The ship anchors at a certain distance from the shore. The captain of the port comes on board and exercises his authority. Then the boatmen scramble up the ship's side to take passengers ashore. Then the lighters are moored alongside, and the monotonous and noisy business of loading and unloading begins. The merchandise consists chiefly of flour, fruit, barrels of wine, tall earthen amphoræ of *pisco*—a very savory grape spirit—and bullocks by the hundred. These animals are brought to the ship's side in lighters, and hoisted on board by means of a noose slipped under their horns and hooked on to the chain of the steam-winch. The poor brutes are knocked about in a most barbarous style, banged against the bulwarks, swung in mid-air, and dropped on the deck with a crash that stuns them, and necessitates their being restored to consciousness by the violent twisting of their tails. From Valdivia to Callao the coast steamers always carry each more than three hundred head of cattle, the southern Chilian ports supplying the northern mineral and nitrate zone, and the southern Peruvian ports exporting their beeves to Callao and the capital.

At last we reach Callao. The ship is moored to a decent quay; we say good-bye to the genial Yankee captain, with whom we have become very friendly, and once more we and our baggage land on a foreign shore without chart or compass. Callao offers no special interest. It is a small seaport, with quays, warehouses, rail tracks along the wharves, and rather picturesque streets lined with more or less shabby houses, many of them having iron gratings over the windows, in the old Spanish style. There is nothing to see and nothing to do until the train starts, except to breakfast. This function I accomplished in an establishment where three-quarters of the customers were Englishmen. The shops, too, I noticed, bore Italian, English, and German names. Callao, like most seaports, is polyglot.

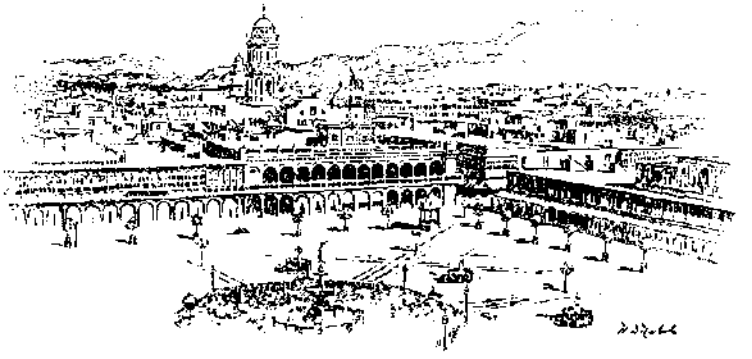
The journey from Callao to Lima takes half an hour by train, and

you have the choice of two lines, one English and one American, but both provided with American rolling-stock. The landscape is green and fertile, and the eye, wearied by the long spell of arid rock and sand which has prevailed since we left Valparaiso, greets with pleasure the delicate green of the banana-leaf, and the more familiar but not less welcome sight of a field of common grass. So we arrive at Lima in the very primitive railway station of the English company, hire a negro coachman, and ride to a hotel, reputedly the best in the town. At first sight it seems to be a pleasant house. The dining-room is in a court-yard dotted with flower-beds and shaded with luxuriant climbing plants, between whose leaves the sunlight filters. On the first floor, around a balcony, are the bedrooms. A second and a third *patio* are similarly arranged, and would delight an artist in search of picturesque bits, the more so as one of the menials is a Chinaman as ugly as a *netské*, another a negress, and others semi-Indians, *Cholos* and *Cholitas* with copper skins, black, lank hair, and imbruted, moony countenances. There are no bells to call these indolent creatures; you stand outside your door and clap your hands in Spanish fashion, and then wait patiently to be waited on. In reality this picturesque establishment proved to be a poor and irritating hostelry; but with the aid of those two talismanic words, so consoling in all Hispano-American countries, *caramba* and *paciencia*, I managed to exist. The fat old French washer-woman who directed the hotel seemed proud of it, and she informed me that Sarah Bernhardt, who

CHOLO TYPES.

had occupied the front rooms towards the plaza during her visit to Lima, was enchanted with the place; so, of course, I had nothing to say but "*Caramba!*"

Lima is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Rimac, a mountain torrent, at the end of a valley whose enclosing hills rise on one side of the town. The streets run at right angles for the most part, the main thoroughfares being longitudinal. The centre of movement is the Plaza Mayor, which is planted with trees, and has a



PLAZA MAYOR, LIMA.

small garden and some marble statues in the centre. But, like many things in Lima, the plaza is bereft of its former glory, the Chilians having removed many of its ornaments, and even its benches, to the plazas in Santiago and Concepción. On one side of the Plaza Mayor are the cathedral and the archbishop's palace; on another, the Casa Verde, or Gobierno, where the President lives, and where all the affairs of the republic are managed; on the third side are the *Municipalidad*, arcades, and shops; and on the fourth side likewise arcades and shops. These arcades are called Portal Escribanos and Portal Botoneros. Here are the dry-goods stores, the money-changers, and the tobacconists, who also sell newspapers and lottery-tickets, while over the Portales are the French and Italian club-houses, the English Phenix Club, and just round the corner the principal Peruvian club, called the Union, a very pleasant house, with a long glazed balcony overhanging the street. The Casa Verde is a low building, painted dark-green, with white facings; it occupies one whole side of the

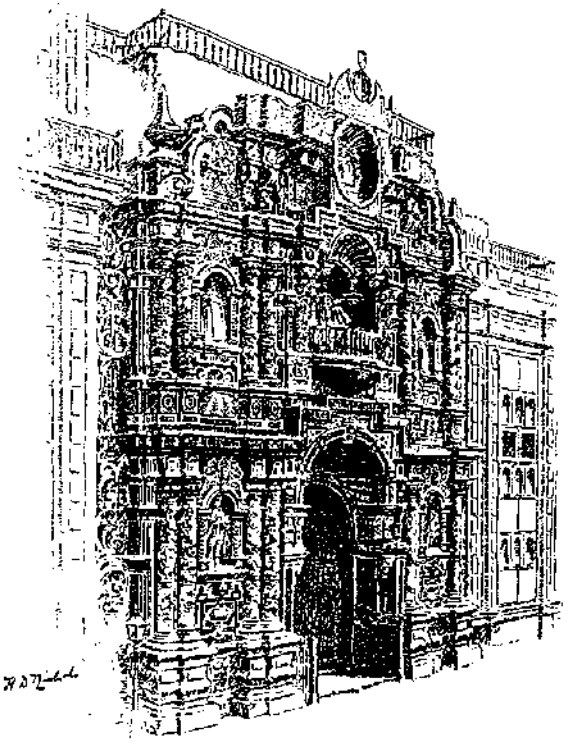
square, but has no architectural merits, and no particular interest beyond the fact that the old viceroys lived there, and that the great captain Pizarro was assassinated in one of the rooms. The cathedral is a very large and curious building of grand proportions, with an imposing façade, approached by a flight of stone steps, and flanked by two towers in the Spanish Jesuit style. The doors are studded with big Moorish nails, like those that you see in old Spain, in Toledo, and Cordoba. Indeed, everything is a reflection of old Spain, and the peculiarity of Lima is precisely this fact, that it has remained to the present day a sixteenth-century Spanish town—the best specimen of the kind in South America. But, like Constantinople and other Eastern towns famed for their picturesqueness, Lima will not bear close examination. The cathedral is built of mud, timber, bamboo cane, common bricks, sun-dried bricks, and such light material, faced with stucco, all in a bad state of repair. Inside it has a vaulted Gothic roof, with mouldings of white plaster; but where the plaster has peeled off you see that the whole roof is a mere light framework of wood, covered in with fine bamboo canes and twigs laid closely together lengthwise, and strengthened by cross-pieces. On the inside these canes are coated with white plaster, and on the outside with brown mud, and this is sufficient; for at Lima it never rains, and the moisture of the winter mists is not sufficient to penetrate through the thin layer of earth that is spread over the flat roofs of the houses. All the churches in Lima, more than seventy in number, are built in the same way; and some, like those of La Merced and of the Nazarenas, have most elaborate façades, adorned with ornate twisted columns, niches, statues, and entablatures, all in stucco-work. The church of Santo Domingo has a very lofty tower, likewise of timber, lath, and plaster, painted white to imitate marble, and enriched with tier after tier of lapis lazuli pillars, composed of stucco painted blue and veined with yellow. This tower, like the Giralda of Seville, is surmounted by a metal figure. These churches are all rather gaudily decorated inside with a profusion of side altars, images dressed in rich stuffs, flowers, candles, and drapery, just as in Spain. Indeed, as you walk about Lima you are constantly making the remark how like it is to Seville or Toledo, only it is not so good. The splendor of the churches of Lima now exists only in memory, for during the war with Chili all the church plate was sent to the melting-pot, and most of the gold and silver ornaments in private hands also. The demagogue

THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA.

Nicolás Piérola distinguished himself in collecting ecclesiastical riches at that time.

On the whole, the finest church in Lima is that of San Francisco, which, together with the convent and the adjacent chapels of Soledad and Milagro, forms an immense pile near the Rimac. Here, again, the architectural proportions and general silhouette of the buildings are very imposing, and if you judged from a distance or from a photograph, you might easily imagine the structure to be of rich white-and-black marble. But no. It is the eternal stucco, plaster, and paint over a basis of brick, the arches and framework of the upper belfries and turrets being timber and cane with stucco mouldings. Many buildings in Lima bear the marks of the passage of the victorious Chilians or of civil revolutionary strife. The façade of the cathedral is pitted with bullet-holes, but the towers of San Francisco have suffered worst of all, probably beyond repair. It appears that in the course of a recent revolution one of the leaders took up a position in the towers of San Francisco, where he was bombarded by artillery from the Casa Verde. Such souvenirs as this are common in Lima. From one of the towers of the cathedral is a projecting beam, from which more than one unsuccessful political aspirant has been hung and left to rot. On the summit of the hill of San Cristobal is a fort which the demagogue Nicolás Piérola built, ostensibly to repel the Chilians, really to dominate the town; but his game was spoiled by the energy of the Urban Guard of foreign residents, who marched up the hill and spiked the guns, in which state they still remain. Now the poor towers of San Francisco look very battered and shabby. The convent, too, retains none of its former splendor, and for want of care it is beginning to fall to ruin. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting monuments in Lima. The cloisters are especially noticeable. They are built with a lower and an upper story around a garden planted with bananas, *floripondios*, and brilliantly-flowering shrubs, now growing a little wild. The lower cloisters are lined with panels of *azulejos*, the finest and most perfectly preserved that I have seen, even finer than the panels in Seville. From the upper cloister a staircase leading to the choir of the church is surmounted by a Moorish dome of geometrical design, composed of pieces of wood joined together with groove and slot, of the same kind of work as the domes and ceilings of the Alhambra, and of the Alcazar at Seville. The choir of the church is placed at the end opposite the altar, and

elevated after the manner and model of the choir of the church of the Escorial, and adorned with richly-carved stalls and wooden statuettes. Here the Franciscan monks, with their brown hooded robes and sandalled feet, shuffle along and do their devotions, while the body of the church is given up to the public. The monks are no longer numerous, not more than fifteen or twenty, I am told, just sufficient to prevent the convent from being closed, and I am further informed that even this small number has to be imported. Nowadays monks, priests, and translations of French novels are the principal products exported by Spain to her former colonies.

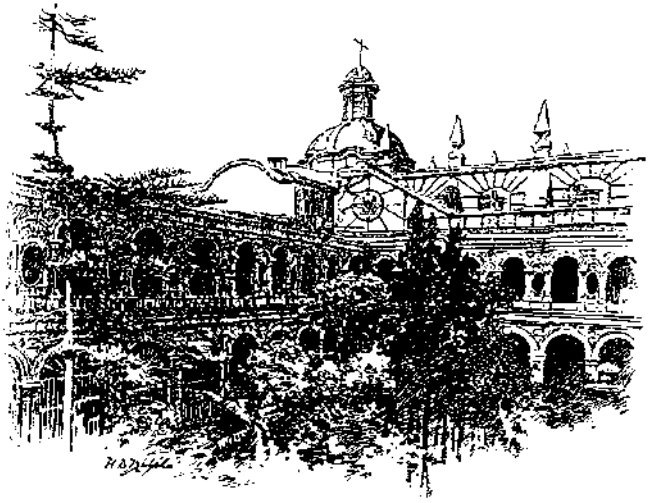


CHURCH OF LA MERCED, LIMA.

Other old buildings of interest in Lima are the Capillita del Puente, the oldest church in the town, dating from Pizarro's time, but remarkable only for its antiquity; the Senate House, which is the room where the Inquisition used to hold its sittings; the old Puente de los Desemparados, which connects Lima with the suburbs of San Lazaro and Malambo, the latter inhabited chiefly by negroes and Chinese; and the house of the Torre Tagle family, a photograph of which is bought by every tourist. This last is to the artistic eye the finest house in Lima, and the model from which all the other houses have deviated with disadvantage. It is built of stone, with a del-

icately carved door-way reaching to the roof, and flanked by two glazed balconies, or *miradores*, resting on elaborately-carved brackets, while the lower windows are barred with iron-work. This house, which has been kept in good preservation, except in that the wood-work and carving have been painted instead of oiled, and so have lost their sharpness, remains a model of Hispano-Moorish domestic architecture, and as such is worthy of the attention of the house-builders of America. The Senate House also contains a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century work in the ceiling, composed of rafters and consoles of hard native iron-wood most magnificently and elaborately carved and admirably preserved. Unfortunately, the modern Limeños have done all in their power to make the rest of the room ugly; the walls are papered red; at one end of the hall is a vulgar tribune, where the senators perorate and gesticulate with the aid of the traditional glass of sugar-and-water; along each side are two rows of chairs of American manufacture, with cast-iron legs and revolving seats; and on the wall, in an indifferent gilt frame, hangs the portrait of President Pardo, who was shot a few years ago just as he was entering the room.

The modern monuments of Lima are not numerous. The finest is the monument and column in memory of the heroes of the war of

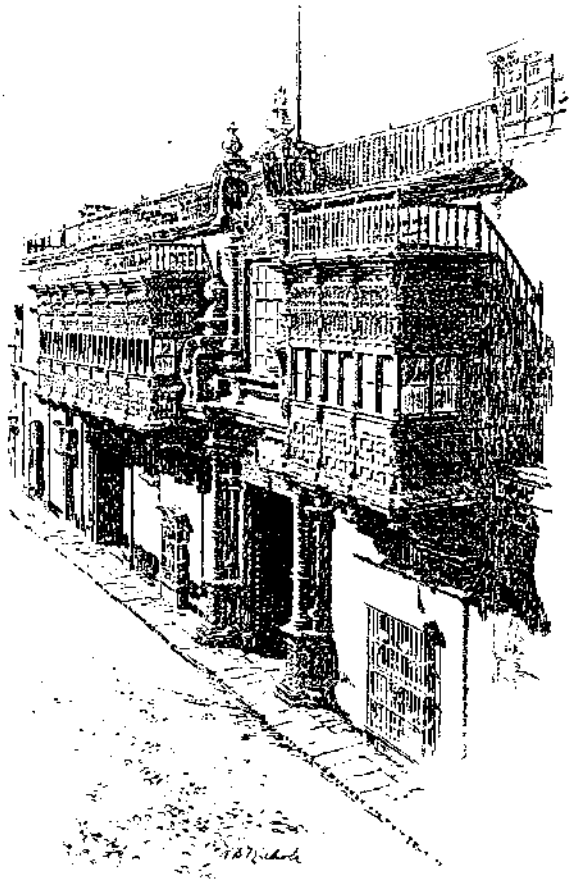


THE CLOISTER OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA.

independence and of the great day of May 2d. This is the work of French sculptors and bronze founders. The cemetery is also one of the show-places of Lima, and vies with that of Milan in the number and costliness of its sculptured tombs, due almost exclusively to Italian chisels. The Alameda de los Descalzos, with its beautiful garden promenade lined with colossal statues, and the Exposición, with its highly ornate stucco palace and its fine but deserted gardens, perhaps complete the sights of Lima. Alas! the Limeños will tell you, their city is not what it used to be before the war. The Chilians sacked and plundered right and left; they killed the elephant in the Exposición gardens and stole the lions; they carried off the benches and statues, and even the trees, from the public promenades; they appropriated looking-glasses and clocks in private houses, books and pictures in the libraries, ornaments from the churches, and even rails and sleepers from the railways. They respected nothing, but left Peru in a state of material and financial desolation, of which traces are visible on all sides in Lima itself, in the pleasure-resorts of Miraflores, Chorillos, Baranco, and Ancon, and even for miles up the Andine valleys, where roofless houses and piles of ruins attest the passage of the victor and the persistent poverty of the vanquished.

Lima has been called "The Pearl of the Pacific," and other flattering names. In the old days of the viceroys it was, beyond doubt, the finest, as it was the richest, city in New Spain; but now it is a sadly sullied pearl, a moribund and inert place, where everything bears witness to decadence, poverty, and almost despair. The streets swarm with beggars, and the majority of the one hundred thousand inhabitants of the capital live in an indigent, primitive, and thoroughly unhygienic manner, which would be unendurable were it not for the clemency of the climate, which enervates and conduces to a languid and indolent state, comparable in some respects to the fatalism of the Turk. Indeed, the street life of Lima frequently reminded me of that of Constantinople, which is likewise a city of stucco monuments, barred windows, and overhanging *miradores*. In the first place you find a similar abundance of money-changers, who have their counters open to the street, and display to the covetousness of the impecunious a selection of gold and silver coins and bank-notes, mixed up with jewelry, plate, and miscellaneous bric-à-brac. The Lima money-changers also deal in lottery-tickets and in *huacas*—the generic name for those mummies, bits of canvas, domestic utensils, and hid-

eous crockery-ware, which form the basis of Peruvian antiquities. These *huacas* ought to be dug up among the ruins of the ancient Inca cities, but much of the pottery is now made in a modern manufactory at Paita. I have always noticed that the scarcer money is in a country, and the worse the state of its finances, the more numerous are the tables of the money-changers. The evidence of Lima confirms this observation. The finances of the country are notoriously in a fearful state. Although the mountains of Peru are full of gold, silver, and other precious metals, there is not a native gold coin to be found in the country, except as a historical curiosity; and the very small amount of coin in circulation is of the most primitive and inconvenient kind, consisting of coarse copper one and two cent pieces and very heavy silver dollars, too weighty to be carried in a civilized man's pocket. The consequence is an extensive credit system and the use of bank checks. The Limeños prefer to



TORRE TAGLE HOUSE, LIMA.

run into debt freely rather than be burdened with a few pounds of silver dollars.

In the second place you remark the rareness of carts, and the use by preference of mules and donkeys as beasts of burden. All day long the streets are full of itinerant venders, many of whom come in from the suburbs and the country. The milk-woman, a negress or a *Chola*, with dark skin, long braids of black hair, and a white straw Panama hat of masculine shape, sits enthroned on the top of her cans, and often carries a baby in her arms; or, if her Indian blood be very strong, the baby will be hung on her back in a pouch. The water-seller, or *aguadór*, rides on the hind-quarters of a donkey, with his water-barrels in front of him. The bakers use square panniers made of parchment stretched on a wooden frame, and for supplementary loads a long sack is suspended on each side of the mule or donkey. Fruit-sellers are to be found at every street corner, squatting in the shade, with piles of grapes, *paltas*, peaches, *granadillas*, mangoes, bananas, and other fruit before them. The Desemparados Bridge is a favorite station for the fruit-women, and also for all kinds of peddlers, among whom the Chinaman is conspicuous. In Lima the Chinese are very numerous; some of them sell water-ices and others fruit, which they carry in Oriental style in baskets suspended from a long bamboo

MILK-WOMAN.

pole balanced on their shoulder; they also do all kinds of odd work as porters and servants, but their specialty is keeping cheap restaurants. The Limeños eat, but do not dine. I may even go further, and say that they never will dine so long as the Hispano-American system of leaving house-keeping entirely to the servants remains unreformed. At present the better classes of society give the cook two, three, or more dollars every day, and with that sum the cook provides whatever he thinks proper, unadvised, unenlightened, and uncontrolled. Most of the people, however, live like pigs, do no cooking at home, and send out to the nearest restaurant to buy a dish or two of something that defies analysis. John Chinaman is the exclusive restaurateur of the poor, of the working-classes, and of the market people. Around the principal Mercado de la Concepción, in particular, Chinese restaurants and shops abound, each one decorated with vertical inscriptions written on black or orange-red paper. Some of the merchants and shopkeepers are well-dressed and good-looking Chinese, with elegant pigtails, nicely-shaven blue temples, and glossy skins; but the vast majority of the yellow race in Lima are coolies of the lowest class, who wear cotton trousers, black or chocolate-colored blouses, and Panama hats. Many of them have no pigtail, but allow their hair to grow shaggy. Others, again, are miserably emaciated and jaundiced by the abuse of opium. There is a Chinese theatre at Lima and a

WATER-SELLER.

pagoda. The origin of the colony is the importation of coolies in former years to work the guano deposits and for agricultural labor. This system of contract labor, which was virtual slavery, was abolished by law only a few years ago; but most of the emancipated slaves have remained in the country, where they now intermarry with the native *Chola* women, and form peaceful and industrious citizens and model fathers. I am informed that John Chinaman's qualities as a husband and a family man are now highly appreciated by the native ladies of the lower classes, although formerly he was looked upon with horror.

Negroes also abound in Lima and all along the coast of Peru. They are likewise emancipated slaves and their descendants, and form a very turbulent, shameless, and foul-mouthed class, especially in the seaports, where they serve as stevedores. In Lima they are coachmen, laborers, and loafers, and, together with their large woolly-headed women and grinning children, they impart a West Indian aspect to certain quarters of the town. Besides Chinese and negroes, you see in the streets of Lima all kinds of cross-breeds and all shades of skin, from Ethiopian black, chocolate, copper, red-brown, and yellow, to the sallow white skin of the aristocratic and worn-out Peruvian, and the opaque pure white of the far-famed Limeña beauties. The intermixture of the black, white, and yellow races with the native Indians has produced more than twenty degrees of hybridism, to distinguish which requires an expert. In Lima the pure Indian from the mountains is rarely seen, and when he and his wife do go down to the capital, they prove to be a stolid and imbruted couple, not worthy of any particular interest. They are, however, good Catholics, bow religiously before the gaudily-dressed images exhibited at the church doors, and deposit their obole in the tray which the priests present to them.

Given this excessively mixed population, it may be readily conceived that the streets of Lima present a sufficiently varied and picturesque scene. The town itself offers from almost any point an equally picturesque frame for the picture. The perspective of the streets is always amusing, thanks to the projecting *miradores*, to the towers of the churches, which always appear in the distance, and, in the longitudinal streets, to the line of hills and the Cerro de San Cristobal, which rise above houses and towers. The movement is composed of the elements already enumerated, an occasional cart with

ON THE DESEMPARADOS BRIDGE, LIMA.

three mules harnessed abreast, a whistling tram-way, a closed carriage drawn by two horses (in Lima open carriages seem to be unknown, whether they be public or private conveyances), and foot-passengers, consisting largely of women wearing black *mantas*, which form at once bonnet and shawl, being drawn tightly over the head and pinned behind in one or two places. This black *manta* is the universal costume of the Lima women of all classes in the early hours of the day; no other dress is seen in the churches; and it is only in the afternoon that you see the ladies clad in the current modern finery which Paris invents and distributes to the whole world. Towards five o'clock the Plaza Mayor and the main streets, called Mercaderes and Bodegones, attain their maximum of animation, which is almost exclusively pedestrian, for the Peruvians are now too poor to keep carriages. In the Mercaderes and the Portales of the plaza the ladies

flit from shop to shop, buying, or longing to buy, the European manufactured goods displayed in the windows, handling the moiré, the surah, the faille, and the various bright-colored cotton stuffs that are marked down to tempt them as a "*colosal baratura.*" The men, sallow-faced, anæmic, poor in physique, with languid eyes and showy cravats, stand on the corners talking politics or scandal, and staring at the women as they pass. The newspaper boys cry: "*El País!*" "*El Constitucional!*" "*El Nacional!*" "*El Comercio!*" and, with regrettable lack of commercial morality, many of them try to palm off yesterday's issue by artifices of guileful folding so as to hide the date. Monotonous voices murmur at every few yards: "*Mil quinientos soles para mañana,*" "*Diez mil soles para miércoles,*" "*Plata para luego.*" These are venders of lottery-tickets—another evidence of poverty and bad finances, and another point of resemblance between modern Lima and modern Madrid. Yet another point of resemblance is the groups of bull-fighters, with short jackets, tight trousers, flat-brimmed hats, and heavy watch-chains, who stand on the street corners and talk with the *aficionados* about their feats and *suertes* in the rings of Madrid and Seville; for Lima is a great place for tauromachy, and its Plaza de Acho is one of the largest in the world. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in the days of the Inquisition the Hispano-American heretics used to be burned in effigy in the middle of this bull-ring.

Every traveller who visits Lima writes enthusiastically about the charms of the ladies, and attempts to analyze the characteristics of their features and gait. All that has been said in praise of the Limeñas is well merited, except the comparisons which would give them a unique position in the hierarchy of feminine beauty. Pretty ladies with white skins, regular features, fine liquid black eyes, and a well-ordained distribution of flesh are to be seen by the score in Lima; but, as a rule, it seems to me that their beauty is shown to singular advantage by the extreme simplicity of their costume, which allows only the face to be seen, the whiteness of the flesh and the brilliancy of the eyes being set off by the contrast of the dull black *manta.* In modern Parisian costume the Limeñas look less remarkable, and from the point of view of combined beauty, elegance, and vivacity, I should be inclined, so far as concerns South America, to give the first place to the beauties of the Banda Oriental, and especially of its capital, Montevideo. Nevertheless, far be it from me to disparage the

Limeñas. Furthermore, in order that each man may judge for himself, our illustrations reproduce the features of a few of the prominent beauties of the Peruvian capital.

As regards society in Lima I have nothing to say, having had no adequate means of observing. For that matter, I think that in most books of travel the chapter on society might be omitted with advantage, because it generally misinforms the reader and irritates the natives. In this democratic nineteenth century "society," in the old and aristocratic sense of the term, is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency towards the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centres of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less pale reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless. Well-to-do Peruvians and Chilenos send their sons to be educated in Germany or France; their women folk play Beethoven's sonatas and applaud tenors and prima donnas during the Italian opera season; the men wear tall hats

and drink American cocktails, mixed at their Union Club by the imitative talent of a semi-Indian waiter; the ladies wear tall hats or short hats as the fashion may direct, and devote much attention to the *ultimas novedades de Paris*. The Peruvians also follow the modern fashion of deserting their roomy and comfortable town-houses and spending the summer at inhospitable sea-side places like Ancon, Chorillos, Barranco, and Miraflores, where they live in wooden shanties amid the naked ruins that still remain to remind them of the victory of the invading Chilians. The whole civilized life of Peru is imitative and without spontaneity or originality. The women swoon over "Il Travatore;" the men consider Georges Ohnet to be a great genius; and the boys swear only by Jules Verne.

One of the rare salient characteristics of the Limeñas is their fidelity to the Church. They are all assiduous worshippers, and the churches are always full of devout women, whose piety is never aggressive, but always indulgent to the impiety of others, and in itself naïve and spontaneous. The loving and mystic temperament of the Limeña is a survival of the ages of faith when saints lived and were canonized, like the patroness of Lima, that Santa Rosa whose short and simple life is related so touchingly in the old chronicles. The biographer not only tells us about the goodness, the mortifications, and the charity of Santa Rosa, but also celebrates the grace of her walk, the smallness of her hands and feet, the delicate turn of her neck, the cameo-like fineness of her profile, the brilliancy of her eyes, "black, large, and veiled by long lashes, on the tip of which a tear trembles, ready to fall." The admiration of the contemporaries of Maria Flores, canonized under the name of Santa Rosa, seems to have been addressed as much to her beauty as to her virtues. Her presence in a society constantly perturbed by conspiracies and intestine wars is certainly curious. Santa Rosa remains now, as she was three hundred years ago, the favorite model of the painters and image carvers; and among all the dolls that adorn Peruvian churches the figure of the tender flower saint is always the best, and often quite a work of art, in spite of the wigs, skirts, and stoles of brocade and the crowns of paper flowers that are lavished with too generous profusion. In front of the chapel of Santa Rosa a group of kneeling women is never wanting, and the fête-day of this saint is the grandest in the year. The recent celebration of her third centenary was the occasion of a whole month's rejoicings in the streets of Lima, which

were decorated with lanterns, banners, and garlands of flowers in a most picturesque manner.

Besides the churches, the Limeñas have many houses of retreat—*casas de ejercicios*—where they may retire to pious meditation amid very crude frescos and images. There are also several convents for women. The monasteries, on the other hand, are but a shadow of what they were in the colonial times. Their decadence is irremediable, and a law now in force is gradually pronouncing the suppression of the old national religious associations, though the foreign orders are allowed to bring recruits from abroad. At the same time the clergy is losing the authority it held so long as the Church remained haughtily impartial towards the different factions which dispute so bitterly for power. During the last revolution, which took place in April, 1890, while I was in Peru, the leader of the disorder, the demagogue Piérola, had been the declared candidate of the clergy, and several priests were his most fervent canvassers for votes. I remember particularly one bronzed and fat priest whom I used to see every night on the plaza till past midnight, always busy in the interests of Piérola.

II.

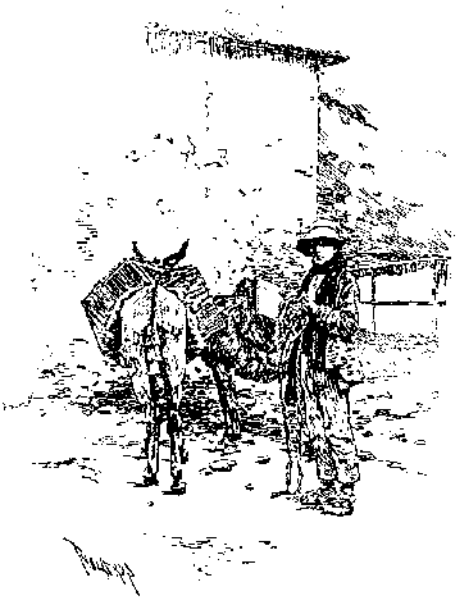
Lima, with its motley population, its churches, its busy old bridge, its irregular rows of houses built of adobe bricks, cane, and mud, its *miradores* and balconies, its shops, its innumerable drinking-saloons placed under the patronage of Eiffel, Edison, Crispi, Bismarck, and all the celebrities of the two hemispheres, its *portales*, its indolent men and placid women, and its general air of bankruptcy and want of energy, is not a desirable place to stay in for any length of time. The climate, too, though not absolutely unhealthy, is decidedly enervating; and if one lived in it for a few weeks even, one would probably become as lazy and slow as the natives themselves, who even do nothing with effort. I therefore availed myself of every opportunity of making excursions into the country, one of the most interesting of which was a visit to the *hacienda* of Caudivilla, a very extensive sugar plantation and refinery in the valley of the Chillon, situated not far from Ancon. The estate consists of four square leagues of ground on both banks of the river, about three-fifths of which are devoted to

cane plantations, and the rest to alfalfa, corn, and pasture. The mill, built in 1866, is provided with machinery by Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia; it has a productive capacity of 3000 Spanish quintals a month, and appears to be a model establishment of the kind. A North American engineer is in charge of the machinery. The buildings are very commodiously arranged around a square, enclosed with high walls and monumental gates. On one side of the square is the mill; on another the offices and a roomy dwelling-house, with comfort-

LLAMAS ON A PLANTATION.

able accommodation for visitors, and all facilities for exercising liberal hospitality; on the third side are stables, a hotel and restaurant for the employés, and a *tambo*, or store; and on the fourth side *bodegas*, or warehouses for bagging and stocking the manufactured sugar. The square is traversed by a broad-gauge railway and by movable Decauville tracks, along which the cane is brought in from the plantations on trucks, and unloaded directly into the conductor, or piled in a heap when the trains come in too rapidly. This corner of the yard always presents a busy scene when the mill is at work. Men and boys, negroes, Chinese, and Peruvians, are seen hurrying to and fro carrying bundles of canes in their arms and depositing them in the conductor, which creeps along with its endless load like a monstrous serpent, and

disappears through a hole in the wall into the hopper of the crushers. The *tambo* is an interesting and exceeding profitable element of the estate. Here, as in the *pulperias* of the nitrate *oficinas*, everything may be bought, from a sewing-machine and a silk dress down to a box of matches or a shoe-string; also bread, meat, wines, spirits, and all kinds of provisions. But while in the nitrate *oficinas* the workmen are obliged by the administration to buy what they need in the *pulperia*, the workmen at Caudivilla are at liberty to spend their money as they please and where they please. The *tambo* is simply a store like any other, only it is better provided with merchandise, and it is the only establishment of the kind for many miles around. The Indians come down from the Sierra to buy things at the Caudivilla *tambo*, and the article which they chiefly consume is rum of 30 degrees proof, distilled in the sugar refinery to the amount of between 8000 and 10,000 gallons a month, all of which is sold in the *tambo* or in Lima, chiefly to Indians and natives of mixed race, who call this spirit *chacta*.



SIERRA INDIAN.

An establishment of this kind, employing in all about 800 men, has to be self-sufficing; and so, besides the mill proper and its appurtenances, there is a fitting shop, a wheelwright's shop, and a saddlery, where harness is made and repaired for the teams of mules and oxen. There is likewise a doctor attached to the establishment, and an apothecary's shop, both gratuitously at the disposal of the hands; also a school and a Catholic chapel, the revenues and properties of

which belong to an itinerant priest. On the estate are several villages, where the men live with their wives or concubines in singularly primitive conditions, and form a strangely mixed community of Chinese, negroes, and mixed breeds. Not many years ago this *hacienda* was cultivated by gangs of cooly and African slaves, who were locked up at night in large yards, like stables, which now remain useless. The modern villages are composed of blocks of bamboo cane huts, plastered over with mud and roofed with cane, also plastered. The canes of the side walls are not cut to equal lengths, but left like a fringe. The huts inhabited by the Chinese are distinguished by vertical inscriptions in black ink on bright orange-red paper, and many of the Chinamen are traders, and sell drink and various articles to the negroes and Peruvians. The explanation of this competition with the retail store of the estate is that the *tambo* does not give credit and John Chinaman does. The Chinese have two pagodas on the Caudivilla estate, one of them very nicely fitted up with images, lanterns, carvings, *kakemonos*, and ritual objects. The Chinese from the other estates in the Chillon Valley go to the Caudivilla pagodas on grand days, and celebrate with gongs and cries the feasts of their creed. All this seems strange and amusing, and looks well enough in a picture; but in reality it is a scene of squalor, in the midst of which are human beings living in conditions scarcely worthy of brute beasts. In Peru the conflict of labor and capital has not yet been even dreamed of. The wages paid on this estate may be taken as indicating the high average in agricultural Peru. The mill hands earn from 50 to 70 cents Peruvian currency a day, and receive gratis a ration of rice. The firemen, who feed the furnaces with *bagazo*, or refuse cane after it has been crushed, receive 60 to 90 cents, with a ration of beans and rice, and once a week meat. The field hands, who work in the pampa cultivating or cutting the cane—men and women alike—receive a ration of 1½ pounds of rice a day and wages of from 50 cents upward. The cane-cutters work by the piece, and can gain a maximum of $1.20 Peruvian currency a day; but their weekly maximum never exceeds $7. All the workmen are lodged gratis, in those wonderful cane and mud huts already mentioned.

The sugar plantations are distributed along both sides of a private railway, about five miles long, which connects the mill with the main line to Lima. As far as the eye can reach, the pale yellow-green

vegetation stretches over the plain, interrupted here and there by a patch of bamboo cane, and ending abruptly where irrigation ceases and the arid foot-hills rise in brown masses, with dark-blue shadows lurking in the hollows of their rugged slopes. In this rainless valley everything depends upon irrigation; where there is no water, there is no vegetation; and so, at the edge of the plain, the moment the land begins to rise, there is not a speck of green to be seen. Nevertheless, in the days of the Incas, whose ruined towns abound on the lower slopes of the hills all along these coast valleys, the higher ground was cultivated by means of terraces and irrigation, the water being probably brought from reservoirs of rain-water higher up. This problem, however, has not yet been satisfactorily solved, and on some of the hill-sides where the Inca terraces remain, it seems impossible to have conveyed water by means of canals and *acequias*. On the Caudivilla estate there are the ruins of a considerable Inca town, which appears to have been strongly fortified. Huge masses of adobe walls are still standing, and any one who takes the trouble to violate the graves may dig up mummies, pottery, slings, and domestic implements and ornaments to his heart's content. We rode out to these ruins one morning, but, being without experience and unprepared by special study, we could only wonder and propound questions without profit. On our way back we visited a plantation where they were cutting cane and loading it on Decauville cars, which were drawn along a portable track by bullocks to the mill. These portable rails and light cars render great service on the estate, which possesses two kilometres of movable track and sixty trucks. We also visited a plantation about two miles distant from the mill, where the cut cane was being loaded from bullock carts on a broad-gauge train, which finally steamed off with all the negro and other workmen swarming like bees over the cane and clinging on to the very engine itself. It was the breakfast hour, and the *zambos* were going back to the village for the mid-day rest, each one chewing a piece of cane and smiling happily at his fellows. The brakemen of the train, I noticed, were all Chinese. In the mill, also, I observed that most of the men working the machinery were Chinese, and I was not a little surprised to see one yellow brother consult his hydrometer, and then open a valve in order to reduce the density of his liquid. The Chinese in Peru are men of good report, excellent and indefatigable workers, and not given to those excesses which cause the Peruvian and negro hands to spend

regularly one day a week getting drunk, and two more in getting sober.

Besides the mill and the sugar plantations, the Caudivilla *hacienda* has several accessary establishments—one devoted to corn and pasture: another to raising cattle, including *ganado bravo*, that is to say, wild fighting bulls for the Plaza Acho; and another to poultry farming, including the rearing of fighting cocks. The wild bulls sell for $200 to $300 Peruvian currency, according to their bravery. Cock-fighting is a very popular sport in Lima, and Caudivilla furnishes the pit with some of its greatest champions. When I was there I was asked to inspect nearly fifty birds under the care of José Maria de la Columna, better known as "Papito," a colored man who has achieved fame in Peru by riding wild bulls round the Plaza Acho amid the frantic applause of the admiring multitude. "Papito" is never seen without a champion under his arm. The Peruvian system of cock-fighting requires the use of small razors, which are tied on to the bird's spurs according to the method employed by the Madrid *toreros* in their favorite Sunday morning amusement.

The valley of the Chillon is mainly devoted to the production of sugar, most of which is consumed in the country. The methods of culture by means of irrigation, the use of Chinese and negro labor, and all the general features above noticed, will be found on the other *haciendas* of the region, but nowhere more completely than at Caudivilla, where they may be seen any morning concentrated in the mill-yard in a striking manner. The whole scene is full of contrasts and strange neighborhoods. On the roof, between the smoke-stack and the steam escape-pipe, some turkey-buzzards, the scavengers of the Peruvian coast districts, sit gravely meditative and unmoved by the steam-whistle, whose echoes wander among the mysterious walls of the Inca ruins on the mountain-sides. In a shady corner of the yard is a group of saddled mules and men in ponchos—the *caporals*, or overseers, who have succeeded the slave-drivers of old. At the door of the *tambo* stand half a dozen pack-donkeys belonging to some Indians who have come down from the Sierra to buy fire-water. Then you will see several hundred head of cattle—wild bulls, oxen, sheep, and llamas—driven through the yard on the way to new pastures, the herd and the herdsmen suggesting the days of the patriarchs. And yet on the other side of the yard, only a few metres distant, there is a roar and grating of most modern and most scientific machinery—vacuum

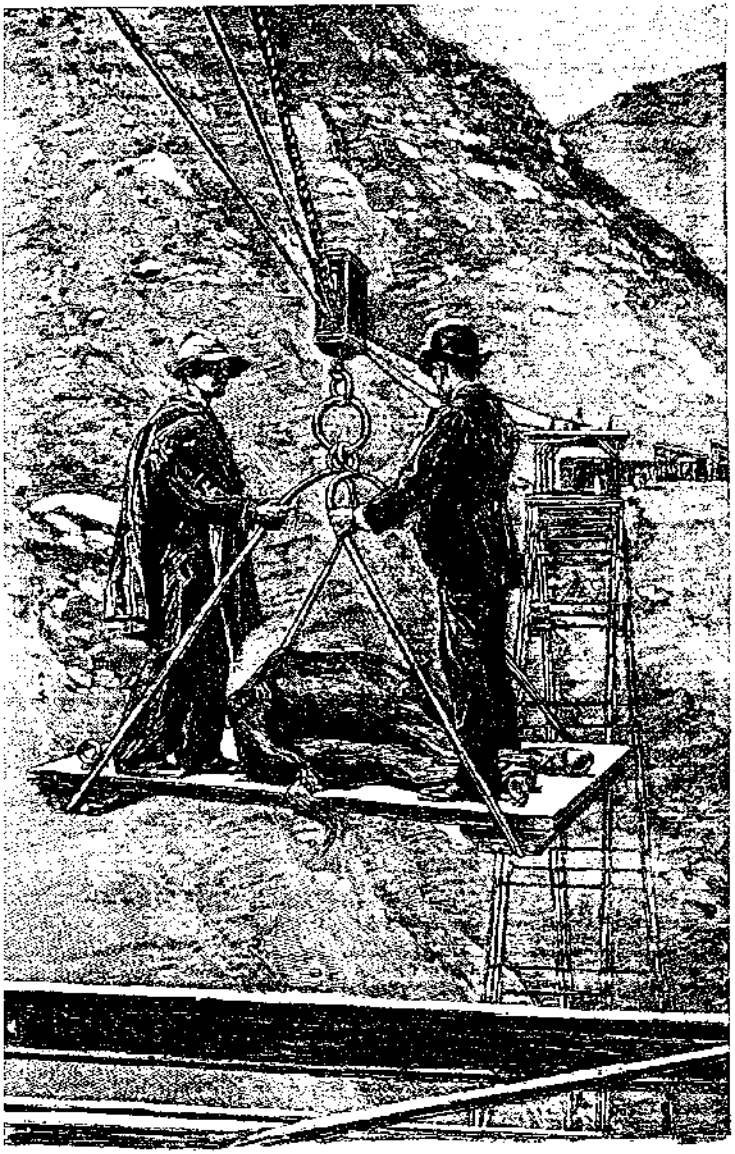
boilers, triple effects, spiral-worm alembics, density gauges, and hydrometers which we have already seen John Chinaman consult with intelligence. Finally, to complete the picture, a locomotive and a train of cars piled up with cane steams up to the conductor, and John Chinaman handles the brakes, his yellow face all grimy with coal-dust. And this is rural life in Peru—in the coast valleys, at least.

Another very interesting excursion that I made was a journey along the famous Oroya Railroad as far as Chicla, the actual terminus. This line starts from Callao, and from Lima follows the valley of the Rimac to the summit of the Cordillera. When completed it will descend the Atlantic slope, and place the capital in communication with the Amazonian provinces, of which Peru at present has little more than nominal possession. Lima is 448 feet above the sea-level. Starting from the Desemparados station, just above the bridge, we skirt the torrent through a fertile valley devoted to cereals, sugar-cane, pasture, and castor-oil, and closed in on either side by hills, which become more and more imposing until, at Chosica, 25 miles from Lima, and 2832 feet above the sea-level, we are well in the mountain region. This lower valley of the Rimac offers very beautiful views, the rich vegetation of the irrigated ground contrasting with the barren enclosing hills, to which the brilliant sunshine imparts soft and velvety tints of brown, red, and purple. At Chosica our party breakfasted very excellently in the station hotel, which is frequented by consumptive patients, who benefit by the purity and lightness of the air. At this point we notice that the higher peaks of the mountains above are covered with a delicate coat of pale-green verdure, while on the lower slopes the cactus alone grows. As we mount, the vegetation becomes more abundant, and the variety of green more curious and beautiful. At Agua de Verrugas, 43¼ miles from Lima, and 5840 feet above the sea-level, our train comes to a halt; there is a *laguna* in the line; a sudden flood from the top summits has rushed down the Verrugas ravine with tremendous force and carried away the central pile of the bridge, a structure of iron some 300 feet high. This Verrugas bridge, 174 metres long, was the finest and most important on the line; now the two shore ends alone remain, and means having not yet been forthcoming for reconstruction, a wire cable has been thrown across the ravine, and passengers and goods are swung over the terrible yawning abyss on a square board or in a cage-car. The members of our party looked forward with some apprehension to this aerial voy-

age, for they imagined at first that they would be carried on a square, flat board, like the silver ingots and other goods that came over while we were waiting; the more so as several people, including some *Chola* women and children, crossed over in this primitive and perilous fashion. However, we were destined to a better lot, and a sort of horse-box with seats was hoisted on to the cable, and we found ourselves on the opposite bank of the chasm before we had hardly started, the journey lasting only thirty-seven seconds.* We then continued our upward route as far as Matucana, 54½ miles from Lima, and 7788 feet above the sea-level, and there we stayed the night, in order to get accustomed to the rarefied air, which affects many people in a very painful manner at the higher elevations, producing horrible pains in the head, suffocation, bleeding at the ears—all of which symptoms are known in the Peruvian Andes by the name of *sorroche*.

Matucana is a typical mountain village, but, like all the other settlements up this valley, it has suffered from the Chilian invasion. It appears that a Chilian corps went up the line to make sure that there were no Peruvian troops in reserve in the higher regions. Their upward march met with no resistance, but as they were coming down again the "hardy mountaineers" plucked up courage and fired on their rear, whereupon the Chilians very naturally burned the villages. Half of each village is still a mass of ruins and roofless walls, and where the ruins have been patched up the thatched roofs have been replaced by less picturesque corrugated iron. Matucana consists of two straggling streets, a plaza, and a dilapidated church and belfry; most of the stores are kept by Chinese; the population is *Cholo* and Indian only, for the negro does not care to leave the coast valleys. In the streets of the village the only beasts of burden that you see are donkeys, llamas, and mules. In the cottages of mud and cane furniture appears to be considered unnecessary—at any rate, it is non-existent, the inhabitants all squat on their heels. The men alone sit on a bench outside the liquor store and ruminate under their *ponchos* with a certain stolid dignity. After dinner we went to vespers in the church and found it full of *Cholos* and Indians—men, women, babies, and even dogs; the men kneeled and bowed their shaggy black heads; the women, swathed in *mantas*, squatted in shapeless masses of black drapery on the quarried floor; two little lank-haired, copper-skinned

* Since my trip this bridge has been rebuilt from the designs of Mr. L. L. Buck, of New York. It was opened for traffic in December, 1890.



THE ORÒYA RAILWAY—CROSSING THE VERRUGAS BRIDGE.

urchins, clad in white surplices, held tall candles, one on each side of the officiating priest, who chanted the old Gregorian plain song to the accompaniment of a wheezing harmonium; the side altars, gay with rococo scroll-work and images dressed in velvet and spangles, were brilliantly lighted with innumerable candles. "*Ave Maria gratia plena!*" chanted the priest in the stillness of the mountain night. Psitt! bang! went a sky-rocket just outside the church door, and then another, and yet another. While some of the villagers were worshipping the Virgin, others were firing sky-rockets at the moon with equal seriousness or equal stolidity. Those who were worshipping paid no attention to the sky-rockets, and those who were busy with the fireworks paid no heed to those who were in church.

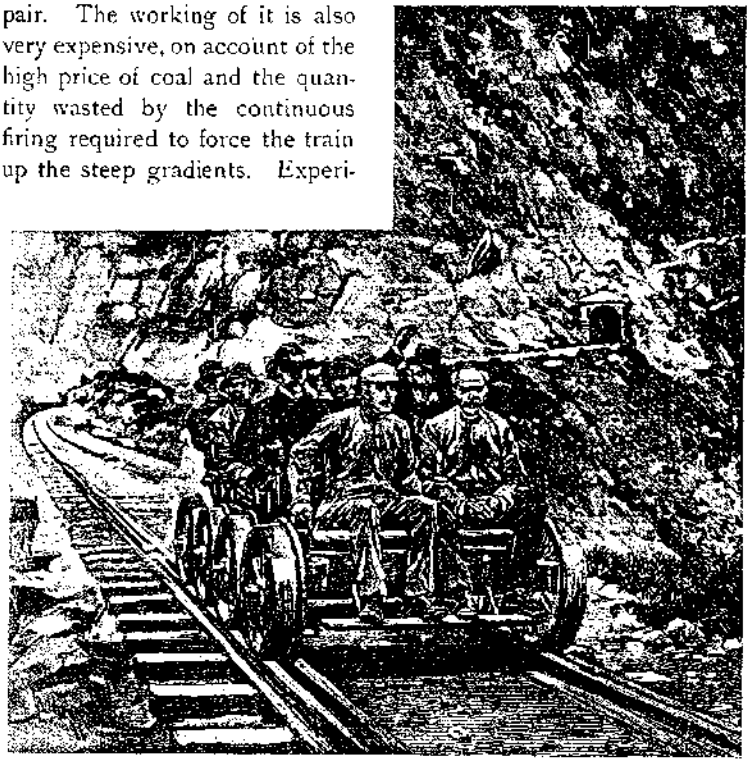
From Matucana we continued our journey the next morning through magnificent mountain scenery to Chicla, 78 miles from Lima, and 12,220 feet above the level of the sea. This last rise of 4432 feet was accomplished in three hours, the locomotive climbing along the mountain-side over a distance of about 24 miles, now zigzagging up a precipice, on whose face you see three lines of rails and three tunnels, one above the other, now skirting the torrent, now crossing it on a spider-web iron bridge. Meanwhile the masses of the mountains have become grander and bolder, and at the same time the vegetation is more luxuriant, while on the very topmost peaks a little snow, or rather congealed rain, is occasionally to be seen. One hill is covered with aloes; another, cut into steps by the old Inca terraces, is diapered with the various shades of green of many kinds of ferns, dotted here and there with brilliant flowers; indeed, the whole country is like an immense rocky garden that seems to contain half the flowers that we have ever seen, morning-glory, convolvulus, lupines, nasturtium, heliotrope filling the air with its perfume, scented geranium, pinks and carnations in the greatest variety of colors and markings, nux-vomica, calceolarias of the most delicate canary yellow, buttercups, gold and silver ferns, and many kinds of creepers, with flowers of the most beautiful colors. At the time of our visit—the month of March, just towards the end of the rainy season—this floral vegetation was in all the splendor of a new growth, and the verdure on the mountain-tops still fresh and pure. Never have I seen grander and more charming mountain scenery than this.

Our descent from Chicla to Lima was accomplished by means of two hand-cars coupled together, and each provided with a brake.

These cars, put on the track at Chicla, run by gravitation alone all the way to Lima, the only interruption being the gap due to the destruction of the Verrugas viaduct. Passengers, of course, are conveyed in ordinary trains, but as there are only two trains a week, our party was carried up by a special engine, and the return trip was made on the hand-cars, in order both to simplify matters and to enable us to see the scenery to the best advantage. This method of going down was a novel sensation for all of us, and at the same time exciting and not exempt from danger. At certain moments the speed was alarming, and had the brakes given way we should have inevitably been launched into eternity down one of the many precipices which we skirted. However, the only accident we encountered was very slight, and nobody was harmed: as we passed through one long and dark tunnel the men on the first seat of the front car suddenly received into their laps a young jackass that had strayed on to the track. The cars were stopped sharply, and our momentary alarm vanished into laughter when we reached the light and saw the little donkey trotting out through the mouth of the tunnel. So we sped along, admiring the scenery, which words cannot describe, and noting the rare incidents of the landscape —a waterfall; a bridge; an artificial tunnel cut through the rock, so as to divert the Rimac torrent from its old bed, in which the rails are now laid; a tunnel high up above our heads, through which we came only a few minutes ago; a condor soaring across the valley; a train of pack mules and donkeys winding along at the bottom of the ravine, a thousand feet below us, under the charge of some Indians; a *Cholita* standing to watch us shoot past, her long black hair bedecked with large passion-flowers; the green mountain-sides terraced to an incredible height by the old Incas; here, an Inca *acequia* running sinuously along a steep slope hundreds of feet above the torrent; there, a brown mass of Inca ruins. And so we reach the lower valley, and enter Lima just as the late afternoon sun is gilding the stucco towers, and casting long purple shadows over the Cerro de San Cristobal.

The Oroya road is a very remarkable piece of engineering work, executed perhaps not wisely but too well. The difficulties surmounted are enormous. The constructor, an American, Henry Meiggs, used to say, I was told, at certain arduous points, "The line has to go there, and if we can't find a road for it, we'll hang the track from balloons." This remark illustrates the boldness and almost recklessness with which the line has been built; and even now, fine as the

work is, it is in constant danger of destruction in many parts. Every year sections of the line, bridges, and viaducts are swept away by floods and landslips which cannot be foreseen. A water-spout bursts on a mountain-peak, an immense volume of water, mud, and bowlders dashes down, and half an hour later all is calm again; but the railway track has disappeared, or one of the bridges will be found, twisted into a knot, half a mile away from its proper place. For this reason the line must always be very expensive and difficult to keep in repair. The working of it is also very expensive, on account of the high price of coal and the quantity wasted by the continuous firing required to force the train up the steep gradients. Experiments, however, are now being made with cheaper fuel in the form of petroleum residuum from the Talara wells. As it is, the locomotives have 22-inch cylinders, and the steam-pressure all the way has to



THE OROYA RAILWAY—HAND-CAR DESCENDING.

be kept at 140 pounds to the square inch. The maximum train is five cars, weighing 8 tons each, and carrying 10 tons of cargo; and in order to drag this weight from Lima to Chicla, the locomotive burns 7 tons of first-class English coal. The maximum gradients are 4 per cent., and the minimum curves 120 metres radius. This radius is found in all the tunnels, of which there are 40 between Lima and Chicla, the longest measuring 296 metres. The number of bridges is 16, the longest being the Verrugas viaduct, now destroyed, measuring 174 metres. The total distance from Callao to Chicla, where the rails end, is 86½ miles.

The Oroya line, on which the Peruvian loan of 1870 of £5,520,000 sterling was expended, was not finished for want of funds, and the portion of it that was completed has never paid. The original idea was to carry the line to La Oroya, in the transandine province of Junin, and the survey and much of the earthwork and tunnels were executed before the money gave out in 1873. The summit tunnel through the Paso de Galera, between 1100 and 1200 metres long, is open, and from the plans it appears to be an interesting piece of work, being on a vertical curve, with 3½ per cent. gradients on the Pacific slope of the Cordillera, and just enough for drainage on the Atlantic slope, where the line runs for 6½ kilometres with gradients of from 2 to 4 per cent., and then for the rest of the distance to La Oroya, 43 kilometres, over easy ground. The summit tunnel of the Paso de Galera is the 58th from Lima; it is distant from Callao by the rails 104 miles, and stands at a height of 4814 metres, or 15,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus making the Oroya the highest of all the projected transandine railways.

The Oroya road leads us inevitably to the questions of the Peruvian bondholders, the Grace contract, and the future of Peru. These are delicate and complicated topics to handle, but perhaps with a little patience, and with such elimination of details as is compatible with lucidity, we shall be able to state the case as it actually is for the enlightenment of those who have only read about it in newspapers at a distance from the scene of action. A little more than twenty years ago, Peru, being an independent republic, and recently victorious in a final war against Spain, was seized with the then prevalent railway fever. Having obtained money from the Old World by three loans, issued in 1869, 1870, and 1872, she proceeded to build railways, but in so ill-advised a manner that out of the ten lines commenced or

completed only two proved to be of use, but scarcely of profit, and most of them were left in the hands of their respective contractors, in order that out of the returns the latter might repay themselves the balance due for their construction. This Peru was herself unable to do, all the capital of the three loans having disappeared at the end of 1872. In 1876, her finances having gone from bad to worse, Peru was unable to pay the interest of her debts, and accordingly made default. Then, in 1879, happened the disastrous war of Peru and Bolivia against Chili, which ended in Peru losing the rich provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, whence Chili now derives the better half of her revenues. Peru also lost with these provinces the greater part of her guano deposits. These events resulted in numerous financial claims against Peru on the part of individuals, such as railway contractors, of mortgagees like the Messrs. Dreyfus and Company, and of the Peruvian bondholders, the latter alone having a claim of £32,953,000 sterling, the amount of the three loans of 1869, 1870, and 1872, plus unpaid interest since 1876, which at the end of 1889 brought the total claims of the bondholders, in round numbers, to £56,000,000 sterling. With the loss of the two provinces containing the nitrate and guano deposits, Peru lost three-quarters of her revenues; the war and the consequent paper money crisis almost annihilated private capital; the commerce of the country was ruined, and the custom-house receipts reduced; and the public functionaries of late years have been as badly off as their colleagues in the Ottoman Empire, who only get paid now and then. Thus, during the past fourteen years, the condition of Peru has been growing worse and worse, and her statesmen have not been able to find a remedy, the more so as many of them appear to have had strange ideas of national honor and international credit. It was a common belief in Peru, for instance, after the war, that the victory of the Chilians relieved the country from all responsibility for her debts; the defeat was supposed to wipe out everything and leave the ground clear for a fresh start. Even the last president, General Caceres, held this view, and it was with much difficulty that he could be convinced that, even were it not flagrantly immoral for Peru to take advantage of the pretext of defeat for repudiating her debt, it would be a sure way of discrediting her forever in the civilized world. This very elementary fact of commercial and national morality having been established, perhaps not wholly to the satisfaction of the two-thirds of the Peruvian nation who held the

opposite view, the problem of giving new life to Peru presented itself in the following three desiderata: rehabilitation of the internal and external credit of the country; completion and extension of the railway system; and development of the mining and agricultural wealth of the country by means of the introduction of foreign labor and capital.

The solution of the problem is supposed to be implicit in the arrangement between the Peruvian bondholders and the Peruvian Government, known as the "Grace contract" from the name of the person, Mr. Michael Paul Grace, whose private interests have led him to work so ardently for the common interests of the bondholders. By a transfer of the rights of the heirs of Henry Meiggs, Mr. Grace—or Grace Brothers, for he was at that time partner of the firm—obtained control of the Oroya line and began to think about finishing the line from Chicla to La Oroya, and, above all, of building an extension to Cerro de Pasco, where he was largely interested in silver mines, unfortunately inaccessible and unprofitable until this line is built. This desire to get a railway built to Cerro de Pasco brought Mr. Grace to London in 1885, and finding the English market very naturally closed to Peru, he began to negotiate with the bondholders' committee; and so the famous contract was conceived, and from 1886 to 1889 Mr. Grace, latterly with Lord Donoughmore as the official representative of the bondholders duly accredited by the British Government, fought in Lima against the agents of Chili and the agents of Dreyfus and Company, who were of course bitterly opposed to the contract, the former being desirous of keeping her former enemy down, the latter maintaining the priority of their claims upon certain properties which the contract proposed to alienate. The fight was long, obstinate, expensive, and mysterious; there are rumors of bribery and corruption on both sides; there are stories of extraordinary sessions of Parliament, of the revocation of recalcitrant deputies who would not vote the proper way, and of the appointment by artificially corrected elections of new and docile deputies who finally passed the contract; there are intimations that even now that the contract has been passed some future power might annul it, for in Peru it is unwise to place blind confidence in the present state of things, whatever may be the question in point. The epoch of revolutions, as recent events have proved, is not yet over for Peru. Laws in this republic inspire respect to none less than to new presidents, who have hitherto been in the habit of issuing convenient decrees which may be converted into laws later on. A favorite presi-

dential decree which the business men resent bitterly is one that suddenly raises the import duties. The president wants money; as things are now the only taxes worth levying are those on business people, or, in other words, on the people who are making money.

However all this may be, the contract between the bondholders and the Government for the salvation of Peru was finally signed and ratified in January, 1890, and the work of salvation ought to have begun at once on a scale of unparalleled extension. The contract is a long document, and contains many clauses and saving clauses, but in substance it amounts to this: The Republic of Peru is declared to be relieved of all responsibility for the loans of 1869, 1870, and 1872, which is explained to mean that the name and credit of Peru are henceforward rehabilitated in the financial markets of the world, and that she will have no difficulty in running once more into debt. On the contrary, it is said, look at Mexico. While Mexico left her debt pending she remained stationary; whereas, since she compounded with her creditors, foreign capital has flowed into the country and made it one of the first and most progressive of the Hispano-American Republics. In return for this absolute and irrevocable release the Peruvian Government cedes to the bondholders the property and proceeds of all the railways of the State for a period of sixty-six years, dating from January, 1890. These lines are from Mollendo to Santa Rosa and Puno, Callao to La Oroya (the rails only as far as Chicla), Pisco to Ica, Lima to Ancon, Chimbote to Suchiman, Pacasmayo to Guadalupe and Yonan, Salaverry to Trujillo and Ascope, and Payta to Piura—in all 1222 kilometres. The two lines first mentioned are alone of any real importance and value; all the lines need repairs, and several of them almost complete reconstruction. After the lapse of sixty-six years these lines, with the prolongations, repairs, stations, rolling stock, etc., which the bondholders bind themselves to make and maintain, return to the Peruvian State free from all claims, debts, and liabilities. The bondholders are bound, under penalty of fines or loss of privilege, to build, within limits of two, three, and four years, lines from Chicla to La Oroya and from Santa Rosa to Cuzco, and within six years to build 160 kilometres of railway in any or either of a number of directions specified in the contract. There is also a clause giving the bondholders all the guano existing in Peruvian territory up to the amount of 3,000,000 English tons, and a share of the guano sold by Chili in accordance with the stipulations of the

treaty of Ancon. This guano cession seems, however, to be rather illusory, and not wholly based upon fact. The Peruvian Government further binds itself to pay to the committee of bondholders thirty annuities of £80,000 each, by mensualities reserved out of the customs receipts of Callao; the first annuity to be due three years after the ratification of the contract. This annuity the Peruvian Government confesses to be unable to pay with its present resources, but trusts to an increase of commerce concomitant with the execution of the contract. The bondholders have further obtained from the Peruvian Government a concession to build a line from Puno to Desaguadero, and from the Bolivian Government a concession for a line from Desaguadero to La Paz, with a branch to Oruro; from the Peruvian Government a concession for building a line from La Oroya to one of the navigable rivers of the interior of Peru—the Ucayali, for instance—with a grant of 6000 hectares, or about 15,000 acres, of unappropriated land for each kilometre of finished railway; and finally from the Peruvian Government a grant of 2,000,000 hectares, or about 5,000,000 acres, of unappropriated lands at the free disposal of the State, "provided the concessionnaires shall undertake to avail themselves of the said lands, devoting them to agricultural development or other industrial enterprises, to commence the colonization within the first three years, and to have them settled upon within the maximum period of nine years. The immigrants brought to Peru by virtue of this concession shall be of European races, and shall pay no tax whatever . . . in all other respects they shall be subject to the laws of the Republic."

All these concessions and privileges are, by virtue of the contract vested in the bondholders, formed into a joint-stock company called the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation (Limited), and registered in London, "it being understood that the rights and obligations of this contract can *only be transferred to English companies organized and established in London.*"

Such is the sum and substance of this unprecedented and specious arrangement, the execution of which, it is announced, will not only recoup the bondholders in time for their past sacrifices, but also confer the greatest benefits on Peru itself. This is doubtless true, provided the contract can be carried out. But the more we examine its clauses and the special conditions of Peru, the more remote and improbable its realization seems. The first requirement for its fulfilment is money—immense sums of money. Will they be forthcoming? Evi-

dently Peru is a country abounding in natural riches, and the utilization of these riches would be a legitimate and tempting field for foreign capital if there were guarantees of good administration, and if the difficulties of working were not so great and numerous. The obstacles to the development of Peru are, in the first place, the Peruvians; and, in the second place, the remoteness of its riches from the paths of commerce. In all these South American republics the old creole population, whether Peruvian, Chilian, Argentine, or Brazilian, is useless for progress; it furnishes the class of aristocrats, politicians, officials, and government employés who are non-productive and obstructive, and in most cases nothing better than national parasites; it furnishes the thieving dictators and Presidential embezzlers, who fill each capital and every public office with a horde of intriguers in and out of uniform. In the Argentine, owing to prodigious and incessant immigration, the creole element is rapidly getting crowded out, and the country is being carried on to greatness and prosperity by the new blood that is flowing into it week by week, and which, thanks to the nature of the country and to the extension of cheaply constructed railways, has been able to spread gradually and naturally from the seacoast and the province of Buenos Ayres to the Cordillera and the confines of Patagonia. In Peru all the conditions are different, as a glance at the map will show. Roughly speaking, the country may be divided into three regions, namely, the coast valleys, the mountain region, and the transandine or Amazonian provinces. The coast valleys produce sugar, cotton, rice, maize, and other cereals, and all the fruits that man can desire; but, there being no rain, all culture depends upon irrigation, and the irrigation in turn depends on the water supply of a number of short rivers of small volume. *All the land in the coast valleys is occupied to the full extent of the water supply*, and cultivated in a rough but more or less effective way, mainly by Chinese and colored laborers, who live, as we have seen, in a very rudimentary manner, and earn 40 to 50 Peruvian cents a day. In this region there is no room for immigration. Higher up in the mountains there is a certain amount of available land, not, however, of a nature adapted to modern agricultural methods, and much of it requiring the terrace and irrigation systems which were employed by the Incas. This land, too, in spite of expensive mountain railways, would always remain at a disadvantage for want of easy communications with a market. There remain then the Amazonian provinces,

about which recent travellers have written so enthusiastically and so instructively. At present this vast territory, watered by the great tributaries of the Amazon, the Marañon, Huallaga, Ucayali, Urubamba, Inambari, etc., is most inaccessible. The Peruvian officials, who are sent there to exercise a nominal rule, and often to find Brazilian officials in practical command, reach their seat of government most easily by steamer to Panama, across the Isthmus, round to Pará, then up the Amazon by steamer, and the rest of the journey as best they can. The cocoa, caoutchouc, cinchona, and other products of these rich tropical regions inhabited by Indians, are carried on rafts down the tributary streams until an Amazonian factory and steamer are reached. It is simply a wild country where the vegetation is so luxurious that if you cut a path through the virgin forests that cover the ground it will be grown over and disappear entirely in a fortnight. Nature is here so full of exuberant strength that she becomes the enemy instead of the friend of man, and the only hope of clearing the

RAILWAYS AND MINERAL LANDS OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

land for agriculture would be by organized armies of thousands of colonists working simultaneously and collectively. According to the most impartial and practical witnesses, the task of reducing this tropical nature to subjection would inevitably fail unless organized on a vast scale, and by powerful companies having thousands of hands at their command. In any case, the first thing to do is to render these provinces accessible, so that colonists may reach them, and so that their products may be brought to a seaport.

Is this seaport to be on the Pacific or the Atlantic coast? To carry the merchandise to the Pacific by means of a trasandine railway, with necessarily high freights, would seem to be too expensive. To carry it by water to the sea by the Amazon would mean entering into competition with Brazil and the flourishing republics of the Atlantic coast. All these considerations render the Amazonian provinces a relatively uninviting field for immigrants so long as there is good and productive land and security for life and property in more accessible spots and in less enervating climates. As the 2,000,000 hectares of land granted to the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation must necessarily be selected mainly on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and as the contract requires the colonization to be commenced within three years, and the lands settled within the maximum period of nine years, whereas limits of time ten times as long would scarcely be sufficient, we may justly regard this clause of the contract as of no practical importance. Peru's dream of colonization will not be realized in so near a future as the Grace contract specifies.

One of the most recent explorers of these Amazonian provinces, M. Marcel Monnier, in his book, *Des Andes au Para*, says, speaking of the climate: "Extreme reserve must be observed in this matter, and, from the fact that the climate is endurable, we cannot conclude that it is innocuous. It is difficult to retain one's self-possession in presence of this exuberant nature; trusting to sincere descriptions, a simple people might imagine that they will find here the land of promise where the emigrant is sure of realizing for himself and his friends those dreams of ease, if not of fortune, which he has pursued in vain in his native land. In reality, in no other new country is the pioneer's task more difficult. The enterprise requires a previous training and preparation; it is too heavy for individuals. Nowhere, in short, to speak frankly, will the new-comer find himself more lost, more *dépaysé*, more far away from familiar horizons; the isolation will seem

to him to be perhaps less endurable in this desert of verdure and of murmuring waters than in the sad and bare prairies of the Far West."

In view of possible attempts to carry out the colonization clause of the Grace contract, and remembering the snares and misery which have already been the lot of hundreds of poor colonists in Chili and also in other parts of South America, it seems fit that a cry of warning should be raised.

Doubtless if the Grace contract could be carried out to the letter it would confer great benefit on Peru, but at the same time it must be admitted that it bestows a dangerous monopoly upon the concessionnaires. The special clause reserving all the subcontracts for English companies organized and established in London is of a nature to discourage all other nationalities except the English, and even to create material difficulties in the case of applications on the part of companies or individuals independent of the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation. In other words, while the Grace contract is being carried out, or falling through, there must necessarily be a period of suspense and hesitation. The immense monopoly in question practically reserves the Peruvian territory for a certain number of years to English companies, formed or to be formed, but of whose eventual activity, given the present state of the country, there is no guarantee. To make this contract absolutely practical, the Peruvian bondholders should have undertaken to administrate Peru, and relieve it of the burden of the farcical government which it enjoys under the name of a republic. Peru is not a new country, but an old and decrepit one, presenting many points of resemblance to modern Spain. Its history is more or less a repetition of that of Spain, and its regeneration presenting similar difficulties. In Peru we find remnants of the past civilization of the Incas, whose irrigation works, now fallen to ruins, suggest comparison with the works of the Moors, which made fertile vast territories in Spain that are now as barren as the brown *quebradas* of the valley of the Rimac. In Peru, too, there is a degenerate *plebs*, indolent as the Andalusian peasantry, a clergy opposed to progress, intriguers and demagogues that find their parallel in Don Carlos and his partisans. The Peruvian nation, especially since the victory of the Chilians, has not the energy and hopeful confidence of youth; it is sluggish and inclined to linger in the old ruts, looking only to present and personal interests, and not to the future and collective welfare of the nation. One of the greatest curses of Peru,

and the phenomenon which chiefly contributes to make it the most backward and decadent country of the civilized world, is its government. The politics of Peru is as bad as it can be, for the questions at issue are almost always of persons rather than of principles. The presidents have too much power, and they openly take advantage of their position to enrich themselves. Their political friends do likewise, and from the ministers down to the most modest custom-house employés, all make the best use of their time while it is their turn to be in office. The provincial governors have but one obligation, namely, to work with the central government in all political matters; provided that condition be fulfilled, they are free to administer their provinces as they please, rob, tyrannize, and grow as rich as they can.

Take the army, again; the rank and file are Indians, *Cholos*, and even negroes, who are mostly impressed into the service, and therefore never lose an opportunity of deserting, especially in the country stations. Hence the necessity of having, almost literally, more officers than men, in order that the former may be strong enough to control the latter by numbers as well as by discipline. In the villages and *haciendas*, where the military do the duty of rural police, you will generally find that the officers have a majority of one over the men they command. These Indian and *Cholo* soldiers, whom you see standing at the street corners in Lima, doing police duty and blowing their melancholy watchman's whistles, make a lamentable army indeed, as was proved in the late war. The poor, ignorant, and imbruted creatures took no interest in the cause; indeed, the general impression among them was that Chili was a revolutionary leader, and they spoke of the national enemy as "General Chili." Their souls having no joy in the enforced career of arms, the fellows fought well enough when there was no means of escaping from the foe, but if there was the slightest opening they preferred to run away. The Chilians, knowing this, constantly manœuvred so as to give the Peruvian Army a chance to flee, and thus economized their own men and their powder too.

In the actual condition of Peru it is difficult to obtain any trustworthy statistics or information about anything. Since the war no census has been taken; outside of Lima taxes are collected with difficulty, and so even approximate estimates are impossible. However, two and a half millions is supposed to represent the present population of this vast territory, which has 1200 miles of coast-line, and a superficies of more than a million square kilometres. This population con-

sists of the creole governing, proprietary, and official classes, ordinary Peruvians, Indians, cross-breeds, Chinese coolies, and negroes. There are the rich and the poor, both apparently satisfied with the existing decadent state of the country, or, at any rate, making no effort to improve it. Truly the field is not a tempting one for colonists. As for commerce, there is just as little inducement as there is for colonization. During the last ten years many foreign merchants have left the country, and in reply to inquiries from would-be commercial immigrants, most of the embassies, I find, frankly recommend people not to go out either to Lima or to other towns. And yet the fact remains that Peru is marvellously rich in mineral deposits. Gold, platinum, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, cinnabar, quicksilver, and coal all exist in abundance. Very rich petroleum wells are now being worked in Talara. All these riches must one day be utilized, and could be utilized at present if capital could be brought into the country and energetic men to direct the enterprise, and if at the same time a decent and settled political administration could be obtained, which latter condition seems very doubtful. The field for mining industry in Peru is immense, and not so encumbered with prior claims and occupants as it is in Chili, but the difficulties of transport are enormous. Nevertheless, there are both English and American engineers and capitalists who are gradually working up fine businesses in the mountains, introducing improved machinery, and conquering obstacles of all kinds with genuine Anglo-Saxon pertinacity. On the other hand, considering all the circumstances already briefly set forth, and awaiting the grand and ardently desired opening up of the country by the execution of the Grace contract, there are perhaps more facilities and surer results to be obtained in Bolivia, and on the other side of the Andes, in the Argentine provinces of Rioja and San Juan. The riches of Peru are boundless and incontestable, but with the best intentions and the best will in the world, one cannot help thinking that their adequate and convenient utilization is still remote.

CHAPTER IX.

SMYTH'S CHANNEL AND THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN—A COASTING VOYAGE IN SOUTHERN LATITUDES.

HAVING visited the more accessible parts of Peru, the question of returning to the east coast presented itself, and received an immediate solution when I found that the steamer *Osiris*, of the Deutsche Dampfschiffsfahrt Gesellschaft "Kosmos," was lying in harbor at Callao, about to sail for Hamburg by way of Smyth's Channel and the Strait of Magellan. I had heard so much about the splendid scenery of this extreme southern part of the continent that I was anxious to see it. Here was an excellent opportunity. Furthermore, it was getting late in the season to recross the Cordillera. By the time that I could return to Valparaiso in the ordinary coasting steamer, and reach the starting-point at Los Andes, it would be the end of April; there would be already much snow on the mountains, and consequently the ride on muleback over to the Argentine Republic would be attended both with discomfort and with danger. The ordinary coasting steamer, again, did not tempt me. In going northward from Valparaiso to Callao I had visited the principal ports without much pleasure or much profit. But still the souvenirs of the trip were not uninteresting. Life on board the big three-decked, top-heavy steamers, whether of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company or of the Compañia Sud-Americana, with their motley and ever-changing crowd of passengers, and their cargo of cattle, vegetables, provisions, and miscellaneous goods, is rich in picturesque incidents, always more or less the same, it is true, but none the less amusing to an idle mind. The first port at which we touched on the way up from Valparaiso to Callao was Coquimbo, at the head of a pretty bay surrounded and sheltered by jagged and rugged brown hills not quite barren. On the slopes near the shore a few poplar trees and cultivated patches are visible. The valleys in the interior are fertile, for we are still in the intermediate, mixed, agricultural, and mineral zone of Chili, and, besides manganese, ores, and metal, this port ships abundance of cattle and vege-

tables for the northern desert. The town, with its gay-looking white houses, is built at the foot of the hills; along the shore are moles, warehouses, and smelting-works, with chimneys vomiting forth volumes of white smoke. In the bay are anchored steamers, sailing ships, and lighters, around which swarms of sea-gulls fly, screaming and fighting for the offal and refuse that floats on the water. The moment the anchor is lowered scores of small boats surround the ship; the decks are invaded by visitors, whose only motive is curiosity or the hope of stealing something; many women of the lower classes—brown-skinned half-Indians, with straight hair growing over their foreheads almost down to their eyebrows—come on board to sell fruit, cakes, and needle-work. Meanwhile lighters have been moored alongside, the winches are at work, and cargo is being loaded and unloaded. Some of the more eminent personages of the town come to see the captain and consume a "cocktail" or some other strong drink in his cabin, while they talk over the latest news and the latest scandals of the coast. So hour after hour passes; the sun sets, the glorious rose-colored afterglow illuminates the sky, the stars shine forth, the moon rises, and then the hill-side town, with its white houses standing out sharply against the back-ground of dark rock, assumes an Oriental aspect, reminding one of the island ports of the Greek Archipelago, whose sterile, rocky shores are not unlike those of the Pacific Coast. Finally the last black lighter, with its load of white flour-bags, glides noiselessly from the ship's side, and the cigarettes of the two men sculling at the stern gleam like stars against the semiobscurity of the dark, vitreous water. Then, with a grating and rattling of winches and chains, the anchor is weighed, the telegraph bell in the engine-room strikes gravely, and so we steam out of port and continue our course, the ship rolling lazily with the long swell of the Pacific. Such are the main incidents of the programme at every stopping-place. At Huasco the coast is still more deserted than Coquimbo, but behind the mountains is a very rich valley, where the famous Huasco grapes are grown. Some women come on board to sell these grapes, both fresh and dried, the latter packed in old cigar-boxes pasted over with paper. On the shore are smelting-works, a few houses, and a little mole. Here we land flour, timber, iron, and pipes. The next port of Caldera is similar to those of Coquimbo and Huasco, with the usual smelting-works and rugged rocks, some of which are white with guano deposits. All along the coast you see, from time to time, these brilliant white guano

rocks, which show up on clear nights and serve as landmarks in the absence of light-houses. The next port of Chañaral is already within the rainless zone; the rocky hills are devoid of vegetation; everything is brown, barren, and inhospitable. The ports farther north, Taltal, Antofagasta, Iquique, and Pisagua, are similar, and the journey continues full of sameness and monotony until we reach the Peruvian ports of Arica, Mollendo, Pisco, Somas, and Tambo de Mora, where a few trees, and occasionally a fertile valley, may be seen creeping down to the sea between the coast hills, still brown and arid, or, at best, dotted with the parched and black silhouettes of candle cactus. All this is curious to see, but one does not care to see it twice. I was therefore glad to find that the *Osiris* was advertised to touch only at the ports of Antofagasta and Taltal, between Callao and Valparaiso, and then at Talcahuano, Coronel, Corral, Punta Arenas, and Montevideo. This suited me perfectly, and so I took passage to the last-named port, and went on board on the night of Saturday, March 29, 1890.

From Callao to Valparaiso we were only two passengers, a Peruvian boy, who was going to school at Cassel, in Germany, and myself. The first impressions of the German ship were most agreeable. The captain, C. Carlsen, proved to be a simple, warm-hearted, and accomplished gentleman, as well as an expert seaman. The other officers were pleasant, blond, blue-eyed Germans, as hearty and unassuming as their commander. The doctor, of a more sluggish temperament, was a typical Saxon from Dresden, and had evidently been a model German student, for his face was seamed and slashed with sword-cuts that bore witness to more valor than fencing skill. The boy, José Antonio, had a gentle disposition and excellent manners, and so we lost no time in becoming a very happy family, the more so as the *Osiris* was favored with the services of two cooks whose talent was worthy of a more glorious sphere. On the morning of March 30th we were towed out of the Darsena of Callao, which, by-the-way, is the creation and property of a French company. On April 2d we stayed for a few hours at Antofagasta, with its smoky smelting and nitrate works, its sand slopes, and its barren brown hills veined with mule paths, where the loose earth appears of a lighter yellow shade. Here we took on board sacks of borax and silver ore, the latter from the Huanchaca mines, and from the old Spanish mines of Potosi. On April 4th we arrived at Taltal, where we were greatly delayed by the

holidays of Good Friday and Easter. We had many hundred tons of nitrate to take on board, but the stevedores refused to work on feast-days, and so we had to stay a full week in the sheltered bay, surrounded by brown jagged rocks and hills. The time passed rapidly and pleasantly. Our captain, being an ardent water-color painter, was always appealing for advice in the choice of points of view, and this was a pretext for excursions in the gig to the north and south headlands of the bay, where he made harmonies in ochre and cobalt, while the engineer and myself collected sea-anemones, shells, and mineralogical specimens. On the south headland we picked up auriferous quartz, and the north headland proved to be a mass of iron-stone interspersed with rich lodes of copper. We also made a very interesting excursion up the mountains some fifty miles by rail, to the Santa Luisa and Lautaro nitrate-works, which were created by German enterprise, and are now being managed by Germans working with English capital. The Santa Luisa *oficina* is fitted with modern machinery as fine as that which I saw in some of the best establishments of the Tarapacá district, but as I had fully studied the latter I found nothing special to remark. The presence of gold and copper, however, renders the Taltal extremely interesting, and the railway journey up the steep *quebrada* and across the higher hills and pampas was very striking, and even more strangely picturesque than the journey from Iquique to Pisagua across the Pampa of Tamarugal. Up ravines, along precipices, and across sandy wastes, the line winds higher and higher through solitude and sunshine. For some distance the old cart-road lined with skeletons of mules follows the railway track, sprinkled on each side with black fragments of half-consumed coal from the straining locomotive engines. Occasionally we see a name, or some initials and a date, traced on the sand in black with these bits of coal, that look like very coarse gunpowder. These records of transient workmen and a few broken bottles are the only evidences of the presence of man between the distant wooden sheds that serve as stations. Far and near rise red-brown hills, fading into rose, indigo, and purple in the distance. Occasionally a patch of pale-green, spreading below a hole in the hill-side, catches the eye and marks the position of a copper mine. Then comes a stony desert, the sand in the foreground dotted with black flinty fragments, whose smooth facets catch the light and glisten like silver mirrors. Finally we reach the gray and dazzling white *salitreras*, devoured by excessive

sunlight and bathed in heated air, the visible trepidation of which quivers and trembles like phantasmal smoke. At the moment of our arrival the three hundred mules of the Santa Luisa *oficina* had been let out of the corrals to air themselves, and were wandering over the undulating ground and rolling with delight in the dust. From each rolling mule rose a cloud of white dust, like a puff from a cannon, which was wafted away in a moment by the strong afternoon breeze. This strange and wild landscape, the rolling mules, the innumerable little clouds of dust, the great brown refuse-heap, the red cooling-tanks of the works, and the two tall chimneys, with their crests of velvety-black smoke, all in the deep solitude of this sunny, arid desert, impressed me exceptionally as something rare and eccentric, although to the reader it may appear very ordinary and scarcely worth noting. But is not this always the case in descriptions, especially of landscape? Words are but feeble exponents, and sensations lose in intensity what they gain in expansion. The best of life is that which remains unexpressed. The best of a writer's impressions remain obstinately at the bottom of his ink-pot.

At Santa Luisa, and also at Taltal, we were the recipients of much hearty German hospitality, spent several pleasant evenings enlivened by excellent music, and parted with regret from many new acquaintances whose social and intellectual qualities we could have wished to enjoy longer. Our cargo was at last on board, and we steamed out of Taltal Bay, and arrived without incident at Valparaiso on April 14th. My impressions of this port received no modification from a second visit. It is a town without character, neither Chilian, nor English, nor German, and neither agreeable nor disagreeable. However, I managed to pass a pleasant day on shore, and paid some farewell calls to persons at whose hands I had received kindness, not forgetting the venerable proprietor of the Hôtel Colon, Señor Kerbernhardt, the uncle of the divine Sarah Bernhardt, who lent me the latest bundle of *Le Figaro*, and gave me news of his niece's triumph in her new rôle of Jeanne d'Arc. I talked also with several business men and politicians, and found that the feeling against President Balmaceda was stronger even than it was at the time of my first visit. The government is bad, is the cry. The unlimited authority of the Executive is disastrous. The unreasoned and wasteful expenditure of the public funds on useless railways, extravagant schools, Krupp cannons, and indirect political bribery is endangering the

prosperity of the country, lowering the exchange, and hampering business.

On April 16th we sailed from Valparaiso, but the *Osiris* was no longer the quiet and simple home that I had enjoyed almost alone from Callao southward. Every cabin was full, and twenty first-class passengers, the limit of the ship's accommodation, now sat down to dinner, exclusive of several small children. Who were all these good people? Were they pleasant and sociable? Were they noisy and disagreeable? Would life on board become unendurable, in spite of electric light, good food, and comfortable quarters? Such were the questions that very naturally came into my selfish mind as I looked upon my travelling companions with mingled curiosity and alarm. The latter feeling was quite groundless. Before bedtime I was acquainted with all of them. Herr A., his wife and daughter, thirty-four years in Chili, going home for the first time since he came out in a sailing ship; a gentle old couple, silvery-haired and happy. Herr B., wife, and two small children, twenty-three years a merchant in Valparaiso, going home for a season at some baths for his stomach's sake, and also to spend a year in European travel. Herr C., his wife, and his daughter Olga, five years of age, a Russian family sixteen years in Chili, ship-owner and timber merchant. Herr D. and his wife, a brunette of delicate Oriental type and sweet voice. Herr D. and his companion, Herr E., are connected with the Krupp cannon purchases made by the Chilian Government. Herr Capitän-Leutnant F., also anxious to supply lethal instruments to South American republics. Frau G. and little Max, a very noisy young man of eight years. Frau H., professional pianist. Fräulein von X., gifted with a fine voice and operatic aspirations, and intending to study in the Berlin Academy of Music. All these ladies and gentlemen were refined, amiable, and unpretentious people, who had seen much of the world, and were endowed with homely virtues and human kindness—sensible, polyglot, and well-behaved men and women, whose views on things in general were not of a nature to alarm or even slightly to perturb. Most of them, I afterwards discovered, were admirers of Georges Ohnet's novels, and preferred them to those of Alphonse Daudet, thus proving themselves to be good bourgeois. The artistic tastes of my companions, however, concerned me very little. I was charmed by their more human qualities, and, with the anticipation of a pleasant journey, I settled down to read a few new French

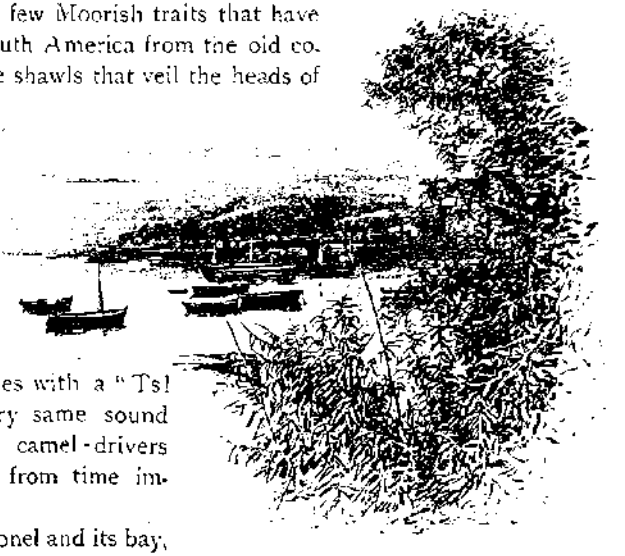
books that I had bought in Valparaiso. A novel by Rabusson I soon laid aside, declaring to myself that this writer of sentimental romances is the Georges Ohnet of the upper tendom of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, commonplace in observation and in expression, a skilled literary workman rather than a literary artist. The next morning, after noting the gray mist that gave to the calm sea the aspect of a tarnished mirror, I began to read J. Ricard's *Cœurs Inquiets*, and tasted the joy of chiselled, intense prose where the epithets are exact, striking, and evocative, the observation delicate and personal, the presentation rapid and novel. What a pleasure it was to read this work of an artist after four months' wandering among strange people in lands that have no literature and but little care for literature. With what joy, too, did I read Pierre Loti's *Au Maroc*, enviously marvelling at the perfection which French prose has attained in the hands of generation after generation of writers who have been at the same time artists.

We were now anchored in the bay of Coronel. The *Osiris* was surrounded by lighters laden with coal, which was being rapidly shovelled into the bunks by squads of dark-skinned natives. The white mist that hung over us made the water look like dull silver; in the foreground were ships at anchor and small lighters provided with winches and nets for dredging up the bits of coal that fall into the water while the steamers are loading; in the background were the winding wheels of the coal-pits; the moles surmounted by trains of coal trucks; the sickly sulphurous smoke streams of the inevitable smelting-works; the small town of Coronel clustered along the sandy black beach; and, behind, the green hills diapered with mule paths and patches of red or yellow earth. The meals of the coal-heavers on the foredeck interested us. Great bowls of beans, lumps of salt beef and fat, piles of biscuit, and gallons of coffee were served out to them. Each man took what he needed of the solids, chose his corner on the rail, over the hatches, or simply on the bare deck, and ate with no more comfort than a dog. Then each man produced a large violet mussel shell, which he used in lieu of a spoon to scoop up the beans and drink the coffee. Let it be remarked that these coal-heavers earn high wages, as much as five Chilian dollars, or say ten shillings gold, a day, and their food gratis; and yet they remain little better than good-natured brutes, taking no strong drink while they are at work, but ready for any quantity of dissipation after sunset, improvident in

the extreme, and willing to work, and to work well, only when they have no money left to spend. While watching those strong muscular fellows, I had some conversation with the Russian timber merchant about his experience of men and things in Chili, the subject having been led up to by my remarking the frequent evidences of primitiveness in Chilian methods of working. Speaking of the great strength and hardiness of the Chilian native laborer, Herr C. said that this was still more noticeable in the more southern forest districts. At Puerto Montt, for instance, which is one of the most important timber ports, the work is done entirely by hand. The trees are felled with axes, sawn into planks on the spot by hand, and the planks carried to the port from a distance of ten or twelve miles balanced on the shoulder of a man, who goes along under his burden at a run. None but native Chilians could do such work, and, given the absence of roads, and above all the nature of the workmen, all attempts to modernize the methods of getting out the timber have failed. Experiments have been made in introducing North American machinery, but without success. The innovators have invariably lost their money, and the natives, accustomed to do everything with their hands, have in the end wilfully broken the machinery in order to have done with it. I mentioned the fact that the Chilian Government, as I had been informed, meditated the essay of Norwegian and Swedish colonists in these southern forest regions. Herr C. was of opinion that this scheme is utterly impracticable, for the simple reason that Scandinavian colonists would refuse to live like pigs, as the Chilians live. The present primitive methods are the cheapest and the most practical. For that matter, Herr C. assured me that the timber cutters were a sad set of rogues and thieves, that the business was necessarily speculative in the present conditions, and that the bad debts mounted up to an enormous figure in the course of a year. In Chili if a man does not want to pay, you cannot force him, he added, and no one who has had any experience of the country will ever think of going to law. In Chili there is no justice for *gringos*, as the foreigners are called. This opinion I had heard expressed by many foreigners in business in Chili, so that my informant's words did not astonish me. His commercial position, however, lent additional weight to the allegation.

In the evening, after dinner, when the coal-heavers and their noisy shovels have departed, we have some music. Our accomplished

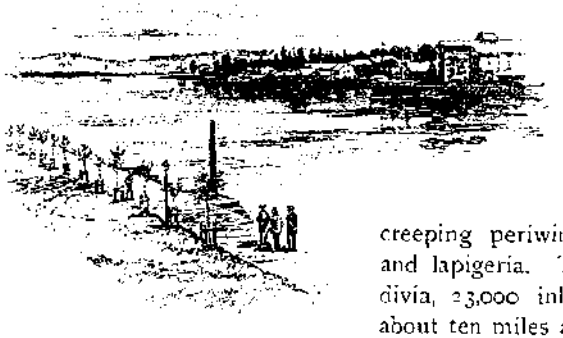
captain begins the improvised concert with some soft music on the zither, and then the ladies play Schubert, and Fräulein von X. sings songs which the audience enthusiastically declares to be *wunderschön*, *prachtvoll*, and *wunderhübsch;* but, being in a perverse mood, I say to myself that I prefer the wailing Moorish songs of Andalusia, the shrill flutes of the Arabs, the iron *castagnettes* of the dark-skinned dancing women of Africa. And this reflection brings to my mind the few Moorish traits that have remained in South America from the old colonial days—the shawls that veil the heads of the women, the mules and the street life that remind one of Stamboul and Spanish Cordova, the *arrieros* who calm their mules with a "Ts! ts! ts!" the very same sound that the Arab camel-drivers have employed from time immemorial.



HARBOR OF CORRAL.

We left Coronel and its bay, full of star-fish and polypuses, on the night of April 20th. The next morning I woke up to find a strong north wind blowing astern, rain falling heavily, the decks dripping, water pattering down on all sides, and the ship rolling over a leaden sea, with a heavy swell piling up the gloomy waters into restless hillocks. The rain and rolling accompanied us to the beautiful sheltered harbor of Corral, where we anchored in the midst of verdant hills, whose mantle of rich green trees reached down to the very water's edge, and over whose summits the gray heavy clouds hung like smoke, now thickening, now lifting for a moment, now streaming down in fine rain, and then giving place to other clouds. Corral, latitude 39° 53′ south, is the port of Valdivia, and lies at the mouth of the river of the same name. The harbor is formed by a sort of fiord, very much

like those of Norway. At the entrance the headlands are crowned by old fortresses. To the right, at the end of a bay, sheltered by wooded hills, is the little town of Corral, straggling along the beach and up the first spurs of the hills, one of which, overhanging the sea, is surmounted by the battlements of a picturesque old Spanish fort, with quaint sentry-boxes at the angles. We naturally go ashore and inspect this relic of the days of the *conquistadores*, decipher the dates on the dismantled cannons that lie on the ground, which is covered with a velvety carpet of small-leafed clover of the most delicate tone of green, visit the abandoned barracks and the stores full of pyramids of cannon-balls, and then mount the steep causeway, and pass out into the main street of the town, which crosses several mountain streams by means of rough bridges of planks. Corral is all up and down; the houses rise one above the other, with solid sloping gambrel-roofs to throw off the rain, which, according to local report, falls thirteen months out of the twelve in these parts; rivulets of water are running in every direction, and now and again the road creeps along under a dripping rock covered with maidenhair and other ferns, while every cottage and every lane is bedecked with a luxuriant growth of fuchsia, foxglove, creeping periwinkle, honeysuckle, and lapigeria. The town of Valdivia, 23,000 inhabitants, situated about ten miles away up the river, nestles in even a richer wealth of verdure and flowers. The journey up the river between the wooded banks and islands is delightful, provided the view is not hopelessly obscured by low drifting clouds that are blown in from the sea, and deposit their fertilizing showers with too great liberality on the luxuriant vegetation of this moist zone. Valdivia, with its breweries, tanneries, saw-mills, and commodious wooden houses, is an entirely German town; a large proportion of the inhabitants are German; the language, the customs,



VALDIVIA.

the civilization are German, which is equivalent to saying that everything in the town looks prosperous and comfortable. My travelling companions had several friends in Valdivia, and returned to the ship laden with flowers and with baskets of beautiful Grafenstein apples. They also brought a new passenger, Herr Z., a frosty old gentleman, with a small aquiline nose and an uncommon musical talent, which he revealed at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile the *Osiris* had completed her cargo by taking on board several hundred rolls of sole-leather, one of the chief exports of this region, the others being timber, live cattle, and beer. The ship now carried the following specimens of the produce of the Pacific coast: salted hides, silver ore, cocoa, and cotton from Peru; borax and silver ore from Antofagasta; nitrate, gold ore, gold ingots, and iodine from Taltal; hides, copper bars, lead, bones, hoofs, and horns from Valparaiso, also some walnuts and barley to be delivered in Montevideo; sole-leather from Talcahuano; and a great quantity of sole-leather from Valdivia. These goods, to be delivered in the ports of Havre and Hamburg, together with the coal, made a total dead weight of 3300 tons, the maximum capacity of the ship, which has a registered tonnage of 1875 tons net.*

In the night of April 22d we steamed through mist and rain out of Corral Harbor, and regained the rolling ocean. The next morning we woke up to find the sun shining, but the swell was still very heavy. In the course of the day we sighted a whale, and about latitude 41° south the first albatross appeared, swooping to and fro in the wake

* Having had occasion while studying the question of freights and of the means of transport at the disposal of international commerce between North America and Europe and the Pacific ports, I had noted the extremely cheap rates of the German ships. I took advantage of my voyage on board the *Osiris* to gather some information which will help to explain why the German ships can compete so successfully against the commercial navies of the world. A notable part of the secret consists in the cheapness of life in Germany, the frugality of the nation, and the fact that Germans are willing to do a great deal of work for very little money. German ships are worked very cheaply and with the fewest hands possible. The *Osiris*, for instance, has a crew of forty-two men and one boy, whose salaries per month are as follows: captain, £25 sterling; first officer, £9; second officer, £6; third officer, £4 5s.; doctor, £4 10s.; chief engineer, £17; second engineer, £11 4s.; third engineer, £6; fourth engineer, £3 15s.; first carpenter, £4 5s.; second carpenter, £3; first boatswain, £4; second boatswain, £3 10s.; nine A. B. seamen, each £3; seven stokers, each £3 15s.; six trimmers, each £3 5s.; two cooks, one at £5, the other at £3 10s.; first steward, £3 5s.; four under stewards at £1 10s. each. There is no purser or supercargo or other consequential person to play the gentleman; all on board have to work hard, and the officers look after the cargo and do clerks' business, as well as navigate the ship. The A. B.'s, I remarked, were picked men, always quiet, clean, and busy, and at night, after supper, the table of their mess-room was invariably covered with books and illustrated periodicals.

of the ship, accompanied by quantities of cape pigeons, which the French call *damiers*, from the geometrical distribution of black and white feathers on their wings. The rectangular outline, the pointed tip, and the symmetrical markings of these pigeons, seen as they fly with their wings spread perfectly flat, suggested to me the figures of birds in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. The two following days were rough and rainy, and we, who had come down from the tropics, began to feel the cold and put on warm clothing. As the ship rolled along between leaden sky and leaden water there was no consolation to be sought on deck, and so music, fancy-work, and the favorite German card game called "skat" brought all the passengers together in the smoking-room and the ladies' saloon, where we passed many hours of *ennui*. Herr Z. amused us by sitting at the piano, playing a soft accompaniment, and whistling waltzes, operas, sonatas, and I know not what, with curious *virtuosité*, wagging his venerable head to augment the rapidity of his trills. So on Friday, April 25th, we reached the southern end of the Gulf of Peñas, and found ourselves within sight of the entrance of Smyth's Channel, and already sheltered by the westerly islands. The night had been rough but clear, a little snow had fallen, but we had happily been able to navigate without difficulty in these waters, which are not without danger. In the morning, after some rain, the sky began to break, and we saw to the left the island of Ayautau, 570 feet high, and to the right the Guaianeco group, all harmonized in masses of deep velvety blue, with gray clouds rent on their peaks, clinging to their rugged sides, and piled up in Alpine silhouettes above them. The water is of a brownish-yellow color. Off Sombrero Island, 1345 feet high, we celebrate our safe arrival at the entrance of the channel with strong drinks, all the more welcome as the wind is icily cold. The ladies appear on deck in furs, their heads enveloped in bewitching *sorties de bal*, and we prepare to enjoy the scenery of which we have heard so much. Here it must be explained that Smyth's Channel is a passage between the islands and the extreme southern coast of the South American continent, extending from the Gulf of Peñas to the Strait of Magellan, and measuring from Ayautau Island, latitude 47° 36′ south, longitude 74° 45′ west, to Fairway Island, latitude 52° 44′ south, longitude 73° 47′ west, 338 miles in length, with a breadth varying between one-fifth of a mile minimum and five miles maximum, the average width being about two miles. It is, so to speak, a narrow submarine ravine wind-

ing between mountains, which, in the great upheaval that produced the American continent, remained partly submerged. This ravine, full of water, with a depth in many parts of more than five hundred fathoms, constitutes the channel; the sloping side valleys, where the depth of water is less, form sounds, inlets, and harbors with safe anchorage. The abortive continent above water presents the aspect of a chaos of peaks, ridges, and glaciers that tower up to heights of 1500 to 3000 feet, with a few lofty summits, like those of Cathedral Mount, Mount

NEAR NORTH ENTRANCE OF SMYTH'S CHANNEL, LOOKING BACK NORTHWARD.

Jarvis, and Mount Burney, which attain respectively 3836, 4570, and 5800 feet above the level of the sea. The advantage which Smyth's Channel offers to navigation is calm water like that of a lake, whereas the course in the ocean outside is almost always rough and dangerous. On the other hand, it is impossible to navigate in this sinuous labyrinth of islands except by daylight, and consequently the swift mail steamers never pass that way. The only regular line of passenger steamers that follows this course is that of the "Kosmos" Company. The ships of the other lines all pass through the Strait of Magellen, or, in certain circumstances on the outward voyage, through the south-eastern portion of Smyth's Channel, and then out again, through Trinidad Channel, back into the Magellan Strait. All sailing vessels of course have to round the terrible Cape Horn.

So then we enter the channel, and the panorama of cloud-land and mountain begins to unfold itself before our eyes. The clouds are massed over the mountains in grand strata of black, slate-gray, and silver. In the middle of the landscape, over the eastern horizon, a brilliant blue rent in the sky reveals the golden lining of sunlit clouds. Gradually the trees on the islands become visible, with their rich green foliage. Towards noon we reach Middle Island, a conical peak 2200 feet high, standing in the middle of the channel. The banks on either side are green, wooded mountains, with here and there an isolated patch of snow on the higher points, which are upwards of two thousand feet high. From the summits the water trickles down in threads of white foam that peep out amid the yellow or black green verdure that clothes the red-brown rocks. As we advance, the water-falls and patches of snow become more frequent, and small blue glaciers appear on the heights. The weather continues cloudy. The water is of a yellowish-green tone; the hills in the foreground are of a dark-green color, almost black, down to the water's edge, while the upper peaks seem to be covered with yellowish moss and lichen. In the distance are the silhouettes of islands and mountains of sombre indigo blue, and overhead is the ever-changing expanse of gray, black, and silvery clouds.

At one o'clock a great event happens to break the monotony of our existence on board. The fat pig that was put on board when the *Osiris* left Hamburg, and which has been living happily in its stall ever since, is slaughtered by the cook, the body plunged in boiling water, the bristles scraped off, and the carcass suspended from the shrouds, ready to be cut up. At the same time the holy-stoning of the foredeck begins, and three amateur photographers feel tempted to "snap off" negatives. The bewitching Olga, the diminutive baby boy Quito, and various groups also request the honors of the camera, and so the afternoon passes gayly. Meanwhile, as we advance, the scenery becomes more picturesque and grand, the mountains on either side rising to heights of 2000 feet, and snow fields and glaciers becoming more frequent. To our right a buoy marks the spot where the steamer *Cotopaxi* was wrecked in the autumn of 1889, and then we enter the English Narrows, one of the prettiest parts of the channel. Here the passage is scarcely a quarter of a mile wide, and the ship threads its tortuous way through a maze of innumerable small islands, all covered with a most luxuriant growth of trees, plants,

flowers, and ferns. We seem to be passing through a series of small lakes, and every moment one wonders how the ship will find its way out of the hills, islands, and trees that seem to form an impenetrable barrier on the horizon. The English Narrows are certainly one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, and no words can convey an adequate impression of this charming and lifeless solitude. Finally we wind out of the Narrows, and towards sunset, at five o'clock—the days being very short in these extreme southern latitudes—we approach Eden Harbor, latitude 49° 9′ south, sweep round the wreck of the Hamburg Pacific ship *Hermia*, which was lost in 1888, and remains with its stern, masts, and funnel above-water, and anchor a few hundred yards ahead of this gloomy monument of maritime disaster. Near Eden Harbor, in the trees, we see some smoke, which indicates the camp of some nomad Indians, who paddle out to the ship's side after dinner, and exchange some otter-skins for knives, matches, and biscuit. The next morning, in piercingly cold weather, we left Eden Harbor at six o'clock. The night had been very cold; some snow had fallen; all the hill-tops were covered, and the sharp edges of the black rocks alone appeared in relief, forming a net-work of intricate design over the white ground. The contrast of the black rocks and the white snow is now the chief feature in the rugged landscape, the more so as trees are becoming rarer, and no longer cover more than the lower rocks along the water's edge.

We then deviated a little from the direct course, and passed through Grappler Reach, in order to lay in a stock of ice. We halted in a cove opposite Averell Point, where there was much drift ice floating in large and small masses; a boat was lowered, and some of the finest pieces were captured, enchained, and hoisted on board amid the cheers of the passengers, who watched with delight the safe shipping and the breaking up of the huge glittering crystal blocks with crowbars. Two large whales also paid a visit to us, and blew columns of spray high into the air for their own relief and for our amusement. Then we steamed on again carefully through much drift ice, which slips down the mountain-sides from the numerous glaciers, and remains floating in great abundance in this part of the channel. At Penguin Inlet we remarked a large glacier. At the entrance of Brassey Channel we all admired the marvellous scenery of range after range of mountains, rising 2000 and 3000 feet on each side of the water-way, one behind the other, like stage scenery. Between two and three in

SHIPPING ICE IN GRAPPLER REACH.

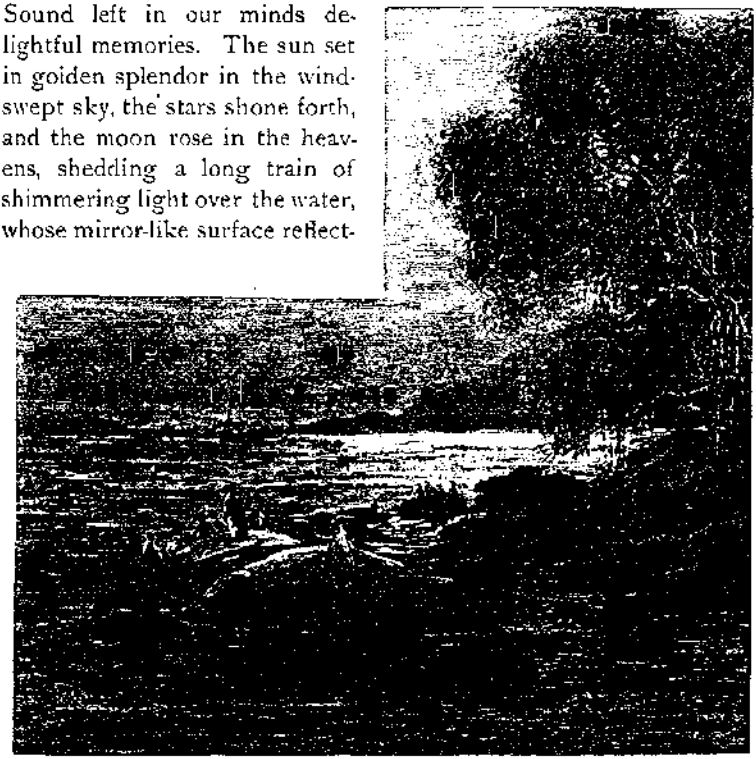
the afternoon we passed the entrance of Trinidad Channel; the sun was shining brightly; masses of silvery clouds hung over the horizon; the snow glistened on the distant ridges, and deep shadows hovered over the bold mountains in the middle distance. Our excellent captain, when his duties did not call him to the bridge, was busy washing in clever water-color sketches of clouds, mountains, and water, and our amateur photographers were sadly distracted by the innumerable points of view that presented themselves in uninterrupted succession as the *Osiris* steamed along. Soon we reach Molyneux Sound, latitude 50° 16′ south, the ship swings round, we steer up the inlet,

guided by two buoys, and at half-past three we anchor, at a distance of some five hundred metres from land, in a magnificent harbor, with green hills and islands all around us, and in the distance, towards the main channel, a range of snow-capped hills, on one of whose ridges a conspicuous rock suggests the form of the Egyptian Sphinx head.

Our being obliged to anchor at this early hour gave us an opportunity of going ashore. Boats are lowered, guns and cartridges produced, and we form parties to go fowling, sketching, and botanizing. The captain and myself land at the foot of a pointed hill. The water, of crystalline purity, reveals gigantic sea-weeds floating in its depths, and at the bottom a bed of black and white stones and bowlders unworn by restless flux and reflux. On the surface, too, are large crimped leaves of amber-colored weed. We land without difficulty on some smooth black rocks speckled and striped with white. Rock of this description is visible all along the water's edge, rising to a height of two or three feet, at which point the vegetation begins, and climbs up the hill to varying heights. Such is the nature of all the islands in Smyth's Channel—masses of rock rising out of the water, covered with vegetation of trees, moss, and lichen, the rock in contact with the water being generally coated with long mussels, which form the only food on which the nomad Indians can count. The variety of plants is considerable, forming, with the trees, an impenetrable mass of vegetation. The ground drips and oozes with moisture, and at every step your feet sink in an alarming manner, not into soil, of which there is little, but into a soft carpet of moss, leaves, rotten wood, and decaying vegetable matter. A score of different kinds of moss may be picked within a square yard, many of them being very fleshy, and the most strange and beautiful—the pale sage-green coral moss, and the white, fibrous ice moss that looks like silvery swan's-down. Of the ferns, one of the most beautiful is a hard, five-leafed, palm-like fern, with a glossy-black stem. The trees, even to their topmost branches, so abundant is the moisture, are infested with a luxuriant parasitic growth of moss and lichens. The undergrowth is composed of low-growing shrubs with hard varnished leaves, varieties of myrtle, a small-leaved berry-bearing plant called *chaura*, a plant with a pale-green prickly leaf like holly and a delicate carmine bell flower tipped with white, and a beautiful plant of the azalea family, with an exquisite rose-colored bell flower with golden petals. In this virgin paradise the only living things to be seen are otters, colibris,

white geese, black ducks, and gulls. Occasionally a huge albatross swoops overhead, and in some of the creeks are penguins and seals.

The evening in Molyneux Sound left in our minds delightful memories. The sun set in golden splendor in the wind-swept sky, the stars shone forth, and the moon rose in the heavens, shedding a long train of shimmering light over the water, whose mirror-like surface reflect-



MOLYNEUX SOUND.

ed in deep black shadows the surrounding islands and hills and the light cloud forms that hung above among the stars, each of which had its golden counterpart in the still water. Happily the icy south wind that blew so sharply in the afternoon did not reach us in this sheltered anchorage; but still the night was bitterly cold.

The next morning we started at three o'clock, and passed through the fine scenery of the Guia Narrows, the grand landscape of the Victory Pass and of the Sarmiento Channel, with its imposing peaks, behind which rises the towering snowy Cordillera of the main continent.

The transparency of the atmosphere was extreme, and at a great distance we could see every wrinkle and vein in the snow fields, and every thread-like rivulet that fissured the rocks and precipices. At 6.30 we anchored off Long Island —latitude 52° 20′ south—in a broad smooth bay, and after dinner we organized a raffle and a concert, in which we were aided by the crew's "drum, gong, and discord band," proudly entitled the "Bremer Stadtmusikanten," and composed of an accordion, a comb, two saucepan lids for cymbals, a tin bath for a drum, and a wooden tub, which, when skilfully scraped with a broom handle by an able-bodied seaman, gave forth sounds resembling those of the bass-viol. After this, two of the sailors, quaintly disguised with blankets, visited us in the rôle of the "Familie Lehmann." This common German name, the equivalent of the English Smith and Jones, has been given by the German sailors to the nomad Indians of Smyth's Channel. Every Indian man is Herr Lehmann, and his wife, Frau Lehmann. Curiously enough, while we were laughing at the strange antics and gibberish of our two sailors, the cry was heard from the stern, "Eine echte Familie Lehmann" (a genuine Lehmann family is coming). We all hurried to the lower deck, and there alongside on the port side was a long bark canoe, with two men, three women, and four small babies on board. The canoe was double-ended, and had a keel, ribs, and cross-ties of wood, over which were stretched sheets of bark, the whole bound together with leather thongs and grass ropes, and caulked with clay. In the middle of the canoe, on a basis of clay, a fire of twigs and branches was burning. At one end were two savage-looking men, with brown skins not unlike those of the more swarthy Chilian *Cholos*, long black straight hair, and no clothes except an old blanket over their shoulders. On the other side of the fire were an aged woman, whose occupation it was to perpetually bale out the boat with an old coffee-pot, and to keep the fire supplied with wood, and two younger women, each with a child slung on her back and another huddled at her feet. These women, like the men, had only a summery blanket thrown over their shoulders, and each worked a paddle. The two younger women were finely formed, and in all the bloom of their firm youthful flesh. Their round and broad faces were regular in feature, their teeth dazzlingly white, and their eyes brilliant and large. Indeed, they were quite beauties in their way, and their laughing faces were pleasant to contemplate as they looked up at us through the aureole of long black hair straggling over their foreheads

and hanging over their shoulders. A rope was thrown to the canoe, and one of the men held it, while the other and the women kept their craft clear with paddles and poles. Since some of them were kidnapped a few years ago, and carried off to Europe, where they were exhibited at raree-shows, these Indians can with difficulty be induced to come on board the ships. They feel distrustful, and keep their canoes at a safe distance, ready to push off at a moment's notice and at the slightest alarm. The bulwarks of our ship were by this time lined with passengers and crew leaning over and craning their heads to see the Lehmanns, who were crouching below in their unsteady canoe, with their savage or laughing faces upturned, and lighted by the intermittent glare of the fire, and by the dim flame of a ship's lantern. Meanwhile one of the sailors, holding on with one hand to a rope, and clinging with his feet monkey-like to a slight ledge on the ship's side, used his free hand to pass things from the ship to the canoe and *vice versa*. Then began conversation and trading, both of a very primitive nature.

"Good-evening, Frau Lehmann. How do you do?" cried a voice from the ship.

"Frau Lehman, si," replied the Indian ladies, throwing their heads back and laughing like coy children. "Frau Lehmann, si, si, *galletas*, *galletas* (tobacco, tobacco)."

In reply to this demand for biscuit and tobacco, voices from the ship cried "Skins, skins."

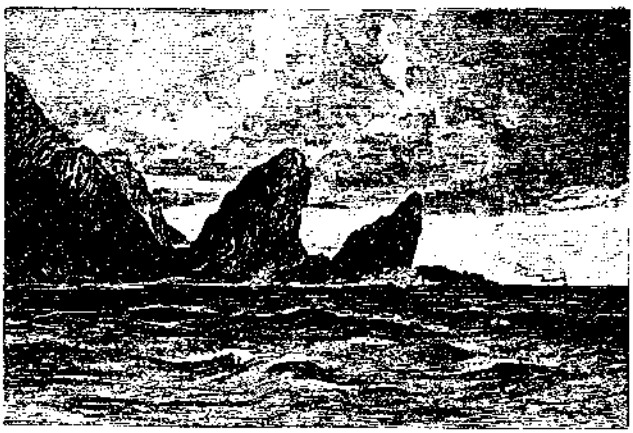
And then from the canoe rose many unintelligible sounds, terminating with the few English and Spanish words which the Indians have learned from passing ships: *cachimba* (tobacco pipe); *cuchillo* (knife), the English equivalent "knifey," "tobacco, tobacco," and *galletas*, *galletas*. Knives, biscuit, and tobacco are the articles which these Indians desire most ardently, and in exchange they offer bone spear-heads, lassos, bows and arrows, grass baskets, and sometimes otter-skins. We made a few trifling exchanges; gave them a sack of broken biscuit, some cigars, some old clothes, and a few colored handkerchiefs; and then they paddled away in the rain and gloom, after repeating our farewell of "Adios" and "So long," and singing a soft nasal lullaby. This visit of the Indians, in the midst of these vast mountain and island solitudes, was picturesque and impressive. The moon had gone down, rain was falling, and the drops ruffled with innumerable small eddies the glassy black wavelets that made

INDIANS VISITING THE SHIP AT NIGHT.

the frail bark canoe roll and lurch; the fitful glare of the fire now revealed the faces of the Indians, with their white teeth and shining eyes, and now left the boat and its occupants in shadowy mystery; our seaman clinging to the black ship's side formed a fantastic silhouette against the murky background of the night; and the row of heads leaning over the rail, and all looking down, must have presented to the Indians odd effects of foreshortening, which, we may be sure, they failed to appreciate. The Indians seen in Smyth's Channel consist of a few nomad families, who live two or three together, and own a canoe and a tent composed of a few poles covered with skins. Their only arms are bows and arrows; their chief food, mussels; and their scanty clothing, such old rags and blankets as the charity of passing ships provides. They are, I suppose, the poorest and most miserable specimens of humanity on the face of the earth, and their existence in the cold rainy islands of this inhospitable end of the world is more wretched by far than that of the least-favored residents of the northern arctic regions.

At five o'clock the following morning, April 28th, we started from Long Island, and after three hours' steaming we reached the end of Smyth's Channel, left the ocean and the bold and curious headland of Cape Pillar to our right, and entered the Strait of Magellan. The character of the landscape now changed entirely. The green islands and tree-clad hills gave place to brown, rugged, and barren rocks, behind which rose high peaks covered with snow. Cape Pillar, latitude 52° 42′ south, longitude 74° 43′ west, is 310 feet high; the peaks on our left hand are over three thousand feet; the peaks on our right, on Desolation Island, are equally high; while on Santa Ines Island, the loftiest summit, Mount Wharton, rises to a height of 4350 feet. In our passage through the Strait of Magellan, generally obscured by rain and mist, we were favored with exceptionally fine weather. In the afternoon, as we passed Glacier Bay, we had a splendid view of a dazzling bluish-green ice field embedded between craggy and barren hills, with a little vegetation along the water's edge alone, and surrounded by towering snow-clad mountains from 3000 to 4000 feet high. On the opposite shore we admired a still vaster glacier which had recently begun to slide, and remained a terrific wilderness of jagged and chaotic blocks. In this region of wild mountains, snow fields, and glaciers, we witnessed a marvellous sunset. The sky overhead was clear blue; on the eastern horizon a few light clouds; on the western horizon very

heavy clouds, with a central brazier of molten gold, in front of which the mountains stand out in successive planes, the nearer ones of deep indigo hue, the more distant ones bathed in an almost transparent haze of bluish-rose, passing into the rich tones of *gorge de pigeon*. As the sun sinks, the golden light vanishes, the heavy clouds become velvety-black, with an under fringe of bright ruby-red, while a ruby glow suffuses the opposite eastern sky, tips with rose the distant snow

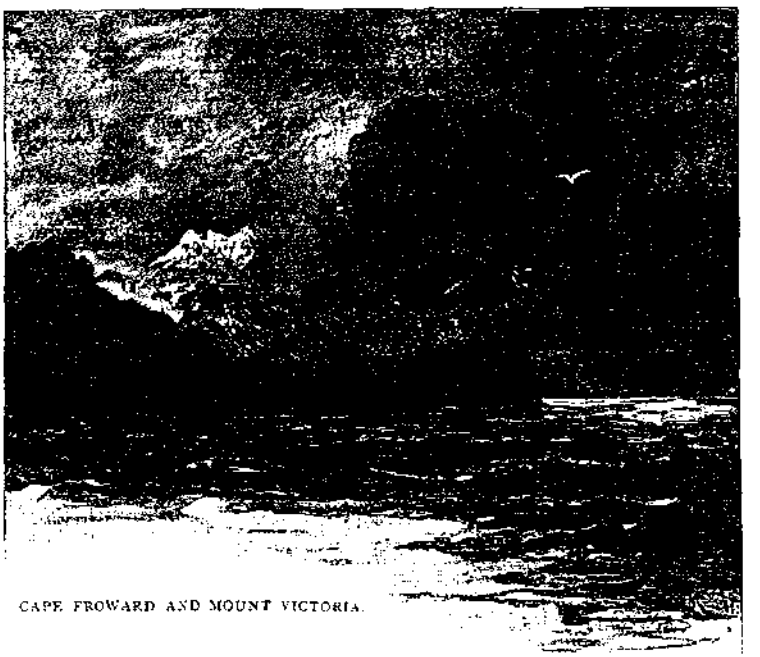


CAPE PILLAR.

peaks, and casts ruddy reflections over the glassy mirror of the calm water. The same evening, by moonlight, we passed the black and barren silhouette of Cape Froward, latitude 53° 55′ south, longitude 71° 19′ west, the southernmost point of all the continents of the world, and the extreme end of the great mountain range of the Andes. Cape Froward itself measures only 1200 feet, but the summit of Mount Victoria, immediately behind it, rises to 2900 feet, which figure may be taken as the average of the higher summits seen in the Strait of Magellan in the grand stretch of mountain and water scenery between Cape Pillar and Cape Froward. The Strait of Magellan from Cape Pillar, latitude 52° 43′ south, longitude 74° 41′ west, to Cape Virgins, latitude 52° 20′ south, longitude 68° 20′ west, measures 317 miles; in the narrowest part the width is two miles, and in the broadest reaches from ten to seventeen miles.

From Cape Froward onward to Punta Arenas the coast rocks and the mountain peaks diminish in grandeur, the highest nowhere exceeding 2000 feet, and most of them being much lower. We reached Punta Arenas in the night, anchored, and slept happily until daybreak, when we blew the steam-whistle to warn the inhabitants of our presence. At length the captain of the port came on board, and we were at liberty to go ashore; but the landing was difficult and dangerous: owing to the roughness of the water and the primitiveness of the moles, we had to be hoisted out of the ship's boat with ropes. The town does not offer much to interest the visitor. In the bay are two coal hulks, an American schooner at anchor, several small coasting schooners used for seal-fishing and local service, and a Chilian survey steamer. To the north of the town is a government depot, with half a dozen buoys lying on the sandy shore, and looking from a distance like gigantic spinning tops. Still farther to the north is an old light-house tower, painted red and white, which was used by the German astronomical mission at the time of the last passage of Venus. Beyond the light-house the land becomes flat, and stretches out into the

GLACIER, LATITUDE 53° 21′ SOUTH, LONGITUDE 72° 55′ WEST.



CAPE FROWARD AND MOUNT VICTORIA.

water, forming a long sandy spit, with a conical beacon on the extreme point. Hence the name of the settlement—Sandy Point. The town is of very recent origin, but it has grown rapidly, and now has a population of 922 souls, the whole Territorio de Magellanes having a population of 3085, of whom about eight hundred are foreigners of various nationalities, the chief capitalists and business people being German or English. The houses are solidly built of wood, the best of them having corrugated iron roofs. Most of the buildings are painted white; some have walls and roofs of the same deep red color; the roofs are, of course, sharply pointed to throw off the rain. The general aspect of things there is new and prosperous. The principal business houses are German. Punta Arenas is a free port, and the great centre for supplying the sheep farms and various settlements on the opposite islands of the Tierra del Fuego group, southern Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands. In these rainy and apparently inhospitable regions the great industry is sheep-farming. There is also much gold-dust in the rivers and torrents, and silver and coal mines

in the neighborhood, but hitherto they have not been worked with success. It is curious to note that the shepherds who come to Punta Arenas to buy goods and provisions often pay in gold-dust, which they gather in the streams near which their flocks are feeding. Skins and furs form a second important industry; seal and sea-otters abound in the various channels between the islands of Tierra del Fuego and of the Strait of Magellan, and three times a year the Patagonian Indians ride into Punta Arenas to sell the produce of their hunting excursions,

PUNTA ARENAS.

namely, puma, ostrich, guanaco, and silver-fox skins. The exportation of furs is an important business here, and the port, standing as it does in the regular steamer track, is destined to greater and greater prosperity. When we returned on board we found two Danish fur dealers displaying their stock of merchandise, and endeavoring to do business with the passengers. The skins were spread out over the hatches on the aft deck—ostrich, guanaco, seal, otter, puma, fox—looking soft and warm, and interspersed with a few Indian curiosities, such as bows, arrows, spears, lassos, shell-work, spurs, models of bark canoes, and the terrible *bolas*, which the Patagonians and their pupils, the Argentine *gauchos*, use to hunt the ostrich. The *Osiris* landed our mail-bag and a dozen sacks of potatoes, took on board a quantity of ostrich feathers to be delivered in Havre, and then proceeded on her way.

At breakfast that morning we noted with pleasure that pig's flesh did not appear in the *menu;* the wretched animal slaughtered at the entrance of Smyth's Channel had been obtruding his memory upon us in various forms twice a day regularly since its decease, and the previous evening it had appeared in the euphonious form of "Schnautzen und Pautzen." Happily this was the end of the beast, whose place was henceforward taken by good beef and Tierra del Fuego mutton, shipped at Punta Arenas. So we went steaming on through cold and scudding rain clouds, in choppy and snarling water, between the low coast hills of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. As we pass Elizabeth Island, about twenty miles from Punta Arenas, we catch a glimpse of Sarmiento Mountain, distant ninety-six miles, in the southern part of Tierra del Fuego. On reference to the chart, we find that this mountain, covered with perpetual snow, 7330 feet high, is the highest point of Tierra del Fuego. In the same southern section of the island is Mount Darwin, 7000 feet high, and many other rugged, snow-clad

MOUNT SARMIENTO, HIGHEST POINT OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

peaks and glaciers, from 3000 to 4000 feet. All this part of the world is terribly inhospitable and dangerous, and the English Admiralty Chart is full of ominous notes and warnings. At Ushuwaia, in the Beagle Channel, latitude 54° 49′ south, longitude 68° 18′ west, says the chart, is an English mission station, "which may be used as a place of

FUR DEALERS ON BOARD AT PUNTA ARENAS.

refuge for shipwrecked mariners." The same chart gives directions and advice in case of disaster, which makes one feel the horror of these waters, and adds, "A great change has been effected in the character of the natives generally, and the Yaghan natives from Cape San Diego to Cape Horn, and thence round to Brecknock Peninsula, may be trusted." The Yaghan, or Fuegian, Indians are the same as we saw in Eden Harbor and Molyneux Sound. They are by no means

FUEGIANS.

numerous, and all more or less savage, more or less miserable, and very few, I am told, as good-looking as the family that visited us in Molyneux Sound. They are all nomad, and wander from island to island in the Tierra del Fuego group, the Strait of Magellan, Smyth's Channel, the western coast of the continent, and the islands of the archipelagoes of Chonos and Guaianeco. Indians of the same race are also found in the Chilian province of Chiloé, but their physical aspect in those parts is much better, and their way of living much less rude than that of their southern brothers.

That evening we anchored off Santa Marta Island, nocturnal navigation in the Strait of Magellan being impossible, owing to the absence of light-houses and the intricacy of the course. The next morning, April 30th, we continued our journey, with a stiff head breeze, through light-green water, the land on either side being low.

At Punta Delgada we note Wood's Settlement, an important sheep farm belonging to an Englishman. The runs, I was told, support more than eighty thousand sheep. Once a year a steamer from London brings provisions for the colony, and takes the wool back to England. But what a forlorn and desolate place to spend one's life in!

The time now began to hang heavily on board the *Osiris*. The fine scenery was left behind, and in the afternoon we passed Dungeness Beacon, crossed the Sarmiento Bank, and so out into the Atlantic, leaving Cape Virgin to our left, and after five days' navigation over very high and rough sea, with steam and sail and a strong northwest wind to aid us, we reached Montevideo on the morning of May 6th. The *Osiris* is a good stout ship, but not a rapid one. Nevertheless I thoroughly enjoyed the five weeks I spent on board, and it was not without regret that I said good-by to Captain Carlsen and all his warm-hearted and amiable passengers, and went ashore to continue my wanderings in the region of the great plains, the *inmensas llanuras* of the basin of La Plata. The voyage was long—the course followed measured more than four thousand sea miles—but it would be difficult to find elsewhere a stretch of coast offering such variety of physical and ethnographical features. I had started from the tropical harbor of Callao, from the latitude of the coffee and cocoa plant, and skirted the strange rainless regions of northern Chili, with their unparalleled wealth of salts and minerals that make these barren deserts and arid mountain wastes a veritable chemical laboratory. From Caldera southward to Valparaiso I had seen the mixed zone abounding in

PATAGONIAN INDIAN WOMAN.

minerals, but at the same time fertile and adapted for agriculture. Then followed the purely agricultural zone of Chili, with its mild and delightful climate; the coal fields of the littoral of the provinces of Arauco and Concepción; the rainy valleys of Valdivia, Llanquihue, and Chiloé, with their rich soil and luxuriant woods; and finally the zone of woods and fisheries, which begins at latitude 43° 30′, and extends to latitude 57° south. Here the great central valley, which plays

PATAGONIAN INDIANS.

so important a rôle in the topography of Chili, disappears, and the coast Cordillera, whose mountain ranges have accompanied us all down the littoral from Peru, becomes transformed into the archipelagoes of Chiloé, Guaitecas, Cuaianeco, Magellanes, and Tierra del Fuego—mountainous islands, and for the most part impenetrable solitudes, given up to seals, otters, wild fowl, and Indians. At Cape Froward the main Cordillera de los Andes crosses our route, and becomes transformed into the highlands and valleys of Tierra del Fuego, parts of which are destined to become a great cattle country. Then the region of rugged rocks and snowy peaks ceases, and between Punta Arenas and Cape Virgin we see the southern end of those steppes and pampas which stretch away northward up to the primeval forests of Brazil, and constitute the great natural advantage

and agricultural wealth of the Atlantic water-shed of the Andean chain, and of the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, and Uruguay. The rapid panorama of the physical features of the coast was accompanied by a scarcely less interesting glimpse of men and manners. In indolent and tropical Peru the best workers are negroes and Chinese; in the mineral zones the Bolivian and Chilian *Cholos* are unrivalled in endurance and special skill; in Valparaiso we find Englishmen and Germans controlling the commerce of the country, and organizing exportation and importation; in the lower and more rainy province of Valdivia we might almost imagine ourselves in rural Germany; through the island solitudes, with their forests and glaciers, the most miserable of wild Indians alone eke out a scanty and arduous existence; and then, on the east side of the Andes, we once more find Anglo-Saxon energy settling and transforming the land, and creating wealth and civilization.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL.

IT is doubtful whether verbal description can ever be vivid enough to evoke in the reader's mind any adequate image of the corresponding reality, especially when that reality is not an isolated object or person, but the prodigious aggiomeration of objects and persons that constitutes a great city. The painter and the draughtsman alone can compose panoramas and detailed pictures that portray the general material aspect and peculiar life of the dwelling-places of multitudes. The writer, on the other hand, must content himself with the record of observations he has made and impressions that he has received, unless he confine himself to the arid field of statistical and scientific demography. Admirable as may be the results of the latter pursuit, they have the disadvantage of being ineloquent except to specialists, and also of being misleading, thanks to their very abstract quality.

Thousands of pages of figures and many excellent statistical works have been compiled on the subject of the city of Buenos Ayres, but none of them convey clear ideas as to the aspect and movement of the streets, the looks of the houses and the people, or the way the inhabitants live, suffer, or enjoy. In the following pages I propose to be unscientific. I will even ask the reader's permission to be familiar, and to devote some space to matters which may seem trivial. Life, however, is largely made up of trivialities. Furthermore, let it be understood that in whatever I may say about the Argentines there is no desire to disparage wilfully or to criticise in a carping spirit. It is always easier to find faults than qualities, to blame than to praise, to be amusing and caustic rather than just and appreciative. I write in good faith, unbiassed by prejudices or sympathies, and with no other ideal and standard than the results and experience of the highest civilization of the past and of the present.

The Argentines have pretensions to civilization and refinement; they boast of their capital, of its rapid progress, of the convenience

and luxury of life at Buenos Ayres. This pride and self-congratulation is largely justified, but nevertheless the reality falls far below the descriptions that are current. The visitor's first experience of the hotels is his first disappointment. With the exception of the Grand Hotel, which would rank with third and even fourth class houses in Europe, all the thirty to forty hotels of Buenos Ayres occupy inadequate buildings, and they are badly furnished, badly managed, and altogether wretched, dirty, and comfortless. Nevertheless, the proprietors make good profits. They charge from two and a half to twelve gold dollars a day for each person, and their houses are always full. In the course of various visits I made a point of trying the most notable houses, and in all of them I found the same defects; poor and dirty rooms, slovenly service, nauseating food, sanitary apparatus of a filthiness that no words can convey. For men, part of the horror of the ordinary hotels can be escaped by having recourse to the large modern *casas amuebladas*, like the Deux Mondes, Internacional, Sud Americana, Louvre, L'Universelle, which are simply hotels without restaurants. Meals can then be taken in the various eating-houses and restaurants of the business quarter, of which the best are the Café de Paris, Mercer, Sportsman, Rôtisserie Française, and Criterion. There is also a good German restaurant called the Aue Keller, arranged in neo-mediæval style like the Berlin Rathhauskeller. No town in South America has finer restaurants than Buenos Ayres, and, so far as concerns cuisine, the Café de Paris may be compared with the Parisian restaurants of the third category. These restaurants, however, are mainly frequented by foreigners, and almost exclusively by men. It is a rare thing to see a lady dining in a restaurant, and if you do see one, you may be sure that she is a foreigner. The Argentines go to the hotels, and either live at the *table-d'hôte*, or more generally have their meals served in their rooms, and as you go along the passages, reeking with strong perfumery, you catch a glimpse through half-opened doors of large women, wearing rich clothes and sparkling jewelry, sucking *maté* and eating primitive food, very much after the manner of the Indians of the Gran Chaco. So much luxury and so little real comfort, such is the remark that one is constantly making at Buenos Ayres, and the only explanation of the phenomenon is that the Argentines do not need comfort. Hotels and restaurants are good indicators of the degree of refinement of a community. The fact that the hotels of Buenos Ayres are miserable and

dirty, the food horrible, and the service execrable, simply implies that the public neither criticises nor protests, that it wants nothing better, deserves nothing better, and gets what it merits.

Thanks to the opening of the new Darsena, the stranger who arrives at Buenos Ayres is no longer subjected to the torture of landing in small boats or even carts, and of paying ransom to boatmen and porters, whose extortions were curbed by no tariff. Now the river steamers and tug-boats land passengers directly on the quay at about half an hour's ride from the centre of the town, and the only ransom absolutely obligatory is that exacted by the coachmen. The process of landing is rough still, and good police regulations are needed. When once within the town proper the stranger is struck by the narrowness of the streets, which are only forty feet wide, the lowness of the buildings, many of which have only one story, the activity of the traffic, the throng of carts and wagons, and the incessant passing of horse-cars, one behind the other. The noise is deafening, and consists of the rolling of wheels, the clattering of hoofs on the rough granite pavement, generally full of holes and ruts; and, above all, the squealing of the tram-way horns. In front of each car, just within reach of the driver's lips, is slung a cow-horn, upon which he plays with indefatigable *virtuosité*, eliciting from it piercing notes that suggest at once the howling of a new-born babe, the shrieks of a Punch and Judy show, and the squalling of noctambulant cats. From early morning until midnight every street, from one end of the city to the other, re-echoes with this irritating din. Most of the street-cars in Buenos Ayres are open American vehicles with reversible seats; they are generally shabby-looking from hard wear; the horses are small native beasts that never get groomed; they are fed on green fodder and hay alone, and smell most disagreeably; the conductors are seedy fellows of all nationalities, without uniform, and the drivers belong to the lowest category of degraded and cruel human brutes. The street traffic of Buenos Ayres is fertile in instances of the most revolting cruelty to animals, and whether in the cars or in a coach circulation is equally disagreeable and alarming. The pavement being very bad in most of the streets, the carriages shake you up even more than the cars, which dance and jolt along the uneven rails, swing round curves with a wrench and a crash, and from time to time run off the track. There is no limit to the number of passengers in a car. "Hanging on by a strap" and clinging to the foot-board are practised as in North

America. The blocking of the streets is frequent, and in the centre you will see twenty times a day a score of tram-cars in a string, and a hundred carts and carriages at a stand-still, crowded in a confusion that remains inextricable for twenty minutes or half an hour. In wet weather the roadway is converted into a sort of marsh; the water remains in the holes and ruts and along the tram lines; the wheels cut through the liquid mud, splashing and bespattering the sidewalks and the shop windows, and the only efficacious protection is that of big boots and mackintoshes. Umbrellas are of no use, the sidewalks being so narrow that two persons walking abreast occupy the whole width. The streets, in short, are inadequate for the traffic of the modern town.

Buenos Ayres is laid out in squares, or *cuadras*, of uniform dimensions, in accordance with the prescriptions of the Leyes de Indias, dictated from the Escorial in the sixteenth century. Each *cuadra* measures 142 yards by 142 yards, thus covering an extent of some 4¼ acres, and the whole town covers a superficies of 18,000 hectares, or, say, 45,000 acres. The longitudinal streets run from the river more or less from east to west, and the cross-streets at right angles north and south. The central longitudinal street, Calle Rivadavia, running from the river to the suburb of Almagro, divides the town into two parts, and on crossing it the transverse streets change their names. Thus Calle Florida, when it crosses Rivadavia and continues southward, assumes the name of Peru, and so with all the others. The façades of each *cuadra*, taken two by two, one on each side of a street, comprise one hundred numbers, fifty on each side; the first *cuadra* contains numbers 1–100; the second, 101–200; the third, 201–300, and so on. It is thus easy to calculate the distance to a given spot. Number 3091, for instance, must be in the thirty-first *cuadra*. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous than to walk through these narrow, straight, interminable streets which, for the most part, present the same uninteresting perspective and the same stupid façades from No. 1 to No. 4000, where the eye at last descries the leprous and arid landscape of the gray suburban plains.

In the new parts of the town only, towards the north, have the dimensions of the streets been changed, and while the rectangular system of *cuadras* has been maintained, the width of the thoroughfares has been more than doubled, and fine roads have been laid out and planted with shade-trees on the model of the boulevards of Paris.

Such are the Avenidas de la Republica and General Alvéar, the Calles Santa Fé, Rodriguez Peña, Belgrano, and Callao, and the Boulevard Corrientes, where many handsome buildings have been erected of late years. In all these streets and boulevards the indispensable horse-car runs, generally up one street and down a parallel street, the narrowness not permitting a double line of rails. In 1890 the six tramway companies of Buenos Ayres were using 199.378 kilometres of track, 342 coaches, and 5882 horses. The journeys of the first three months of the year amounted to 374,355, and the passengers carried to 10,177,078.

LECHEROS.

The traffic of the streets of Buenos Ayres does not present many picturesque elements. Among the most characteristic types are the *lecheros*, or milkmen, generally Basques, who ride in from the suburbs on the top of their milk-cans, after the common South American

style. Morning and evening may be remarked, even in the crowded streets of the centre, groups of milch kine, followed by their calves, with leather muzzles over their noses, halting in front of a house while one of them is being milked. There are also many *tambos*, or dairies, all over the town, for the most part dirty and alarmingly unhygienic. The *mozos de cordel*, *changadores*, or street porters, Basques to a large extent, also form characteristic figure subjects as they stand at the street corners, with their red or blue caps, their sacks, and their length of rope, waiting for customers, and ready to vie with the *kamals* of Constantinople in carrying enormous weights on their shoulders. In the morning, too, may still be seen in the vicinity of the markets huge bullock carts, or *carretas*, drawn by two or three yokes of oxen. The remaining street types are fish-sellers, who carry their merchandise slung on a pole, itinerant vendors of provisions of various kinds, dirty little urchins who black shoes, still dirtier and noisier boys who sell newspapers, organ-grinders, a few ambulant musicians, and a certain number of deformed, decrepit, or able-bodied

STREET PORTERS.

beggars. The rest of the passers-by are of cosmopolitan type, the predominant features being Italian and Spanish, and the costume as uniform and uninteresting as imported ready-made clothing can render it.

SHOEBLACKS.

The rapidity of the growth of Buenos Ayres is one of the most remarkable phenomena that the statisticians of the century have observed; it is pronounced to be marvellous and without parallel. The effective population, including visitors, at the time of the last census (September, 1887), was 433,375. The population actually domiciled in the city and the annexed suburbs of Flores and Belgrano at the moment of the census was 423,996. The legal population—that is to say, the population born on the spot—was only 75,062. The balance between the legal and the effective population, 358,313 persons, consisted of 129,672 born in various parts of the republic, and 228,641 foreigners. At the time of the previous census, taken in 1869, the population of the actual city and suburbs amounted to 187,126, so that the increase in eighteen years was 246,249 souls. The statisti-

cians furthermore demonstrate that the annual increase of Buenos Ayres is greater than that of Chicago or any other North American city. The proportion of foreigners in 1887 was 112 to every 100 Argentines. Argentines figure for 47.2 per cent. in the total population; Italians, 31.1 per cent.; Spaniards, 9 per cent.; French, 4.6 per cent.; and all the foreigners together, 52.8 per cent. of the total population. In the census of 1887 the Germans and the English numbered each about 4000, and the North Americans less than 600.

As regards religion, the immense majority of the population, 97.8 per cent., professedly belongs to the Roman Catholic faith; 1.8 per cent. includes Protestants of all sects, mostly English and Germans; Israelites of both sexes number 366; and free-thinkers, 868. Such at least are the figures of the census of 1887, and there is no reason to believe that the proportions have materially changed since that date.

In the years 1888 and 1889 immigration continued on a large scale, and the total population of the city is supposed to have increased to half a million. In the beginning of 1890, however, the current of immigration slackened,* and entirely ceased by the time the revolution of July broke out, while at the same time, owing to the monetary crisis, the cessation of building operations, and the increased cost of living, a counter-current of emigration set in, and took away many thousand masons, carpenters, and artisans, to say nothing of people engaged in commerce; so that, although it is currently stated that Buenos Ayres has an actual population of half a million, it would be nearer the truth to fix the figure at 475,000, or even less.

The city itself has naturally increased with the growth of the population. The census of 1869 gave a total of 20,858 houses for the city and the suburbs of Flores and Belgrano, out of which 1300 were mere *ranchos*, or huts, with thatched roofs, and 1558 modern struct-

* The following figures show the number of immigrants who arrived at Buenos Ayres during the first five months of 1889 and 1890:

Month.	1889.	1890
January	22,100	15,551
February	23,595	12,307
March	18,065	11,259
April	20,479	10,480
May	20,889	9,704
Total	106,028	59,301

ures. This total, however, is misleading, because apartments and flats are in many cases counted as houses. The census of 1887, more accurate and trustworthy, gives a total for the city and suburbs of 33,804 houses, of which the vast majority, 28,353, have only one story, 4979 two stories, 436 three stories, and 36 four stories. The census of 1869 mentions no houses having four stories. Furthermore, it may be noted that in the census of 1887 the thatched *ranchos* have entirely disappeared. The great increase in building began in 1880, and came to a halt in 1890, when the emigration current and the crisis caused a decrease in the population of the city, and therefore in the demand for lodging. Within a few weeks the "to let" cards made their appearance all over the town—a phenomena which appeared novel and strange to the old inhabitants and alarming to the statisticians.

The history of domestic architecture in Buenos Ayres may be divided into four periods. The first is that of the thatched *rancho*. The second is that of cane roofs, thick walls of adobe or brick, doors studded with big nails, few and small windows protected by heavy iron gratings, large rooms, and court-yards after the Andalusian style. The builders of these spacious houses were Spanish masons called *alarifes*. Several of the old-fashioned houses still exist in Buenos Ayres, and are inhabited by conservative creole families. In the old provincial towns, like Cordoba and Corrientes, they are also numerous. The houses of the third period have tile roofs, parapets, and balustrades to crown the façade, exterior walls coated with stucco or Roman cement, and painted rose, blue, and other colors, ornamental wrought or cast-iron gratings, or *rejas*, over the windows, marble pavements, and often marble panels on the walls. Houses of this description, generally only one story high, and built for the most part by Italian masons, form eighty per cent. of the total of the capital. They are small, inconvenient, unhygienic, and entirely without modern comforts. Their exterior aspect reveals no particular style of architecture; most of them are plain and devoid of any ornamentation except the iron gratings over the windows; others are overloaded with capitals, cornices, columns, caryatides, and fleurons, all modelled in cement, and very limited in design. You see the same patterns repeated on a hundred houses. Similar want of variety and want of taste is displayed in the painting and interior adornment of the rooms. The current ideal of domestic architecture seems to con-

sist in the greatest possible quantity of ornamentation on the façade and in the court-yard, or *patio*, which must further be decorated with plaster statues and some palm-trees and plants in pots. Then the whole is pronounced to be very pretty (*muy lindo*). The fourth and present period is one of complete transformation. The materials of construction are exclusively iron for columns, girders, and rafters, which are mostly manufactured in Belgium, and brick and cement for the walls and ornaments. The buildings, whether business blocks or dwelling-houses, have basement floors and three or four stories, and all the conveniences that hygienic engineering has devised. Some of the modern business blocks, for instance, those of Tornquist and Company, Staudt and Company, and several blocks in the Calle Florida, including the vast edifice of the Bon Marché, still in course of construction, the building of the Municipality, and several of the new school-houses, are very handsome, the dominant style being so-called modern German, or, in other words, an adaptation of Renaissance elements to modern requirements. The tendency of this new movement in Argentine architecture is to give to the capital a markedly European aspect. In the domestic architecture, on the other hand, especially in the new houses to be seen in the north of the city, the favorite styles seem to be French and Italian Renaissance, with high peaked roofs, jutting turrets, and oriel-windows. All this seems strange when one reflects upon the fitness of things in general and the conditions of architecture in particular. In Buenos Ayres there is no building stone of any kind, much less a stone susceptible of receiving the delicate carving that contributes to the essential charm of Renaissance architecture. The Château of Blois is beautiful beyond expression, but where would be the merit of its ornate columns if its lace-work balustrades and its arabesqued panels were made of cement and sham? What lasting pleasure can one take in things that are *simile*, false, not genuine, not logical. Then, again, what *raison d'être* have steep Renaissance roofs in a climate like that of the Argentine? In what respect is a modern Berlin mansion particularly suited to the fierce summer heat of Buenos Ayres? Are the Parisian villas of the Plaine Monceau dwellings adapted to the conditions of life on the banks of La Plata? One may be permitted to entertain doubts on these points, and, at any rate, to regret that the Argentines have so lightly abandoned the traditions of the old Spanish settlers—so far, at least, as domestic architecture is concerned. The

sources of inspiration that are naturally and historically indicated to the modern Argentine architects are not those of the Renaissance, whether French, Italian, Belgian, or modern German, but those of the Moorish monuments of Andalusia and of the East. The architectonic distribution of the Moorish house is the one that has hitherto prevailed in Spanish America; the constructive materials of Moorish architecture are those which the resources of the country offer; the methods and kinds of ornamentation employed by the Moors are alone reasonable and appropriate where the natural and available elements are clay, lime, sand, and their derivatives, together with wood and marble.

While the narrow streets of Buenos Ayres are inadequate for the actual traffic, the houses are insufficient to lodge the population in conditions of decency. The working-classes, especially, are most miserably quartered in tenement-houses constructed without regard to

hygiene. Considering its vast extent—18,000 hectares—the city is thinly populated, the explanation being the prevalence of houses of one story occupying a superficies which, in a city like Paris or Berlin, would be covered by a house of five or six stories, giving accommodation to twenty or thirty families. Even in the centre of the city—for instance, in the Calle Florida, the Bond Street, and the Boulevard des Italiens of Buenos Ayres—there are many houses of one story, and still more of two only. Why, one asks, do not the owners build new and lofty blocks? Surely it would be a good investment, given the dearness of rents. Yes, this reasoning is excellent; but the proprietors remain imperturbable, either through creole apathy, or because they have hitherto preferred to employ their money in the more rapidly and more handsomely remunerative business of speculation in land, stocks, and gold.* At any rate, the fact remains that 80 per cent. of the houses of the Argentine capital have only one story, that rents are enormously high, and that the population is distributed over a superficies so great that a large portion of the lives of the citizens is uselessly spent in the disagreeable and stultifying process of travelling in the horse-cars.

As for the poorer classes, who cannot afford to lose time and money in locomotion, they are crowded in the centre of the town, in the so-called *conventillos*, those fearful sheds with zinc and iron roofs that are to be seen near the river between the central station and the suburb of La Boca. The census of 1887 shows that there were at that date 2835 *conventillos* in the city, inhabited by 116,167 persons, who live a dozen or more in a room, in conditions that render morality, decency, or cleanliness impossible.† Recently a few new tenement-houses have been built in hygienic conditions and according to the new regulations of the police; but in order to accommodate the

* The reconstruction of modern Buenos Ayres is subject to certain municipal regulations which leave complete latitude to the architect as far as style and decoration are concerned, but require certain conditions of solidity and impose certain limits of height. Thus, in the streets that are less than 10 metres wide, the façade of a building, measured from the sidewalk to the cornice, must not exceed sixteen metres. In the wider streets the façades may be higher, but must never exceed twenty metres. Public buildings, theatres, churches, and special edifices are exempt from these rules.

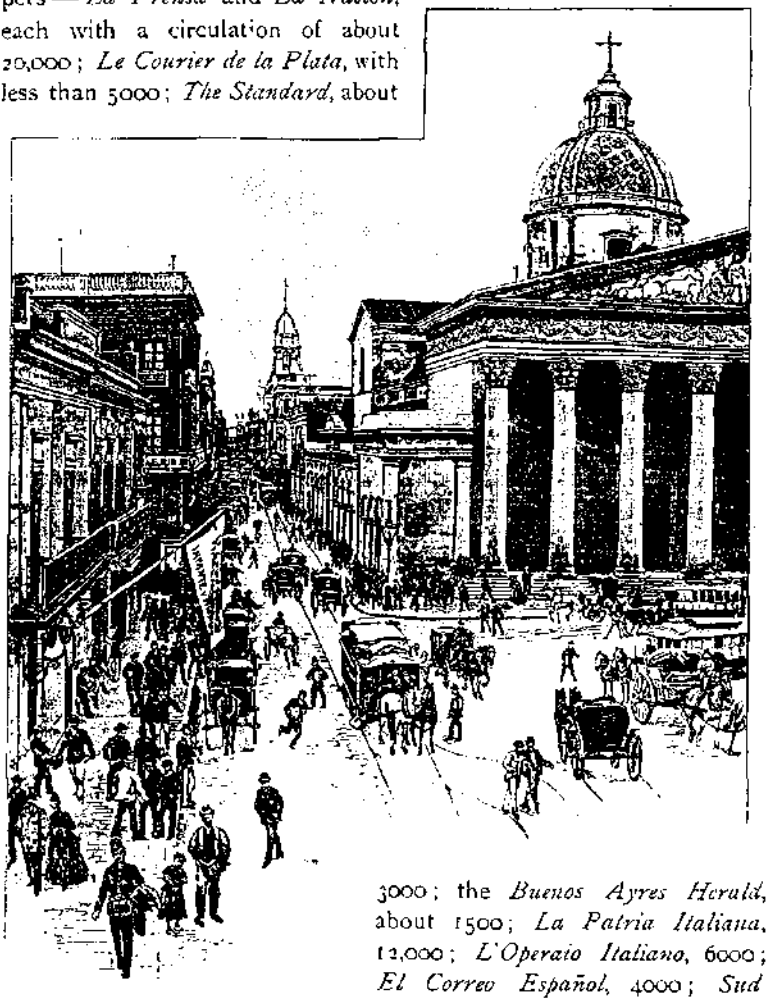
† The census of 1887 shows that the total number of houses in the city contain 261,456 rooms. The average of rooms in the Buenos Ayres houses is, therefore, less than eight. More than 35 per cent. of the houses contain from three to five rooms. The majority of these houses naturally occupy ground on which houses of ten, twenty, thirty, or more rooms could be built.

poorer classes of Buenos Ayres in a more or less humane manner, at least 6000 such houses, each with a capacity of 200 persons, are needed. It is needless to add that this number will not be attained for years to come at the present rate of progression. Meanwhile the old system of unhealthy and abominable sheds remains, and the poorer working-men and their families live in bestial promiscuity.

The apparatus of public instruction seems to occupy the attention of the Government in a becoming manner, and doubtless in course of time the citizens will be fairly well educated. At present, as far as my experience goes, the young Argentines are as ignorant and badly informed as they are badly behaved, and that, too, not from want of intelligence—they are even precociously intelligent—but from lack of severe and logical training. One is tempted to conclude that there is a want of discipline and of good pedagogic methods in the schools and colleges, and one cannot believe that the extreme license allowed to boys of ten and twelve years of age, such as liberty to smoke, and to contract premature habits of vice and immorality, is compatible with good intellectual training. A more corrupt, rude, unlicked, and irrepressible creature than the average Argentine boy it would be difficult to find in any other civilized country. The girls, too, have an air of effrontery and a liberty of language to which the older civilizations of the world have not accustomed us. The educational statistics are, however, satisfactory, so far as mere registered results are concerned. There are two universities, one at Buenos Ayres and one at Cordoba, which together counted 993 students in 1889, and delivered 234 diplomas, including 81 doctors of law, 85 doctors of medicine, and 11 civil engineers. In the whole republic there are 16 national colleges, with a teaching corps of 464 professors, and an attendance, in 1889, of 2599 pupils. In the capital and provinces there are 35 normal schools, with 12,024 pupils of both sexes, who become professors and teachers, chiefly for the primary schools. In Buenos Ayres, in 1889, there were 285 primary schools, directed by 1571 teachers, and attended by 54,509 children. In the provinces there were 2719 primary schools, with a teaching staff of 4532, and an attendance of 205,186. To resume, the results obtained were 3042 primary schools, 6103 teachers, 259,695 pupils, and 2373 primary school-houses in the whole republic. Of these school-houses 485 are the property of the nation or of the provinces, and 1888 private property.

About 100 periodical publications are issued in the Argentine

capital, but only a few have any real importance, either from their contents or the extent of their circulation. The chief are the daily papers — *La Prensa* and *La Nacion*, each with a circulation of about 20,000; *Le Courier de la Plata*, with less than 5000; *The Standard*, about 3000; the *Buenos Ayres Herald*, about 1500; *La Patria Italiana*, 12,000; *L'Operaio Italiano*, 6000; *El Correo Español*, 4000; *Sud America*, 6000; the evening journals *El Nacional* and *El Diario*, the latter with a circulation of about 13,000; the weekly satirical journal *Don Quijote*, and the



PLAZA SAN MARTIN.

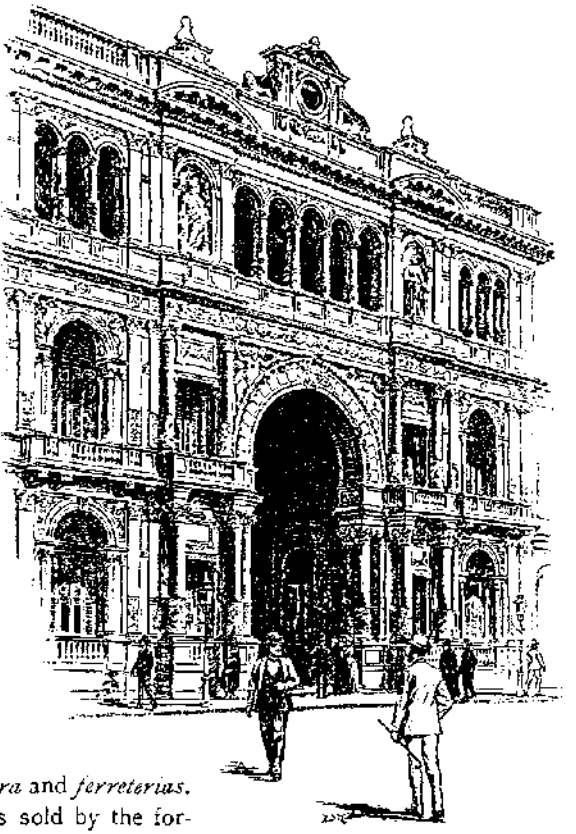
Sud Americano illustrado, which aspires to become the *Harper's Weekly* or the *Graphic* of South America. The principal daily journals are large four-page blanket sheets printed on poor paper, of slovenly typographical aspect, and of inconvenient proportions. As regards commerce and financial matters, they are excellently informed; their foreign news is as good as can be obtained from the telegraphic agencies; their political articles are generally well written and full of good sense, except in certain journals like *Le Courier de la Plata* and *Sud America*, which have sold their independence for government subventions; the local news is collected by reporters whose zeal seems to be exemplary. As for the rest of the paper—the social article, the musical, dramatic, and literary criticism—it is "amateurish," to say the best. Apart from the good features noted above, the newspapers of the Argentine capital owe all their excellence and readableness to plumes borrowed from the Parisian papers, whose *chroniques*, essays, and stories they translate. *La Prensa* and *La Nacion* also have special correspondence from Paris, written by Jules Simon, Jules Claretie, and Paul Foucher, and letters from Madrid by Castelar and Perez Galdoz, the novelist. Like all Latin newspapers, those of Buenos Ayres publish a *feuilleton*, which is almost invariably a translation from the French. Indeed, such intellectual life as exists in the Argentine is a distant reflection of that of Paris; there is no native literary production worthy of the name, except in the departments of history and of versification. The literary production of modern Spain is exceedingly limited, as is proved by the booksellers' windows in Madrid and Barcelona, where for one modern Spanish book you will find twenty translations from the French. The same is the case in the bookstores of Buenos Ayres, where all the attractive illustrated periodicals of Paris, and all the new novels are displayed in abundance and renewed by every ship that comes into port, while the Spanish vessels a little later being translations of the French novelties and rarely a new Spanish work. Thus it happens that the signatures you find in the newspapers of Buenos Ayres are the same as those of the Parisian journals: Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, Feuillet, Guy de Maupassant, Georges Ohnet, Jules Mary, Xavier de Montépin, etc. The intellectual influence of France in the Argentine Republic is too noticeable not to be particularly dwelt upon. Indeed, in all that concerns civilization, the Argentines look up to the French, and imitate them when they get rich enough and

sufficiently cultivated, just as the preceding generations in political matters looked up to and tried to imitate the United States. Nowadays, however, there is reason to believe that the prestige of the United States is not what it used to be in the Argentine mind, a fact for which the inadequate diplomatic representation of the great Northern sister is largely responsible, combined, of course, with the limited commercial intercourse existing between the two republics. On this point Dr. Roque Saenz Peña expressed the real sentiments of the country when, at the Congress of Washington, he said, in terms that were scarcely softened in their intensity by a veil of courtesy: "I am not wanting in affection and love for America. I am rather wanting in distrust and ingratitude towards Europe. I do not forget that there is Spain, our mother, contemplating with unfeigned joy the development of her old dominions under the action of noble and virile peoples that have inherited her blood; that there is Italy, our friend; there France, our sister. . . . Europe that sends us laborers and completes our economical life, after having sent us her civilization and her culture, her science, her arts, her industries, and her customs, which have completed our sociological evolution."

In the commerce of Buenos Ayres the banking, import, and export business predominate, and these, together with the derivative branches, maritime agencies, commission houses, custom-house clearers, or *despachantes de aduana*,* money-changers, and auctioneers, all operate on an enormous scale. The movement and activity of the port, the ware-

* The *despachante de aduana* is an indispensable person in the ports of Buenos Ayres and of Montevideo. In the Argentine and in Uruguay the customs regulations require so many complicated operations for the landing and clearing of imported merchandise that much practice and special knowledge are necessary in order to get the goods out without harm and without too great loss of time. Thus the men who know the ins and outs and all the processes of the custom-house possess a very lucrative profession, and even the largest importing houses find it preferable to employ these specialists rather than to intrust the delicate work of clearing to an employé of their own. The custom-house of Buenos Ayres is generally reported to be a hot-bed of thievery and corruption, and several of the superior employés with whom I talked confirmed the rumors that I had heard from tradesmen. The slowness of this department is a great hinderance to commerce. It is impossible to get anything out of the custom-house in less than one month after its arrival; if you get your goods cleared within two months you are lucky. The European exporters give the Argentines six months' credit from the date of shipment of goods. Supposing the goods go out in a sailing ship, we may reckon ninety days for the journey, and sixty to seventy days for the custom-house formalities, and so the importer really has no credit at all. A whole chapter might be written on the tyranny, abuses, and obstructive regulations of the Argentine custom-houses.

houses, the Bourse, and the business streets of the Argentine capital is truly marvellous, and to be compared only with that of the great commercial ports of Europe. To enter into details concerning all these businesses would require many pages of technical considerations that would not interest the general reader, and which the specialist will find ready at hand in published treatises—at least, so far as concerns the financial history of the republic up to the last crisis. It may, however, be of general interest to make a few remarks about certain special branches that are peculiarly characteristic of the Argentine, such, for instance, as the stores for the sale of building materials, *corralones de madera* and *ferreterias*. The principal articles sold by the former are, besides timber, the iron columns, girders, and rafters, *columnas* and *tirantes*, now exclusively used in all modern constructions, both in town and country. Some of these *corralones* do a daily average business of $30,000. The *ferreterias*, besides ironmongery and general hardware fittings, also sell paint, varnish, wall-paper, gilt mouldings, and window-glass. Many of these stores are immense and luxurious in aspect.



ENTRANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

In the retail commerce of the city the shops for the sale of articles of luxury occupy the first place, together with the bazaars, the jewelry shops, and the dry-goods stores, of which one, La Ciudad de Londres, is a small rival of the Paris Magasins du Louvre. In no city, perhaps, except Montevideo, are jewellers' shops more numerous in proportion to the population than in Buenos Ayres, and at least forty or fifty are fine and rich establishments, having most costly and extensive stocks of the dearest articles—brilliants, pearls, precious stones, chronometers, and watches of the most expensive kind. The majority of the diamonds and precious stones sold in Buenos Ayres are mounted in the city, and I may say without exaggeration that the jewellers of Paris and of London do not make a more brilliant display of costly jewels than their colleagues of the Calle Florida. Most attractive displays are also found in the bazaars, which make a specialty of all the fancy articles and objects of art or of luxury that London, Paris, Milan, Venice, and Vienna produce—bronzes, marble statues by facile Italian chisels, terra-cotta figures, Italian oil-paintings and fac-simile water-colors, French photogravures, Italian carved furniture, gorgeously-framed mirrors, lacquered articles from Paris, caskets, glove-boxes, fans, dressing-cases, Japanese porcelain, gaudy albums, rich table services, and silver toilet sets of prodigious size and splendor. One of the first things that struck me as I strolled along the Calle Florida, after the glittering and innumerable diamonds, was the size and quantity of silver toilet jugs and basins—objects rarely seen in Europe except in the houses of crowned heads and *cocottes*. Some of these bazaars do business only by auction; there are sales two or three nights a week, and exhibitions of objects, with a free piano recital, on the other nights. At these auctions the more showy and useless the article, the higher the price it fetches; and as regards pictures, oleographs, engravings, and bronzes—whether real bronze or *zinc d'art*, as the French term is—my observations tended to show that the larger the size, and the more complete the nudity of the subject represented, the higher the price paid. The majority of the objects sold at these auctions are imported from Italy. While speaking of the immense demand for rich fancy articles and *objets de luxe* which has existed at Buenos Ayres during the ten years of prosperity between 1880 and 1890, it is curious to note how easily the market has been worked, and what poor, vulgar, and commonplace articles the Argentines have received in exchange for their dollars. Both in the houses and in the

shops of Buenos Ayres objects of real artistic merit are extremely rare, and bad taste reigns supreme in the accessories, ornaments, and *bibelots*, as well as in the furniture and hangings. The culture of the Argentines is still too limited to entitle us to ask of them evidences of delicate taste. Their love of showiness is an instinct, and not to be lightly condemned. They are typical *rastacouères*, and their natural tendency is to buy what is rich and expensive. Given these conditions, the modern North American art industries—the gold and silver smiths' art, the weaving of rich stuffs, the making of fine furniture and glassware, and the various minor industries which produce fancy articles, often far from commendable it is true, but nevertheless always having a *cachet* of their own when placed side by side with the old-fashioned routine goods of Europe—have been neglecting an excellent and willing market. Hitherto these finer North American manufactures are quite unknown in the southern republics.

The auctioneer, *martillero* or *rematador*, is a great personage in the Argentine, and an indispensable factor in the commerce of the country. An auction, or *remate*, is the beginning, the end, and the intermediary period of almost every transaction. In no city in the world is there anything to be compared with the *remates* of Buenos Ayres, and in no country has sale by auction become the universal national institution that it is in the Argentine. The moment the visitor lands he sees immense advertisements, *remate de terrenos*, a fine corner lot here, so many leagues there; the fourth page of the huge blanket-sheet newspapers is filled with advertisements of sales of land and houses; the streets are hung with flags, banners, and scarlet cloths, with white letters announcing *gran remate* of this and that, along the Paseo de Julio the cheap-jack shops have their auctioneers perched on the counters, and other *rematadores* are there under the colonnade ready to sell leagues of land to the newly arrived immigrants. Cargoes of imported merchandise, ships, land, houses, crops, wool, the products and fruits of the country, cattle, blood stock, furniture, jewelry, things new and things old, all pass under the hammer, and the auctioneer takes his percentage, varying from 1½ to 8 per cent., and becomes richer and richer as his voice grows hoarser and hoarser.

In the newspapers, in advertisements, and in official reports there is much self-congratulation on the subject of the progress of manufacturing industry in the republic. The moment there is question of creating an "*industria nacional*" the Government is ever ready to impose

protective customs tariffs on the article concerned, the only result being, in nine cases out of ten, to put a heavier tax on the consumer, who is still obliged to have recourse to the foreign producer. In reality Argentine national manufacturing industry is at present, with certain exceptions, a small and often factitious affair. Statistics, however, would make it out to be very important. Thus the official census of 1887 mentions more than 6000 industrial establishments in the city of Buenos Ayres, giving employment to more than 40,000 persons; but in order to make up this total the census includes 700 shoemakers, of whom some are mere street-corner cobblers, 466 tailors, 243 bakers, 651 carpenters, 400 barbers, 114 confectioners, 279 modistes, and so forth. These are certainly manufacturing industries, but not precisely such as to entitle a country to great industrial renown. There are, however, certain national industries in course of development which are worthy of note. Such are the oil manufactories of Buenos Ayres, producing good table oil from the pea-nut, or *mani*, which grows in abundance in Santa Fé, Entre Rios, Corrientes, and the Chaco, and also common oils from other oleaginous seeds. Cart, carriage, and harness making are likewise truly national and flourishing industries, as well as brewing, milling, and distilling, canning and preserving meat, fruit, and vegetables, and the manufacture of macaroni and alimentary pastes, cigars, wax matches, and furniture. There are some fifty macaroni manufactories in Buenos Ayres, and about one hundred and twenty cigar and cigarette manufactories, where only inferior cigars are produced, but where cigarettes are made by millions with imported tobacco, chiefly Havana *picadura*. The home-made cigarette monopolizes the immense Argentine market; the marks are very numerous, each being popularized by artistic chromo-lithographic wrappers and catching names, such as Excelsior, Tip-Top, Clic-Clac, etc.; and the competition between those engaged in this profitable industry, combined with the Argentine love of showy novelties, necessitates the continual creation of new designs. At the time of my visit I counted nearly a hundred varieties of cigarettes in the shops of the capital. The native wax matches, put up in dainty boxes after the French and Italian fashion, have monopolized the market since 1880, having driven out the Italian matches that held the monopoly from 1870, up to which latter date the French were the exclusive purveyors of this article. In no city in the world, in proportion to the population, are more wax matches used than in the Argentine

THE CATHEDRAL AFTER SERVICE.

metropolis, where every man and every boy above ten years of age smokes cigarettes from morning until night. The cigarette is tolerated everywhere, in the tram-ways and trains, in-doors and out-of-doors, in the ministries and public offices, in the warehouses and offices; even the clerks in the banks smoke their cigarettes and puff smoke in your face as they hand you your count of paper dollars, or *oro sellado*, and the ordinary commercial employé may generally be found with a cigarette behind one ear and a wooden toothpick behind the other, always ready to take advantage of a moment's leisure. When you salute a person, Argentine politeness requires you to take off your hat but allows you to keep your cigarette between your lips.

The furniture interest has developed within the past twenty years in a remarkable manner. Formerly only plain white-wood articles were made in the republic, while Germany supplied the rich and so-called artistic goods. At present Germany no longer sends shiploads of furniture, because the Argentine national manufacturers have succeeded in imitating with advantage the taste and quality of all the articles formerly imported from Germany. The French furniture imported nowadays consists only of fancy pieces—chairs and *meubles de grand luxe*. English furniture is imported in small quantities, and North America and Austria supply the Argentine with thousands of dozens of bent-wood and other cheap chairs, which are seen all over the republic, in the houses of rich and poor alike. The furniture manufactories of Buenos Ayres, numbering more than three hundred, supply the provinces also; and although we hear much talk about the utilization of the timber riches of the Chaco, this industry is still dependent upon imported woods.*

Monumental Buenos Ayres does not offer much interest from the artistic point of view, the general impression of the town being rather one of monotony and uniform ugliness; the fine buildings there are

* The census of 1887 gives the number of persons employed in the commercial houses of Buenos Ayres as 33,904, of whom more than 13,000 are Italians, 7000 Argentine, 7000 Spaniards, and nearly 3000 French. The Germans numbered 657; the English, 604; and the North Americans, 62. The Argentines own the largest number of houses, whether of importation, exportation, or both combined: but the houses that do the greatest amount of business are those of the English and Germans, the former owning about sixty establishments, and the latter ninety. The French own 130 houses, and hold the third place, so far as importation is concerned, according to the statistics of 1888, and the second place next to England in combined imports and exports.

The number of *casas introductoras*, or import houses, given by the last census, is 672; export houses, 55; and import and export combined, 100: in all, 827.

do not impose themselves upon the view; one has to search deliberately for them, especially in the narrow streets, where the eye commands only a limited perspective. We will begin our review with the Plaza de la Victoria, which, although situated on the flank of the city, at a distance of one *cuadra* from the river, is, nevertheless, the conventional centre towards which converge not only ten important streets, but almost all the tram-ways. In the middle of the plaza, which is laid out in grass-plots and bordered with a cordon of palm-trees affording no shade, is a white stucco pedestal and pyramidal column surmounted by a statue of Liberty, the whole commemorating the 25th of May, 1810—Independence Day. At the end of the plaza towards the river, and opposite the Palacio de Gobierno, is an equestrian statue of the national hero, General Belgrano. Around the plaza are the Palacio de Gobierno, the Palace of Justice, the Bolsa Comercial, the Colon Theatre, now being transformed into premises for the Banco Nacional, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Chamber of Congress, and various arcades and houses of mean aspect, destined to disappear in the gradual reconstruction and embellishment of the square. The finest building on the plaza is the Palacio de Gobierno, flanked by the Law Courts and the new Post-office, the latter not yet occupied for business. This block, designed by an Italian, is in the Italian Renaissance style. The façade, although not uniform and not harmonious as a whole, contains some excellent details. The end façade facing towards the Paseo de Julio is of a style approaching the composite Corinthian. In this block, called the Casa Rosada, are the apartments of the President of the republic, which have been recently restored, and present an aspect of royal rather than of republican splendor. Mosaic pavements, marble columns, gilt mouldings, paintings of Cupids and mythological subjects framed in garlands, medallions, and arabesques in the Pompeiian taste, colored glass, gorgeous curtains, showy furniture—all the magnificence that money can buy, and all the profusion of ornamentation that contemporary Italian genius can invent, have been lavished on every inch of wall, floor, and ceiling. The staircase, entirely of marble, is of fine proportions and splendidly over-decorated. I may add that the Argentines venture to compare it with the staircase of the Paris Opera. The Palacio de Gobierno is built of brick faced with stucco, and all the columns, capitals, and ornaments are likewise of stucco. The Bolsa Comercial, founded in 1854, and recently installed

in new premises, has an elegant and imposing façade on the plaza. The grand hall is in the Corinthian style, surrounded by a gallery. The ornamentation is simple and in good taste, and all the offices and appurtenances seem to be convenient and commodious, inasmuch as more than one thousand persons are constantly moving about at ease within the precincts of the Bolsa. Only the brokers and the members are admitted to the building, the entrances of which are guarded by footmen in livery. The Bolsa has a second entrance in the Calle Piedad, where the principal banks and financial establishments are situated. From twelve to one, and again from three to four in the afternoon, the Buenos Ayres Stock Exchange presents a scene of animation and noise that few of the exchanges of Europe or North America can surpass. Transactions of all kinds, commercial, industrial, financial, and speculative, are transacted, but the chief operations are in gold.

On the same side of the plaza as the Bolsa is the cathedral, founded by Juan de Garay in 1580, rebuilt in 1752, and adorned in this century by General Rosas with a heavy classical portico of twelve columns supporting a tympanum on which is a bass-relief representing the meeting of Joseph and his brethren. The interior, spacious and lofty, with a cupola 130 feet high at the end, is divided into three naves with massive columns.* The aspect is cold, bare, and poverty-stricken. It is to be feared that the Argentines do not attach very much importance to religion, and in this impression I was confirmed when I saw in the cathedral the ceremonies and procession of the Corpus Christi. The robes of the clergy, the candlesticks, the banners, and all the ritual accessories were of the cheapest and most paltry description, while the attendance of the public was small considering the size of the city. In Buenos Ayres you do not see the same manifestations of piety and respect that are noticeable in Chili and Peru. The Argentine ladies have entirely abandoned the use of the *manta*, which in Santiago and Lima makes all women equal before the altar. When they go to church they wear Parisian toilets,

* The dimensions are 270 by 150 feet, the area 4500 square yards, and the capacity, 18,000 persons. It is the sixth in this respect, the order of holding capacity being: St. Peter's, at Rome; St. Paul's, London; Antwerp Cathedral; Saint Sofia; Notre Dame, at Paris; and then the cathedral at Buenos Ayres. Besides the cathedral, there are twenty-three Catholic churches and four Protestant churches in Buenos Ayres, but none of architectural interest.

and cover their faces with rice-powder and veloutine. The men rarely go beyond the church steps, where they wait to compliment or insult the ladies as they pass after service is over.

The only monument of merit and interest inside the cathedral is the tomb of General San Martin, placed in a side chapel or rotunda annexed to the building. On a pedestal of red marble stands a black marble urn, surmounted by a mantle, sword, hat, and laurel wreath in bronze, and guarded by three allegorical marble figures of the Argentine, Chili, and Peru. The inscriptions around the base mention the chief dates and events in the career of the liberator of Spanish America, and on the wall of the chapel a slab of black marble proclaims as follows in gilt letters:

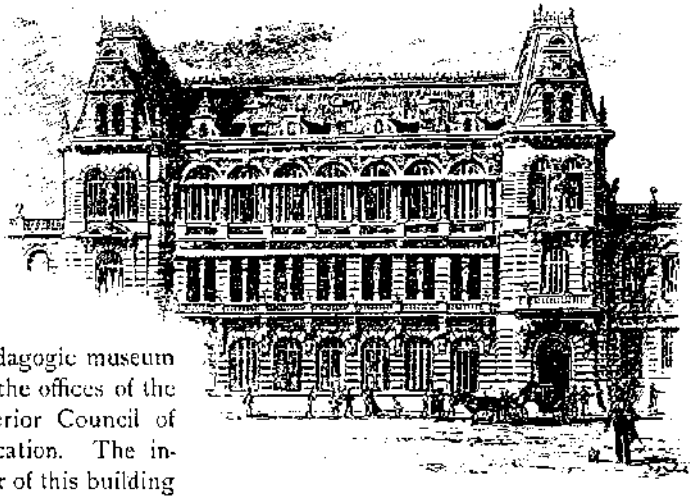
JOSÉ DE SAN MARTIN.
GUERRERO DE LA INDEPENDENCIA ARGENTINA.
LIBERTADOR DE CHILE Y EL PERÚ
NACIÓ EL 25 DE FEBRERO DE 1778 EN YAPEYÚ.
MURIÓ EL 17 DE AGOSTO DE 1850 EN
BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.
AQUÍ YACE.

This fine monument was subscribed by the Argentine nation in 1877–80, and designed and executed by a French sculptor, the late Carrier-Belleuse.

The remaining monument to be noticed on the Plaza de la Victoria is the Congress Hall, a miserable little place, more like a cockpit than the legislative palace of a great republic. This fact is of course admitted by the Argentines, who intend to spend $3,000,000 on the construction of an adequate palace for the senators and deputies as soon as the country recovers its pristine prosperity.

In the streets of the capital there are few public buildings worthy of note. The churches are simple and ordinary, and the only feature that imparts a little gayety and picturesqueness to their monotonous stucco silhouettes is the blue, rose, and white Talavera tiles, or *azulejos*, used on the roofs of the domes and towers. The old Spanish custom-house facing the river is noticeable for its circular form, and because it is the only monument of the early colonial days that the city possesses. The great banks are all lodged in large and imposing edifices of no special architectural merits, except, perhaps, the Banco de Carabassa, which is a good specimen of classical modern

Corinthian. By far the best buildings in the city are the school-houses, some of them being veritable palaces, as, for instance, the Escuela Sarmiento in the Calle Callao, the Normal School in the Calle Cordoba, the Escuela Graduada de Niñas on the Plaza General Lavalle, and, above all, the Escuela Petronila Rodriguez, occupied by



ESCUELA PETRONILA RODRIGUEZ.

a pedagogic museum and the offices of the Superior Council of Education. The interior of this building is commonplace and badly distributed, but the grand façade and the end entrance are very fine specimens of German Renaissance architecture enriched with caryatides and ornaments of the usual cement and imitation stone, which cracks and chips even in the clement climate of Buenos Ayres. The building, however, is of grand proportions and imposing aspect. The Escuela Petronila Rodriguez is the only public institution of any kind that I could discover in Buenos Ayres founded by private munificence. It was built with a legacy bequeathed by the lady whose name the establishment bears. The singularity of the case is very eloquent, and throws floods of light upon the benighted political, social, and educational condition of the Argentines. In no city, except in some of those of North America, have more or larger fortunes been made within the past ten years than in Buenos Ayres, but while the newly-

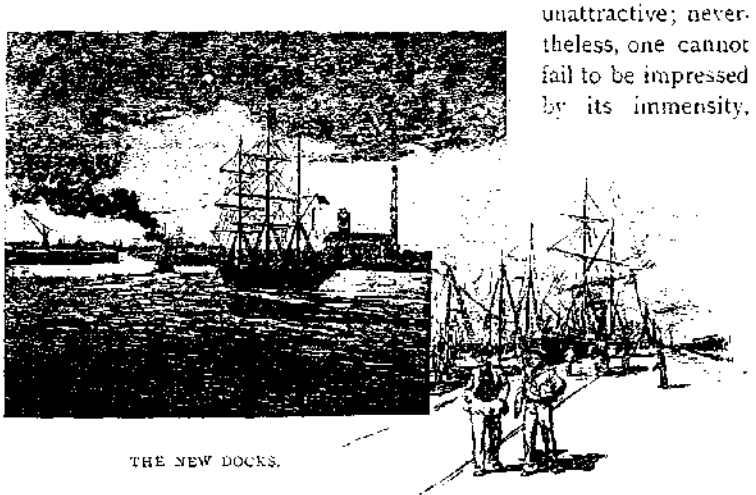
enriched citizens of the northern republic endeavor to make the community profit by their wealth in the foundation and endowment of universities, museums, schools, libraries, picture-galleries, places of recreation, and works of public and permanent utility, the Argentines systematically ignore their fellow-citizens, and think only of their own material enjoyment. I say "material," because hitherto the Argentines have figured in the European markets only as purchasers of fine horses, costly jewelry, and objects of vulgar luxury; they have not yet become Venetian enough to require rare and beautiful books, or masterpieces of painting and sculpture. A marked evidence of the intellectual destitution of the Argentine capital is the dearth of libraries, reading-rooms, and intellectual resorts of any kind. There appears to be only one lending library, and that is of small avail for such a vast city. As for the National Public Library, it is frequented only by a scanty number of students, and occupies a poor and inadequate building in the Calle Peru, adjoining the equally poor building of the university.

To return to the question of public buildings, I should pronounce the Escuela Petronila Rodriguez to be one of the best buildings in Buenos Ayres, ranking with the Palacio de Gobierno, the Bolsa, and the splendid railway-station of the Ferrocarril del Sur, on the Plaza de la Constitucion, which in itself is by far the finest station on the South American continent.

Buenos Ayres, owing to the symmetrical rigidity of its plan and the narrowness of the streets, is close and insufficiently provided with open spaces and promenades—at least, in the old city. There are seventeen squares, or plazas, planted with trees and provided with benches and walks, but most of them are not kept in good order, and not much frequented by the public. The Paseo de Julio, for instance, although pleasantly laid out, is abandoned entirely to those social waifs whom the Argentines call *atorrantes*—foreigners who have missed Fortune's coach, and sunk lower and lower, until they have finally solved the problem of living without money, without a lodging, and almost without clothes. These poor and dirty creatures, numbering altogether perhaps two or three hundred, sleep in water-pipes that are waiting to be laid down by the interminable *Obras de Salubridad*, in houses in course of construction, or on the benches of the public squares. The Jardin de la Recoleta, charmingly laid out, and adorned with a cascade of artificial rock-work that cost several million dollars,

is visited by few except foreigners. The plazas that bear the names of San Martin and Lavalle, the latter adorned with a handsome marble column and statue of its patronymic hero, are equally deserted at all hours of the day; and as for the vast Plaza Victoria, no one would think of going there to take the air. The distant Palermo, or Parque 3 de Febrero, is really the only promenade in the city that is regularly frequented, and that, too, almost exclusively by the wealthy.

The repaving and adequate draining of the city are being slowly executed by the so-called *Obras de Salubridad*, which were begun some years ago, and are likely to continue for many years to come. New diagonal boulevards are also being cut very slowly through the old city, with a view to relieving the traffic now so crowded; and many great and costly public works are in execution or in project, which together with the efforts of private initiative, will contribute to make Buenos Ayres a truly wonderful and splendid city in some eight or ten years. For the moment, the city is still rough, patchy, incomplete, transitional, unattractive; nevertheless, one cannot fail to be impressed by its immensity,



THE NEW DOCKS.

and by the garment of splendor and luxury which it is gradually putting on.

The works of the construction of the port of Buenos Ayres, called the Puerto Madero, made rapid progress during the six months within which I had opportunities of observing them, and produced consider-

able modifications in what we may call the river-front of the city, by the abolition of the old passenger mole and its surrounding fleet of small boats, and by the prohibition of all washing operations along the river-bank. Up to the spring of 1890 the passenger mole and the groups of washer-women at work around the muddy pools of the river-bank from Las Catalinas to La Boca were two of the most picturesque features of the place. Now, happily for the traveller and for the population, progress has triumphed. Owing to the shallowness of the sides of the La Plata River, and the shifting sand-banks which its yellow waters are perpetually forming and reforming, large ships have been hitherto unable to anchor nearer to Buenos Ayres than two or more miles. The great transatlantic steamers anchor at a distance of twelve and fourteen miles from the shore, hence the great cost, and also danger, of discharging cargo by means of launches, and hence the desire of the Bonarenses to have a port.

The works now being carried out comprise three distinct operations:

1. The reclaiming, by means of the construction of a sea-wall, of a superficies of the river-bed more than a league long, from the mouth of the Riachuelo to beyond Catalinas, the whole width of the frontage of the city, and with a breadth of several *cuadras*.

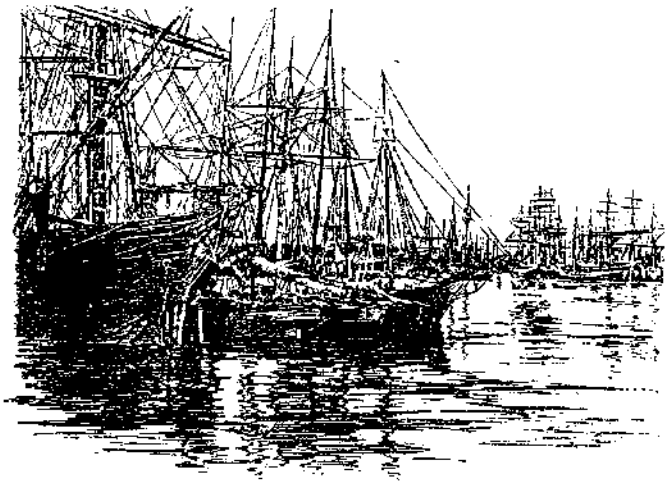
2. The construction in the longitudinal axis of this superficies of four large docks, flanked at the extremities by two basins, or *darsenas*, all communicating by gates.

3. The economical part, which consists in the sale of the land thus gained.

At present Dock No. 1 and the South Darsena are open, and provided with fine hydraulic machinery, immense quays, and colossal depots; the southern channel has been dredged to a depth of twenty-one feet and over a distance of twenty kilometres across the bed of the La Plata River; and the excavation of the other docks and the operations of filling in are being actively continued. In four or five years the whole system of docks and channels will be completed, at an estimated cost of twenty million piastres, and the city will have a new artificial river-façade more than five kilometres long.

Meanwhile the Riachuelo, canalized over an extension of more than fifteen *cuadras*, continues to form the really busy port of Buenos Ayres, and the parts of the city along this river, called La Boca and Barracas, resemble a forest of masts and smoke-stacks, so thickly are

the ships crowded together along the interminable quays, wharves, and warehouses. La Boca is inhabited by 30,000 Neapolitans and other Italians, who are extremely industrious and frugal, but also extremely regardless of comfort and cleanliness. This suburb is surrounded by marshy ground, on which the most primitive sheds and wooden huts are built in absolutely unhygienic conditions, that have hitherto made the district a nest of fever and other maladies. The new harbor



LA BOCA.

works, however, have improved La Boca greatly by protecting it from inundations. The quays of La Boca, the maze of shipping, the queer houses of the boat-builders and wherry-men who live on the island, the habits and customs of the coasting and river sailors, the landing of coal, timber, iron, fruit, all help to make a most picturesque and animated scene, full of "bits" that would tempt the painter or the etcher.

When I arrived for the first time in Buenos Ayres, in high midsummer, I was not surprised to find social life and public amusements at a stand-still. The heat was excessive. The people of wealth and leisure were living in the reclusion of their country houses or enjoying sea air and shooting at Mar del Plata, the Newport or Brighton of the Argentine capital. Even the business men were to be found at their offices only for half an hour or an hour, and that, too, not every

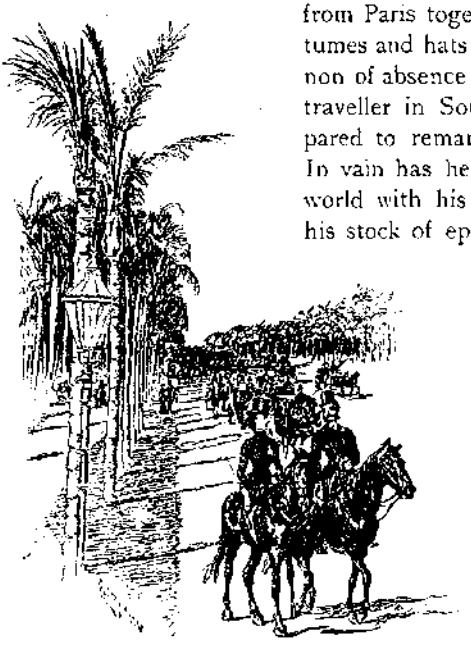
day. The theatres were naturally closed, with the exception of the Jardin Florida, where a second-rate French café-concert troupe was attracting scanty audiences; the Variedades, where there was a Spanish comedy company; and the Politeama, then occupied by a circus. In these establishments there was but little animation. What did the inhabitants do, I asked, when the day's work was over? How did the shopmen, the commercial employés, the working-men, the populace, pass their evenings? What distractions did the city offer? A general negative was the only answer to these questions. Buenos Ayres is without amusements. There is not even a band of music to be heard on any of the different plazas of the city, nor is there a single café where one can sit and take the air while enjoying the spectacle of the movement of the street or the view over the river. All the cafés are well closed and shut off from the outside world. The plazas are deserted. There is no special promenade where people go to see and to be seen; and although we are on Latin soil, we find none of those thousand nameless, idle charms which usually concur to make Latin cities so agreeable. For all these shortcomings I was ready to make allowance, considering the season; summer is a bad time for studying capitals. But when I returned to Buenos Ayres, in the middle of May, the conditions were different. With the first whistlings of the *pampero*, society had returned to town. *Adiosito abanico!* The summer heat was over, and the cool winter weather rendered all the usual occupations of wealth and leisure at once possible and obligatory. I was therefore not a little curious to see *la elegancia porteña* in the exercise of its functions, and to acquire some notions about *el gran tono Bonaerense*, *la alta sociedad* of Buenos Ayres, and also about society which is not "high," but merely ordinary.

Buenos Ayres has its Bois de Boulogne or Rotten Row in the Parque 3 de Febrero, situated to the north of the town, and close to the river. On our way to this rather distant park we have an opportunity of seeing some of the handsomest modern houses in the capital, in the vicinity of the Calle Juncal, Avenida de la Republica, and Avenida General Alvéar, the last a fine broad and long road, destined some day to vie with the Parisian Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Few of these specimens of domestic architecture are remarkable for good taste or originality; the models, as we have already observed, are almost invariably borrowed from France, and adapted to Argentine needs with little discernment. One millionaire wants a small Pitti

Palace built; another prefers the Château of Blois; a third requires a copy of a neat Renaissance villa that he saw in the Parc Monceau at Paris, always with the addition of a little more ornament; and as there is no building stone in the Argentine, caryatides, capitals, pillars, balconies, cornices, and every moulding and detail, are made of stucco by ingenious Italian workmen, who build up remarkable monuments of insincerity over a simple framework of brick and iron.

The Parque 3 de Febrero, commonly known as Palermo, is prettily laid out and covered with fine trees and shrubs, but, with the exception of the two avenues—planted, the one with palm-trees, the other with firs—where the daily show of carriages takes place, the walks and roads are not kept up with all the care that could be desired. The two avenues in question are marred by the presence down the middle of a row of immense and ugly posts and wires for the electric light. What a strange idea to light up a park by electricity! However, it appears that in the summer people go to drive in the park as late as midnight. In the winter the time of the promenade is between four and six. In double file the procession of carriages moves up one side and down the other, under the superintendence of mounted policemen; a few horsemen canter in the intervening space between the lines of carriages; amazons are very rare; loungers and spectators on the sidewalk are also rare. There is really little to distinguish the promenade of Palermo from the usual dull staring match which all great capitals have in one form or another. Its chief characteristic is a want of animation; it is silent and funereal; the women in the carriages, mute and expressionless, seem fulfilling a doleful duty as they sit in their coupés, landaus, or victorias, often drawn by fine Trakenen, English, or French horses, imported, like the carriages, at great expense. The latest mania among the rich Argentine is to have fine imported carriage-horses and handsome carriages. You even see young "bloods," marvellously clad in putty-colored or cream coats, adorned with broad seams and buttons as large as a saucer, perched on lofty English dog-carts, and trying to drive tandem. In short, so far as concerns horses and carriages, Palermo makes an excellent display. The coachmen, however, are less commendable, and generally wanting in style. Often they wear whiskers and mustaches, look lean and buffeted in the combat of life; many are evidently without natural vocation for the "ribbons," and doubtless spend most of their time in housework, wielding a broom instead of a whip. There is no *chic* in

the liveries, the only noticeable point being old-fashioned Spanish capes with embroidered epaulettes worn by the coachmen of some of the more persistently creole families. As for the ladies, you see many girls of striking beauty, but very few mature women who are not disfigured by excess of adipose deposit, and both young and old abuse *poudre de riz* and *veloutine*. The costume of the ladies of Buenos Ayres is entirely *à la Parisienne;* their only ideal and dream is to resemble the fashion plates that are sent out from Paris together with ship loads of costumes and hats to match. This phenomenon of absence of character is one that the traveller in South America must be prepared to remark and lament constantly. In vain has he gone forth into this new world with his literary senses sharpened, his stock of epithets in convenient order, his batteries of metaphor and simile ready to point at the new visions of materiality which he expects to find; for, behold, it is all old, all a more or less successful counterfeit of Europe, all apishness and *à peu près*.



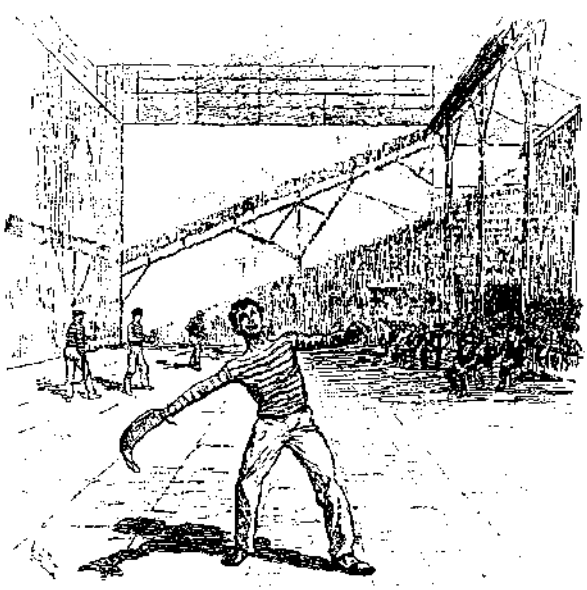
PALERMO.

Still to the north of the town — the one near Palermo and the other at Belgrano — are two pleasant race-courses, the Hippodromo Argentino and the Hippodromo Nacional, with fine and picturesquely-situated tracks and tastefully-designed tribunes. On one or the other course there are races on Sundays and fête-days during the winter months, under the direction of a jockey club, and with all the formalities and apparatus of the race meetings of Europe. The Argentines are becoming great buyers of European racing stock, and they already have their stud-book and important and well-stocked racing stables. As races are usually a pretext in civilized countries for gatherings of

elegance and fashion, I went to the meetings at Buenos Ayres on several occasions, but my observations were each time identical. In the tribune of the members of the Jockey Club I counted about a dozen ladies; scattered over the other tribunes and on the lawn might be seen about the same number of *cocottes;* the rest of the public was composed of men and boys. And what men! How coarse and brutal in their looks and manners! How gross and unclean in their language, how aggressively vulgar, how utterly lacking in refinement of any kind! For this rough horde of human beings the only interest that the races offered was the betting, conducted in the Argentine, as in Europe, by means of the mutual pool, or *Pari mutuel*, system. On each race the totals amounted to fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and the moment the race was over there was a roar of many feet and a stampede from the tribunes to the paying offices. In such a rough crowd as this there is no place for honest women. For that matter it appears that, thanks to their lewd tongues and to their shameless want of respect, the young men of Buenos Ayres, whatever may be their social rank, render all public resorts dangerous for their own mothers and sisters. This accounts for the fact that there is no ladies' tribune at the races, and no ladies among the general public.

In continuation of my studies of public amusements I visited the two principal establishments, or *canchas*, where *pelota*, a sort of tennis, is played. This game was introduced into the Argentine by emigrants from the Basque provinces of Spain, where it is chiefly played, and has now become the great popular sport of the republic—the Argentine base-ball. In Buenos Ayres the *frontones*, or courts, where the game is played, are immense places with lofty walls, surmounted by wire netting on two sides, and on the other two sides tiers of seats and boxes for the public. The walls have hard and smooth faces; the floor of the court is even and level, and marked into compartments by black lines. On the end wall to the right of the court is the *pizarra*, or marking board. The players at Buenos Ayres are professionals, invariably Basques, and the best of them come from Spain for the Hispano-American season, like tenors, or *toreros*, and with engagements at equally high salaries. Apart from the celebrity of the artistes, the game is always blue against red. The marking board calls the players *los azules* and *los colorados;* they wear blue Basque cloth caps and red caps; their jerseys are striped blue and white and red and white; their sashes or waistbands are blue and red

respectively; their trousers and shoes are white. The *pelotares* strike the ball not with the bare hand, but with a *cesta* made of osier or wicker work, half round, sharply curved at the end, and measuring some eighteen inches long. A leather glove is sewn on this basket, scoop-like racket, and receives the fingers of the player's right hand. The game is played with two men on each side, and requires extraordinary agility and endurance. The great players are wonderful to watch, and in the frenzy of its enthusiastic admiration the public throws into the court sovereigns, ounces, Chilian condors, and all the various kinds of gold coins that are found in the money-changers' shops in Buenos Ayres — just as the Madrid public throws cigars and purses full of money to a *torero* who has accomplished a clever *suerte* in killing the bull. Meanwhile, as the game proceeds, after each point scored there is a roar of voices from the tribunes: "*Veinte á cinco doy!*" "*Veinte á dos iomo!*" "*Cien á cinco doy!*" It is the calling out of the odds; for, as at the races so in the tennis-courts, the chief object of the public is to gamble. The public that frequents the *frontones* is as mixed and rough as the public of the race-courses, and to a great extent the same. One notices also a similar ferocity on the part of the spectators, a hardness of expression and a brusqueness of gestures and manners that are absolutely painful.



PELOTA PLAYERS.

So much for the daylight amusements—Palermo, horse-racing, and *pelota*. Now we come to the great problem of passing the evening, and during the winter season a certain number of theatres contribute towards facilitating its solution. Opera, Politeama, Nacional, San Martin, Doria, Onrubia, Variedades, Pasatiempo, Jardin Florida, are the names. The Opera, which receives a subvention from the Government, is a large theatre, with its principal façade in the Calle Corrientes. The vestibule is spacious and draughty; the staircase not without pretensions to marmorean magnificence; the *foyer* a monument of bad taste and over-decoration. The suite of rooms, of fine proportions, is furnished with a profusion of plush curtains, divans, and gilt-edged chairs; the walls are decorated with stucco ornaments and panels framed with mouldings, on which are juxtaposed the crudest tones of red, green, blue, and yellow that the Tuscan stencil-painter knows how to mix; and the whole forms a gaudy and aggressive eyesore. The house, decorated in white and gold, with red hangings and upholstery in the boxes, is large and fairly commodious, except that there are no means of heating it, and as the winter at Buenos Ayres is becoming colder every year, both public and artistes suffer. The same inconvenience, however, exists in the other theatres and in all the old private houses of Buenos Ayres—there are no stoves or chimneys. The representations at the Opera are as good as celebrated and expensive singers can make them; the repertory includes all the hackneyed successes of the past half-century—"Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "La Traviata," etc.; and the favorite piece, and the one that always attracts a full house, is "Gli Ugonotti." The public of the Opera is perhaps a little over-dressed; the display of jewelry and precious stones is rather too dazzling; the applause does not indicate delicate discrimination, inasmuch as it rewards only the high notes, prolonged screams, and stentorian shouting of the singers. The critics cannot find higher praise for Tamagno than to celebrate his brazen throat—his *garganta de cobre*. All this is somewhat crude, but it is showy and expensive, and therefore appeals to the instincts of the *rastacouère*. During the season of 1890, with gold averaging 230, the price of an orchestra stall at the Opera of Buenos Ayres was $25 paper, and there were four performances a week.

The Politeama, also in the Calle Corrientes, is still larger than the Opera. It is a spacious and comfortable house, without any architectural pretensions whatever. In the vestibule are three white marble

slabs with gilt inscriptions recording the visits and triumphs of Rossi, Adelina Patti, and Coquelin. During my stay in the Argentine capital Coquelin made his second visit, accompanied by Mesdames Judic, Barety, Lender, and an excellent company, and on several occasions I had the pleasure of applauding these admirable artistes, who were playing to half-empty benches. Doubtless the financial crisis accounted to some extent for this neglect; but the chief reason, I am afraid, was that the pieces and the actors were too good for the public. The literary culture of Buenos Ayres is not yet sufficiently developed to appreciate the delicacy of Feuillet, the exquisite refinement of Marivaux, or even the quintessential Parisianism of "La Femme à Papa." It may be added that the price for a stall for these performances was $10 paper.

The other theatres call for no special notice; at the Jardin Florida I found an Italian dramatic company, at the San Martin an Italian comedy and operetta troupe, at the Nacional, Doria, and Onrubia, Spanish *zarzuela* or comic opera companies, all of passable merit. It may be mentioned here that at the Opera and all the other theatres of Buenos Ayres, and of South America in general, one of the galleries is reserved for ladies only, and is called the *cazuela*. This gallery has a separate and special entrance, and seems to be highly appreciated by the fair sex. No toilet is necessary for the *cazuela*, even at the Opera, and when once they have passed the door, either alone or under the escort of husbands or brothers, the ladies are entirely among themselves and free from all intruders. Unfortunately, it is not always possible for them to enter unscathed; the young men of Buenos Ayres crowd round the door and make remarks that are rarely free from obscenity, either in word or intention. Constantly you read paragraphs in the newspapers protesting against this disgraceful conduct, and yet the nuisance continues; indeed, it is almost one of the institutions of the city, and an outcome of that *vida de confiteria y de vereda*, about which we shall have to speak later. These terrible young men form the exclusive patrons of the Pasatiempo and also of the Variedades, which, although a regular theatre, corresponds, so far as its public and its social functions are concerned, to the Folies Bergère at Paris. With these establishments we need not concern ourselves further, except it be to add that the young men of Buenos Ayres when they are "out" wish all the world to remark the fact, and take every means of making themselves conspicuous.

We may note also, *en passant*, the fearful crushing, pushing, and elbowing that take place around the ticket-office of the ordinary theatre, each one fighting for himself under the eyes of a useless policeman. The establishment of a *queue* would be a simple means of putting an end to this scandalous roughness.

Now let us come to the great and constant distraction of the young men, the dandies, the *zambullidores*, of the Argentine capital, their daily occupation year after year between the hours of five and ten P.M., namely, standing on the sidewalk of the Calle Florida and making remarks on the women that pass. The Calle Florida is the most fashionable street in Buenos Ayres. Here are the finest shops for the sale of objects of luxury; the "swell" jewellers, milliners, dressmakers, tailors, hatters, shoemakers; the fashionable restaurants, Mercer, Rôtisserie Française, Sportsman; and, above all, the *crack* Confiteria del Aguila. A *confiteria*, it must be explained, is a shop for the sale of bonbons, confectionery, sweetmeats, and refreshments, and at the same time a sort of café and bar-room where all kinds of drinks and liqueurs may be obtained; it is the Argentine equivalent of the French café. Such shops abound in Buenos Ayres; there is hardly a block in the city that has not its *confiteria*. The one in the Calle Florida bearing the name of del Aguila has a façade of white marble, surmounted by an eagle and two allegorical figures, and its windows form recesses along the sidewalk capable of accomodating each half a dozen dandies. The door-ways of the *confiteria* can also accommodate a considerable number, and those who find no room at the Aguila, straggle along the street and seek shelter in other door-steps, for it must be added that the Calle Florida is an old-fashioned narrow street, and that the sidewalk will only permit two persons to walk abreast; hence the necessity for the dandies of finding recesses where they can stand without impeding the circulation and incurring the wrath of the police. And so here they congregate, the rich young creoles who pass their days gambling at the Club del Progreso, and the hard-worked counter-jumper, the dude who has dined at the Café de Paris and the dude who has dined at a tenth-rate Italian "hash mill;" both are armed with cigarettes and toothpicks, both wear stupendous light-colored cravats and enormous diamond pins, and both are well-dressed and prodigal of immaculate shirt fronts. They stand and they smoke; they address each other with the word *ché*, of universal use throughout the Argentine in the signification of "man;"

they converse in husky or guttural tones, pronouncing the words with monotonous precipitation; and whenever a woman passes they look at her and say: "*Hermosa rubia!*" (Beautiful blonde!); "*Que cabecita tan linda!*" (What a pretty little head!); "*Que boca tan adorable!*" (What a lovely mouth!); and other insipid or indecent words. That is all. They stand; they smoke; they make their silly observations; and at ten o'clock they disperse, and Florida, like the other streets of Buenos Ayres, remains empty until midnight, when the people returning from the theatre give it a momentary supplement of animation. There is a rush for the last horse-cars, a clattering of the hoofs of Russian trotters, a banging of the doors of elegant coupés, and then once more all is silent and deserted; the bright polished tram-way rails glisten and vanish in the long prospective of the dark and narrow streets; and with the moonlight silvering the blue and white glazed tiles of the church domes and towers, and forming strong contrasts of sheen and shadow among the irregular masses of the houses and shops, Buenos Ayres becomes for the moment clothed in mystery and charm, and resumes that tinge of Orientalism which suggests itself in the distant views of the town from the river. Such is sidewalk life in Buenos Ayres, or, as it may be called in Spanish, sidewalk and candy-shop life—*la vida de confiteria y de vereda*. It is needless to add that no respectable woman can walk unmolested along the Calle Florida after five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Club del Progreso was mentioned above as the fashionable resort of the rich dandies. It is, indeed, the chief native club in Buenos Ayres, and has more than twelve hundred members. Other Argentine clubs are the Club del Plata, Union Argentina, Oriental, and the Jockey. The foreigners have a general Club de los Residentes Estrangeros, founded in 1841, whose 600 members occupy commodious and almost handsome rooms in the Calle Rivadavia. The members are foreign residents of all nationalities. There are also French, Spanish, German, and Italian social clubs, and important and rich philanthropic and mutual aid societies connected with each nationality. The English-speaking residents have their own Kosmos Club in the Calle Cangallo, in rather cold and bare rooms. The English also have a literary society, and they are the founders and almost exclusive members of the Buenos Ayres Rowing Club, which has a fine boat-house on the river in the charming suburb of Tigre. The Argentine clubs are all used for interminable gambling operations

AT THE CONFITERIA DEL AGUILA

that go on day and night, while their social function is fulfilled by the organizing of splendid balls, which from time to time awaken the aristocratic creole society from its habitual torpor.

Cafés such as exist in Paris or Venice are not to be found in Buenos Ayres. Out-door life does not seem to be appreciated, and the facilities that cafés offer for meditation and conversation have still to be realized by the Argentines. There are more than two hundred so-called cafés in Buenos Ayres, but although some of them occupy situations in the centre of the city where the rents are enormous, not one of them is fitted up and organized in a manner worthy of the wealth and importance of the city. The rooms are inadequate and inconvenient, the service execrable, and the prices dear. Few of these cafés are without billiard-tables from two to ten in number, while others have twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, and even forty. Every night, from seven to midnight, except on a few of the hottest days in summer, these vast and bare saloons are full of men and boys smoking, drinking, and making a noise; and in the barn-like immensity of the rooms you see a score of billiard-tables all occupied, balls shooting about in all directions, men in shirt sleeves brandishing cues, leaning over the tables and kicking out their legs, waiters hurrying to and fro, people going in and out—a veritable pandemonium, in which the bewildered eye ends by discovering a multitude of comic movements and attitudes.

After the cafés and billiard-rooms, there remains nothing to be mentioned except a few bar-rooms, other cafés of lower category, the *fondas* and *posadas* of the populace, and the dram-shops and haunts of intemperance and vice, which are only too obtrusively numerous in Buenos Ayres. Thus we have passed in brief review the distractions of the Argentine capital, and noted the places of high and low degree where amusement, oblivion, and glimpses of the ideal are to be obtained by those who have the means and the desire. Alas, it is but a poor programme. How often have I asked young business men in Buenos Ayres: What do you do for distraction? What amusement have you? What society? What are the amenities of life in this city? Where do you pass your evenings? The answers all tended to the same result. There are no amenities of life in Buenos Ayres, no society, no amusements except the theatre, which is expensive, and no distractions except gross and shameless debauchery that thrives flauntingly in most parts of the city. There is no society, because the rivalry of luxury will not allow families to arrange fêtes unless they can

do so on a princely scale, to give a dinner-party that is not a gorgeous banquet, or to receive of an evening without the accompaniment of a ball or grand orchestra. The old creole families live entirely among themselves, after the usual Spanish style, hating and despising the *gringo*, or foreigner, who works and grows rich. There are no social leaders, no leaders of opinion even, no eminent citizens whose influence and efforts might create centres and elements of decent and healthy distraction. At Buenos Ayres each one looks out for himself, from the president of the republic down to the howling urchin who sells newspapers and tries to defraud the buyer of his change. The impression that the city and its sociological phenomena make upon one is wholly and repeatedly that of coarse and brutal materialism. There seems to be no poetry, no sentiment, no generosity in the life of its citizens; there is nothing amiable witty, or attractive in the exterior aspect of men and of things. On the one hand you see the race for wealth in all the crudity of unscrupulous speculation and cynical malversation of public funds; and on the other hand, the ostentatious display of wealth in the grossest manifestations of vulgar luxury.

CHAPTER XI.

ARGENTINE PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

BAHIA BLANCA.

ALAS! I must confess that of all the lands I have visited, the Argentine is the most anti-picturesque and the most monotonous, with the exception always of the mountainous regions, which are still to a great extent inaccessible to ordinary travellers, and much more so to commercial enterprise. The vast territory extending from the Pilcomayo and the line of latitude 22° south down to Tierra del Fuego—upward of 2000 miles long, with an average breadth of 500 miles, and with a total area* of 1,200,000 square miles—may be divided into four great natural sections: the Andine region, comprising the provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, Rioja, Catamarca, Tucuman, Salto, and Jujuy; the Pampas, extending from the Pilcomayo on the north to the Rio Negro on the south, and including the Gran Chaco, the provinces of Santiago, Santa Fé, Córdoba, San Luis, Buenos Ayres, and the Gobernacion de la Pampa; Patagonia, comprising the three Gobernaciones of the Negro, the Chubut, and Santa Cruz; and the Argentine Mesopotamia, between the rivers Paraná and Uruguay, including the provinces of Entre Rios, Corrientes, and Missiones.

Patagonia is still mainly occupied by a fine race of friendly Indians, whose chief business is hunting, and colonization proceeds but slowly. The Chubut Valley, where there is a Welsh colony, is much vaunted by persons who are interested in the sale of land in those parts, but at present there is little trustworthy evidence to be obtained, owing to the difficulty of travelling, there being as yet no trunk-lines south of Bahia Blanca. The same is the case with the Rio Negro, which, however, is likely to be eventually opened up to pastoral industry by the building of the projected railway between the rivers

* Official statistics give the area as 4,195,000 square kilometres. The chief of the Statistical Bureau, Mr. Latzina, calculates the area at 2,894,257 square kilometres. No trigonometrical survey has yet been made nor any census taken of the actual republic.

Colorado and Negro, from the bay and port of San Blas, latitude 40° 35′ south, across the Andes to Valdivia, in Chili. The Andine region is at present thinly populated. The development of agriculture there is dependent upon irrigation works, which require capital; the mineral wealth cannot be utilized for the want of means of cheap transportation. In Tucuman the sugar industry has acquired a certain development, but is not increasing, and the tendency now is to transport the industry to the more accessible banks of the Paraná River. Meanwhile, in the Andine region, besides agricultural and pastoral enterprises, the surest and most flourishing industry is wine-growing. Now we come to the pampa, of which we caught a glimpse in the journey from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza. Another more important section of the pampa may be visited by means of the various lines of the Southern Railway Company, the best-managed enterprise in the republic.

The station of the Great Southern Railway, on the Plaza de la Constitucion at Buenos Ayres, is a vast and handsome building which will bear comparison with the best modern railway stations in Europe. The monumental marble staircase and entrance hall, the offices of the administration, the waiting-rooms, and the arrival and departure platforms, spanned by a tasteful iron roof, are all as fine as anything of the kind in the Old World. The adjoining goods station and depots are of enormous extent, and during the season form the great wool market of Buenos Ayres. The plan and distribution of the various services are most conveniently arranged. The rolling stock of the Great Southern Company for passenger traffic is, like the station, of the most modern and improved description, built in England; the ordinary cars on the North American plan, and the sleeping-cars on the European system, with compartments of four beds. This company runs also vestibule trains between Buenos Ayres and La Plata, and these cars, likewise built in England, are fitted up with the greatest luxury, and provided with every convenience that a traveller can desire. I confess that I was agreeably surprised to find such an admirably appointed railway in the new republic. In the Old World, even in these days of international expresses and through trains from the Bastille to the Sublime Porte, the public is not accustomed to such splendor as the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Company offers to the *nil admirari* Argentine farmers.

One evening in May I took my seat in a sleeping-car, with a ticket for Bahia Blanca. The track is 5½-feet gauge; the car, broad and

commodious, with a table in the middle; the fittings in excellent taste; the walls and roof of natural woods ornamented with carved panels, and with a profusion of mirrors. The Argentines delight in looking-glasses, and demand them both in place and out of place. With the exception of this one point, the decorations of the sleeping-cars would delight the heart of William Morris. Another detail which I noticed on closer inspection was the absence of blinds or curtains, and the explanation of this phenomenon was given to me subsequently by the manager: "The public would steal anything loose." A similar reason for a similar fact was given to me in Chili, and also a few years ago on the line from the Piræus to Athens, where the cars are likewise without curtains. *Que voulez-vous?* Man is not perfect.

The express started at 7.30 P.M., and in the bright moonlight we caught glimpses of the warehouses and shipping of Barracas, and then of several pleasant little towns in the vicinity of the capital, dairy farms, market gardens, and villas dotted along the line. Soon we enter a region of corn fields, and farther on the sheep farms become visible, the flocks gathered in black patches on either side of the line. The next morning we wake up in the midst of the interminable monotony of the pampa. The horizon appears circular, as if we were on the sea; not a single hillock breaks the evenness of the boundary line; the land stretches away in all directions, gray and green, covered with grass of varying fineness, sometimes rough with thistles and tufts of bunch grass, sometimes smooth and velvety like a garden lawn; not a tree is to be seen; the only objects that catch the eye in the immensity of blue sky and grayish-green plain are the straight lines of post and wire-fencing, herds of horses and horned cattle, flocks of sheep, flights of wild ducks, geese, swans, crows, *tero-tero*—a bird which resembles the plover—partridges, deer, and ostriches. In the air you see hawks soaring, and occasionally an eagle or an owl perched on the telegraph pole; while alongside the track, at intervals, the rotting carcass of a horse or cow, killed by a passing train, or a sinister arabesque of bleached bones, picked clean and lying on the grass as the birds of prey left them, evokes visions of pain and slaughter. From time to time we notice groups of a few box-like huts of burned brick scattered over the ground, and in the vicinity some human beings toiling. This is a colony, or a *centro agricola*. Gradually some of these colonies grow into villages or little towns, and then they are honored with a railway station, around which the box-like huts are

grouped more closely, with, conspicuous among them, a general store and an Italian drinking-shop—the Café Fonda Roma or the Hotel de Genova. The next stage in the growth of the town is the establishment of a *corralon*, or general hardware depot; a mill and warehouses, or *barracas;* and then the huge bullock-carts from the colonies in the interior are seen arriving in long caravans, or grouped in the neighborhood of the station. These immense carts, or *carretas*, built in the same form fore and aft, and nicely balanced on their enormous axles, are generally driven by Basques, and throughout the Argentine they precede the railways; afterwards, as the railways extend their course, these "prairie schooners" continue to run as local feeders, groaning and grating over the secular ruts and swamps which are by courtesy alone termed roads.* Such places are Pigue and Tornquist, which are in course of development from colonies into towns. In contrast with this kind of settlement must be noted the vast *estancias*,† owned by private individuals or companies, such as the Casey Estancia, or Curumalan Estate of ninety square leagues, which is served by three stations, and traversed by the Southern Railway over a distance of nearly fifty kilometres. This *estancia* comprises the largest stud farm in the Argentine.

Here the landscape becomes a little less monotonous, thanks to the hills of the Sierra de la Ventana, to avoid which the line describes a curve, and finally, after crossing the Naposta River, arrives at Bahia Blanca at 2.50 P.M., having made the distance of 444 miles in eighteen hours, not counting the long stoppages.

The country around Bahia Blanca is absolutely flat. The environs of the town are occupied with *quintas* and *chacras;* that is to say, small holdings devoted to careful culture of vegetables, lucern, and vines. The grape thrives very well in these parts, and viticulture will

* The first *carreta* was built in Tucuman more than three hundred years ago, for service between Buenos Ayres, Bolivia, and Peru, Tucuman being the nearest point where good timber was to be obtained. These carts, drawn by six or eight yokes of oxen, traced the roads, which are still the main roads of the republic, and the original model, both of cart and of road, has been faithfully perpetuated.

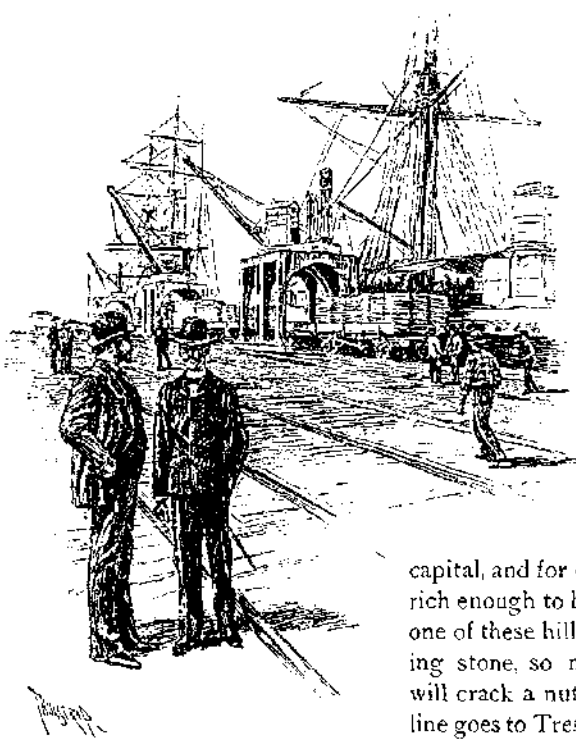
† I have purposely avoided descriptions of life on the South American *estancias*. Previous travellers have written copiously about the subject, and satiated us with verbiage about *gauchos*, rounding-up, or *rodeo*, branding, sheep-shearing, and what not. The incidents of pastoral life are more or less the same all over the world. The South American *gaucho* is the brother of the Northern cowboy, and from the point of view of picturesqueness and strongly marked character, the cowboy is, perhaps, the more interesting figure of the two.

PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

doubtless become in time one of the important industries of the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres.

The town of Bahia Blanca is incipient and unlovely. There is a vast and neglected plaza surrounded by unpretentious edifices—the church, the municipal buildings, the police station and barracks, the houses of the English, Danish, and Spanish consulates, a few large general stores, two immense cafés and billiard-rooms, and a dreadful Hôtel de Londres. The streets are rather swampy; one only is paved; and altogether it is as dismal, dull, and dirty a place as one could wish to see. Its greatness, like that of many other towns marked in big letters on the maps of the Argentine, is mostly on paper and in the future. Near the railway station are some extensive warehouses belonging to the German consul, where wool is baled on a large scale, and shipped from the port of Bahia Blanca, distant by rail five kilometres from the town. The population of Bahia Blanca is estimated at 13,000.

The port is approached across a desolate marshy waste, terminating in mud-banks, which at low-water are alive with small crabs. There is a channel formed by the estuary of the rivers Naposta and Sauce Chico, permitting vessels of eighteen feet draught to go up to the mole which has been built by the Great Southern Railway Company, and provided with fine hydraulic cranes and capstans for handling cargo and shunting trucks. At present this fine mole, which may be compared with the Muelle Fiscal of Valparaiso, seems somewhat in advance of the requirements of the port; for, except during the wool season, the ships that discharge railway iron and coal at Bahia Blanca have to leave with ballast. Like all new ports, too, that of Bahia has a bad reputation, because it has been used by unscrupulous shipowners for the purpose of wrecking old vessels and pocketing the insurance money. Enthusiasts, however, maintain that the port has a great future. There is a scheme for building docks and quays along the mud-banks, where a few miserable wooden huts may now be seen, and two lines of railway are in construction or in project, which would certainly have a great influence on the development of the place. One of these lines is Bustamante's concession from Buenos Ayres to Talcahuano *via* Carhue, General Atcha, the Antuco Pass, and Yumbel; and the other is the Northwestern Line from Bahia Blanca, through General Atcha to Villa Mercedes, which would make Bahia Blanca the natural port for the province of Mendoza. Near the port



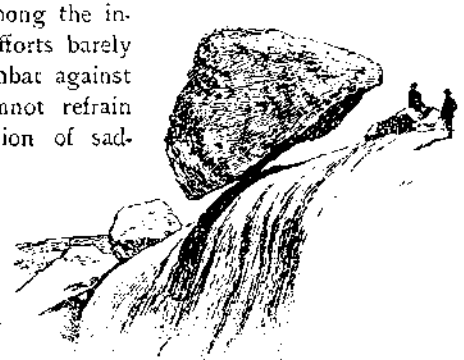
BAHIA BLANCA, NEW MOLE.

of Bahia are some important salt-works, finely equipped and very productive.

Another branch of the Great Southern Railway runs from Buenos Ayres to Tandil, a distance of 247 miles. This town of 11,000 inhabitants is situated in the midst of picturesque hills of blue granite, which furnish paving stones for the capital, and for other towns that are rich enough to buy this luxury. On one of these hills is the famous rocking stone, so nicely poised that it will crack a nut. From Tandil the line goes to Tres Arroyos, 120 miles, which will shortly be connected by an extension with Bahia Blanca. Another branch runs from Maipú to Mar del Plata, the Newport of Buenos Ayres, a fashionable watering-place which successful speculation has brought into existence and prosperity since 1887, and which already boasts casinos and hotels of the most luxurious and completely civilized description. All the country traversed by the above railway lines is devoted to pastoral and agricultural industries, and the landscape, with the exception of the hilly district of the Sierra de Tandil and the Sierra de la Ventana, is always the same—bare pampa, with stretches of marshes and small lakes abounding in wild fowl. As for the *estancias*, towns, villages, and colonies, when you have seen one you have seen all, and all are equally unpicturesque. The life, too, has become less fertile in picturesque incidents since the enclosure of the land with wire fences,

which makes the management of the herds much simpler, and enables the *estancieros* to dispense with the guard of mounted *gauchos*, who are now to be seen only in the very distant interior. At present the majority of the population has no particular character, being composed of Italian and French emigrants; of Basques, with red or blue cloth caps, and a few native *gauchos*, with broad belts constellated with silver coins, long *ponchos*, and wide Oriental trousers like petticoats, generally black, but sometimes striped with brilliant colors. Nowadays, however, the *gaucho* is losing his individuality, abandoning his peculiar costume, and becoming assimilated in dress and habits with the swarms of miscellaneous Europeans who have peopled the modern Argentine, and made the hundreds of colonies and towns that have sprung into existence within the past ten years. To visit these young centres of so-called civilization is no pleasant task.

In a new country the traveller must not be particular, much less exacting; above all, he must not expect to find refinement among the inhabitants, whose whole efforts barely suffice to sustain the combat against the elements. Still, I cannot refrain from noting the impression of sadness and disgust produced by the sight of the towns and colonies of the pampa, and by a glimpse of the life that the inhabitants lead. Verily the majority live worse than brutes, for they have not even the cleanly instincts of the beasts of the field. Their houses are less agreeable to the eye than an Esquimau's hut. The way they maltreat their animals is sickening to behold. Rarely do you see the face of a man, woman, or child that does not wear a bestial and ferocious expression. In the villages there are no clubs, no libraries, no churches, no priests, rarely even a school. The men and women work, eat, and sleep, and their only distraction is the grossest bestiality, gambling, and drinking in the *pulperia*, with occasionally a little knifing



ROCKING STONE, TANDIL.

and revolver-firing. During my whole stay in the Argentine, and in all the centres that I visited, I was struck by the utter absence of moral restraint, and by the hard materiality of the faces of the people, from the highest down to the lowest. Never in the vilest slums of London, Paris, Antwerp, or in the most miserable villages of Bulgaria,

GAUCHOS.

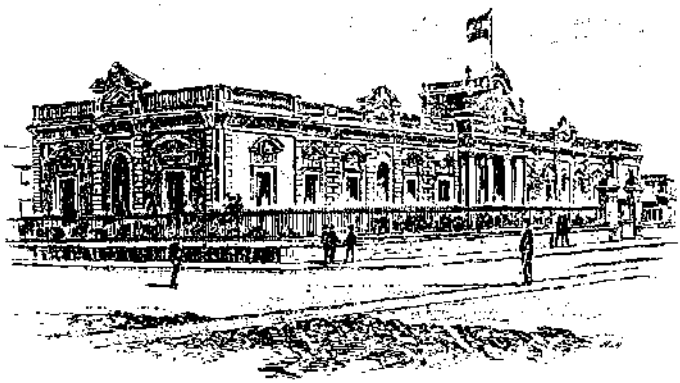
have I seen more complete moral destitution and more abominable and stupid brutishness than I saw in the town of Buenos Ayres itself, and in some of the small towns and colonies of the pampa and of the provinces on the banks of the Paraná. "It is bad; it is tough; it is rank," said an American traveller who is familiar with the agricultural colonies of the Argentine, speaking to me of some of the places referred to; "but we've got just as rank spots in Dakota and Texas." This may be true enough. In Europe, too, we might easily find many districts where men and women live like brute beasts; but close at hand we should find the example of better things, the effort of propaganda, the restraining influence of practical morality and of self-respecting citizenship. The same is the case in a still more intense degree in the United States, where moral and intellectual improvement are always uppermost in the thoughts and works of innumerable patriotic citizens. In the Argentine one remarks general indifference to such

matters; the new towns are not eager to get a church built, or to subscribe to pay for a priest; the local missionary spirit is absolutely wanting; neither in the capital nor in the smallest village do the most prominent citizens concern themselves about setting a good moral example; in short, there is no restraint whatever, whether of persons or of communities.

THE CITY LA PLATA.

Every visitor to the Argentine Republic is particularly recommended to go and see the new town of La Plata. It is one of the wonders of the world, he is told; a city of palaces, not yet ten years old, and already having a population of 60,000 inhabitants. Naturally one accepts the advice, and after a scramble for a ticket at the Central Station, and another scramble for a seat in the train, one starts full of expectation. The railway passes through the Boca and Barracas—the port of Buenos Ayres awaiting the completion of the new docks—past regions of marshy and desolate neglect, where human beings live in wooden sheds and huts, and divide their life between labor and misery; past Quilmes, a neatly laid out town, with villas and gardens in the environs; and so, after a ride of an hour and a half across flat and uninteresting country, we arrive in the monumental railway station of La Plata, the new capital of the province of Buenos Ayres. The station is a vast pile of immaculately white stucco. We admire, marvel, and pass. We breakfast at the Café de Paris, a gorgeous and brand-new hotel, with an immense dining-room, whose walls are adorned with a superabundance of mirrors and stucco ornaments, while the elaborately painted ceiling is supported by columns of simile-marble. We admire, marvel, and lunch. Then we issue forth to see the town, which is laid out in squares and in stars, with broad streets, wide avenues, immense boulevards lined with tall telegraph poles and still taller masts for electric lights, traversed by innumerable tram-way lines, and bordered with palaces all brand-new, radiant with spotless stucco, and manifesting the most eclectic taste on the part of the architects. Each palace with its garden occupies a hectare of ground, and each is of different design—Italian Renaissance, Corinthian, Doric, and composite—of a diversity enough to bewilder even a Vitruvius: palace of the Government of the Province,

ministries of Public Instruction, Interior, and Finance, Banco de la Provincia, Banco Hipotecario, Prefecture of Police, Direction of Public Works, Direccion General de Escuelas, Chamber of Deputies, Senate, Courts of Justice, a theatre, an observatory, a museum, a Governor's palace, a monumental entrance to nothing, a sort of triple arch of triumph, beyond which is a funereal-looking plantation of tall

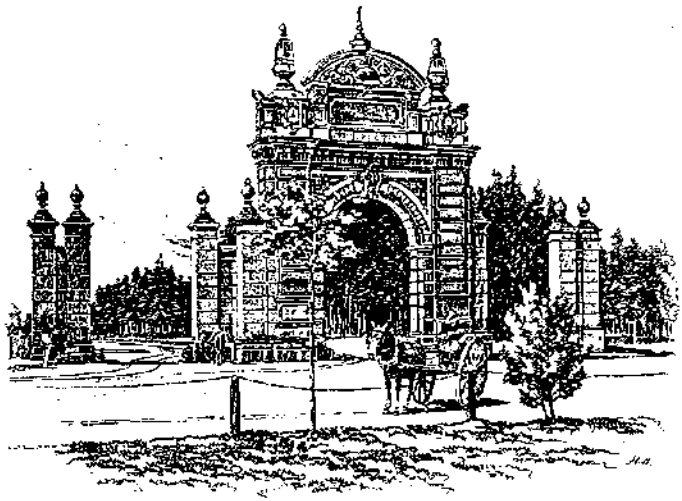


THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

eucalyptus-trees, destined to be some day the Bois de Boulogne or the Palermo of La Plata. There are houses, too, many of them unoccupied; shops that look deserted, a big market, twenty-three squares and plazas, countless monuments and fountains, and a cathedral of enormous proportions, whose walls have absorbed millions of bricks, although they rise only about three metres from the ground. The cathedral is the only building in La Plata that has remained unfinished for want of money. All the others are completed, and full of employés and officials who live on the budget. The fire-brigade likewise has its palace, and its corps of forty men in uniform, whose duties are a sinecure. However, La Plata being a model town, everything must be modern, the newest and most perfect in its kind that Europe can produce. An instance occurred while I was in the country. News had arrived from Paris that there were fire-engines ca-

pable of serving 1000 litres a minute. The La Plata fire-brigade must have one; the municipality gave the order; a Belgian house furnished the pump, and the new toy had been delivered the day I happened to visit La Plata. The representative of the Belgian firm, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, informed me that if all the water laid on in the streets of La Plata could be concentrated to feed one machine, it would be impossible to get even 500 litres a minute. "That is the way things are done in La Plata," he added, ironically.

The aspect of this great straggling town, each street of which ends brusquely in the open and deserted plain, is one of utter desolation. It possesses everything except inhabitants and a *raison d'être*. As for the official figures of 60,000, they are as misleading as many other Argentine statistics. One can hardly believe that there are



ENTRANCE TO THE UNFINISHED PARK.

even 40,000 inhabitants, including those swarms of employés who go to and fro by train, and avoid the horror of an evening in La Plata by living in Buenos Ayres or the more agreeable suburbs. And yet at night this empty city of palaces is brilliantly illuminated with electric lamps. The tall masts and glaring globes extend far into the sur-

rounding plain, where there are no houses and scarcely even a semblance of a road. Why? Why indeed? One is all the time asking why this and why that, as one wanders about the streets of this unintelligible city of folly. Why, for instance, was the town built five miles from the port, which was projected simultaneously, and inaugurated with much pomp and speechifying in March, 1890? The only explanation that has been suggested is that the promoters of the foundation of the town happened to own land on the spot where it has been built, whereas they did not own the land nearer to the river. Another more charitable explanation is that the object was to leave abundance of room for the future development of the town concomitantly with that of the port.

This port, called Ensenada, is situated on the Rio de la Plata, about six miles from the town, at the mouth of the little river Santiago. It is connected with the town by means of a tram-way, and with Buenos Ayres and the great trunk lines by various branch railways. The ride across the pampa is absolutely without interest; the country is flat and treeless after we have passed the eucalyptus wood and the museum, and nothing strikes the eye until, at a distance of some two miles, we notice the masts of ships apparently in the midst of meadows where cattle are grazing. As we approach, we find that these small sailing craft and lighters are anchored in the Dique, a small port with fine new wooden quays, a goods depot, and two or three wooden houses. From this port two rectilinear canals run across the pampa to the river. The road follows one of these canals until we find ourselves in a labyrinth of reeds, wood, huts of galvanized iron, sheds and shanties of all kinds, piles of rails and iron sleepers, mountains of bricks, and various building material. In this maze we finally distinguish various canals. One of these, lined with fine quays, fitted with hydraulic cranes on one side, receives sea-going ships and their cargo, while the opposite bank remains verdant and willow-clad, and in the background is a wooded hillock, against which stand out the strange silhouettes of dredging and excavating machines, packed close together, some resting, others being repaired after their labors. At a short distance we see an interminable line of stone pillars and iron railings, which at present enclose only the promise of future greatness, and then beyond we reach a magnificent and immense dock surrounded by stone quays. But where is the river? we ask, as we wander along the quays and past tall piles of

SHIPPING AT LA BOCA.

warehouses in building. The port seems to be in the middle of a plain, and all the canals and natural channels appear to lead only farther inland across the pampa. At last we discover the key to the mystery. In front of the port are low islands which entirely mask the view of the river, and the main entrance channel passes

between two flat, green vistas that remind one of the polders of Holland.

At present all this seems strange and almost absurd, but experts affirm that the port of La Plata is excellent, and, at all events, superior to that of Buenos Ayres. The seafaring people appear to be almost unanimous in condemning the port of Buenos Ayres on account of the difficulty and danger of entering it, and the inadequate shelter which its north and south basins will afford during certain prevalent storm winds. Time, however, alone can show whether this mistrust is justified, and whether, as many believe, the reclaiming of land is the principal object of the projectors of the port of Buenos Ayres, and the making of a good harbor only a pretext and a secondary condition. In any case, the port of La Plata appears to be a good one, and there is every reason to believe that its importance will increase rapidly. The adoption of the port of La Plata by several of the great transatlantic lines of steamers is announced as more than probable.*

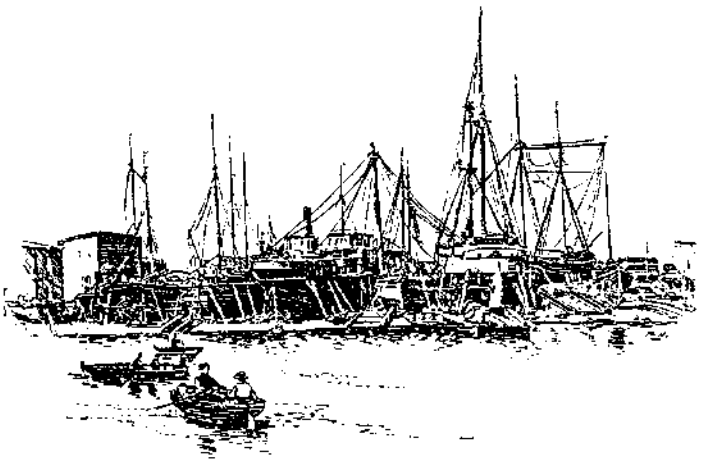
The port of La Plata has been made from the plans of a Dutch engineer, Mr. T. A. Waldorp, and was begun in 1884. The entrance to the port is effected by means of an outer channel 4½ kilometres long and 300 metres broad, formed by two moles, or stockades, built with 20,000 piles and 300,000 cubic metres of stone. This channel runs out into the deep bed of the river La Plata, and has a central

* In the *South American Journal* of December 20, 1890, we read the following paragraph concerning the new port of Buenos Ayres:

"'The mighty and fickle Paraná,' says the Buenos Ayres *Standard*, 'has played those interested in the Madero Port a terrible trick. All the steamers in the docks, including the giants *Stuttgart* and *Regina Margherita*, are aground, and several in the outer roads also.' Thus the very contingency apprehended by shipping agents, as the result of making the entrance of large steamers into the docks compulsory, has actually occurred. Our contemporary further remarks on this incident:

"'The delay of the *Regina Margherita* in getting away again was the topic of conversation in shipping circles, and the agents pointed out how this case bears out their views as laid before Dr. Lopez when they requested to have the Compulsory Entry Decree stayed, at least for a time, as they reasonably argue the conditions of the Boca channel are anything but a guarantee of safety; and, much as they would appreciate the benefit of loading and discharging in the port, they are too much alive to the difficulty and delay in entering and leaving to be without considerable anxiety. This is especially the case with regard to mail steamers, with fixed dates of sailing, the altering of which through a change in the wind must cause a world of confusion; as a case in point, the steamship *Stuttgart*, drawing 20 feet, was able to clear to-day, but the *Regina Margherita*, drawing 21 feet, had to wait on, and, as the river is falling, there she remains with over six hundred passengers on board.'"

depth of 7 metres. After this channel the ships pass through an inner channel composed of several sections, having a total length of 3½ kilometres, a width of from 180 to 150 metres, and a uniform depth of 7 metres. This canal leads into the great basin, which measures 1500 metres long by 180 metres broad, and is provided with a turning basin at one end, measuring 250 by 220 metres. On each side of the grand basin is a lateral canal with prolongations that enable the coast-



SHIP-YARDS AT LA BOCA.

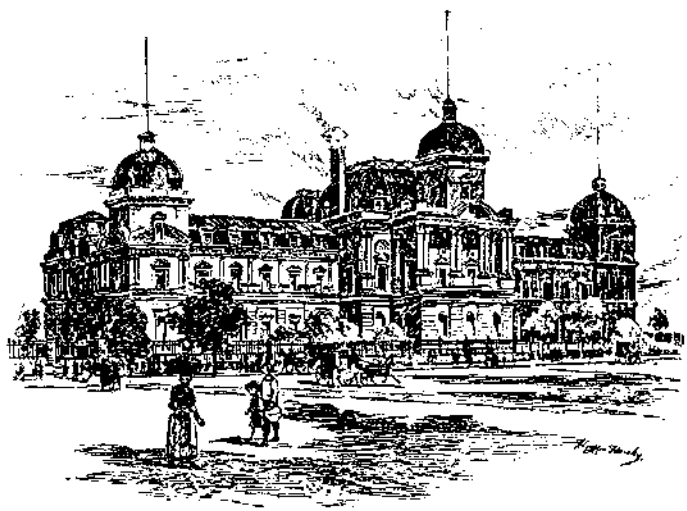
ing schooners to go comparatively close up to the town, and unload in the Dique already mentioned. These immense works are being completed with all the necessary hydraulic machinery, and with warehouses and sheds of gigantic proportions, and the total cost is estimated at $18,000,000 gold. There can be no question that the port of La Plata is a fine piece of work in itself.

As for the town of palaces, it is to be feared that it must remain a curious monument of provincial extravagance. The creation of towns in South America is not as simple and logical a matter as it is in the United States. There being no manufactures employing thousands of operatives and enormous mills, there is no need of industrial towns. The commercial towns spring up and grow to greatness at the points where they are needed: witness Buenos Ayres and Rosario. Pastoral

towns there are none, since the pastoral industry does not even need villages; and as for the agricultural industry, it finds its markets along the rivers and railway lines. In the new economical organization of the republic the commercial and agricultural market centres—which serve as feeders to the great ports—are the only towns whose existence has a *raison d'être*, and whose creation and growth can be normal; and this fact accounts for the actual poverty and dulness of the thirteen old capitals of the federated provinces, which are preserved from silence and ruin by their political life alone. It is to this political industry, the monopoly of the creoles and the curse of the republic, that La Plata owes its creation.

In 1880 the city of Buenos Ayres was proclaimed the national capital, and by that fact the province of Buenos Ayres was deprived of its federal capital. The other provinces had their capitals, founded by the will of the *conquistadores* in the sixteenth century, each one with its plaza, its cathedral, *cabildo*, Governor's palace, and law courts; its rectilinear streets, traced in the midst of uninhabited solitudes; its belt of *quintas* for horticulture; and its outer zone of *chacras* for agriculture—the whole constituting an autonomous and self-sufficing community, a State within a State. The history of the life of each of these towns during the first centuries of its existence was purely animal and vegetative. Paraná, Santa Fé, Corrientes, Santiago, Mendoza, Córdoba, Jujuy, Catamarca, San Luis, Tucumán remained mere straggling villages, as several of them still are; but at the same time they were, in the olden days, points of refuge and shelter for the explorers and conquerors in the midst of the desert, starting-points for new adventures, and administrative centres for the settlers and workers in the environs—that is to say, for the subject tribes and slaves. Thus these towns acquired prestige and importance, and their inhabitants were mainly functionaries and parasites. Up to the end of the eighteenth century no towns existed except these capitals. They were the only social centres; the only places where there were churches, law courts, and authorities. The war of independence started by Buenos Ayres woke these sleepy provincial capitals out of their dream. All joined in the work of creating the federation and in securing the national autonomy, while at the same time maintaining their own autonomy. And so each provincial capital continued to be a capital, and each province had its political bodies with high-sounding titles vying with those given to the rulers of the nation by the national Constitution.

Thus these capitals continued to have a political *raison d'être*. Of all the provinces Buenos Ayres alone was ever strong enough to oppose the authority of the central power; but at all times a coalition of two or three States could inspire alarm. Nowadays this state of affairs is at an end. In 1880 the question of the unity of the Argentine was settled definitively, and the central power was once for all strongly



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

and surely constituted when it acquired possession of the vast national territories of the Pampa, Patagonia, and the Chaco—which will not be divided into provinces for years to come—and, above all, when it won the support of such a powerful capital as the city of Buenos Ayres, which sacrificed its provincial supremacy for the benefit of the national greatness.

This political event affected the relative, and also the absolute importance of all the confederated States. There was no longer any possibility of resisting the central power, and no longer any reason for jealousy towards the city of Buenos Ayres, which had become the national capital and neutral ground. The whole object of a politician, on the contrary, must henceforward be to get to Buenos Ayres, and

hold a post there as deputy or senator. In short, as M. Émile Daireaux has excellently demonstrated in his careful study of the Argentine political institutions, the proclamation of Buenos Ayres as the national capital, and the strengthening of the central power by this fact, and by the acquisition of vast national territories, reduced the provincial capitals to mere administrative centres, for the governors are no longer anything more than prefects, their ministers sub-prefects and secretaries, and the provincial Chambers merely departmental or municipal councils—all in the hands and under the absolute control of the executive power. Local politics no longer affect the march of the nation. Provincial life no longer nourishes ambition. Society follows the politicians to the capital. Day by day the telegraph and the locomotive are completing the social transformation, and day by day the old provincial capitals, instead of issuing from their obscurity, are sinking into more and more complete inactivity, insomuch that if they did not already exist there would certainly be no motive for creating them now. The reason of this is that, with the exception of those situated along the coast or in favored points of railway traffic, none of them corresponds to modern needs. The railways have hitherto gone to them as a necessary terminus, because they are three centuries old and have the prestige of capitals; but the railways have not developed a healthy industry in any of them, their ancient commerce is rarely found to prosper, their old local political life is dying out, and they have no longer any *raison d'être*. To think of reviving in this nineteenth century the antique system of founding cities after the manner of the *conquistadores* is absurd. Nowadays the site of a city is fixed by public convenience and by the railway, and the foundation begins by a simple *pulpería* while the line is being built, which becomes the Café de la Estación when the line is finished; and from an inn for travellers and a stopping-place for the bullock carts and diligences, it gradually develops into a town surrounded by colonies that, in their turn, become towns. Nevertheless, the authorities of the province of Buenos Ayres, seeing themselves deprived of their capital, conceived the strange idea of founding a new capital in 1882, and instead of adopting some prosperous young centre, like Chivilcoy, for instance, they determined to create a new and splendid town, all at once, all complete, and as if by magic. It was an act of folly. The *amour propre* of the province of Buenos Ayres, after having given its capital to the republic, could not resign itself to the humiliation of

having no provincial capital in proportion and in keeping with the wealth of the most populous and the richest State of the confederation. The consequence was that on November 19, 1882, the first stone of La Plata was laid. On November 19, 1885, the new city had 26,637 inhabitants. In 1887 the population was estimated at 50,000, and in 1890 the statistics of the province of Buenos Ayres, published in the journal *La Prensa*, stated that the new city had between 50,000 and 100,000 inhabitants, including all the prominent nationalities of the earth, but with a vast majority composed in about equal proportions of Italians and Argentines. These figures, however, are certainly exaggerated.

Meanwhile the foundation of La Plata and its magically rapid construction remain one of the most curious sociological monstrosities of our century. As for the future of the town, it cannot be either industrial or commercial; nor can it become a centre of political agitation, because the political life of the province is still concentrated in the national capital of Buenos Ayres. Hitherto there has been much speculation in land and building, but the crisis has brought that to an end. There remains, then, but one destiny for La Plata—namely, to become a city of functionaries; but the functionaries, as we have seen, take advantage of the vestibule train of the Great Southern Railway and avoid residence. Thus La Plata, with its palaces and model streets and its magnificent distances, has to resign itself to the monotoneus and vegetative life of Córdoba and Mendoza. And the new port? The new port is distant an hour and a half by train from the heart of the capital, and if it prospers, as seems probable, it will cause the growth of a new town for the accommodation of a populace of dock laborers and employés; but Buenos Ayres will continue to hold its commercial supremacy, and the improvised city of palaces will not acquire any more reason to exist than it has at present. La Plata is the wild freak of an imprudent province to which England has opened her purse too freely; it is a foolish and unproductive investment so far as the commonwealth is concerned. At the same time La Plata is an instructive example of the craze for doing things on a grand scale, and of the desire to force the machinery of progress, which have characterized the Argentines during the past ten years, and which, combined with traditional political immorality and corruption, culminated in an economical crisis and a revolution.

ARGENTINE POLITICS AND ADMINISTRATION.*

In the month of May, 1890, I had the satisfaction of being present at the opening of Congress in Buenos Ayres, and of hearing President Celman read his message, which was expected with great curiosity, owing to the intensity of the financial and political crisis then reigning in the Republic. The ceremony, however, did not attract so large a crowd as might have been expected. On the Plaza Victoria, between the Palacio de Gobierno and the queer little Congress Hall, infantry troops were drawn up in line, artillerymen with loose, baggy red trousers, cadets from the military college of Palermo —all looking soldierly, neatly dressed in uniforms closely resembling those of the French, and commanded by gorgeously-arrayed generals, bristling with gold braid and attended by numerous aides-de-camp mounted on fiery steeds. The interior architecture and want of adornment of the Congress Hall suggest at once a cockpit and an English Methodist chapel. The room was soon filled; in the galleries were the spectators, mostly stock-brokers and speculators; on the floor were the representatives of the diplomatic corps in their special box, the Ministers, the Senators, and the Deputies; and at a tribune of mahogany with a green leather top the President and Vice-President took their seats, both in full dress, the former wearing across his bosom, *en bandoulière*, a blue and white striped sash, with the golden badge of office. About half only of the Senators and Deputies wore evening dress. The President, Dr. Juarez Celman, is a young-looking, slender man, easy and even elegant in his bearing, with clean-cut features, an expression of subtle intelligence, careful in his dress, his blond hair and beard closely trimmed. There is something in Dr. Juarez Celman suggestive of the Parisian club-man who is expert in handling the foils, experienced in the ways of the world, full of nerve and resource, but absolutely without illusions or scruples. Such a man I had figured to myself the character of Paul Astier in Alphonse

* This chapter was written in Buenos Ayres before the revolution of July, 1890, but as most of the considerations and reflections contained therein have not been nullified but rather confirmed by subsequent events, the author ventures to reprint the text in its original form, in the hope that it may be useful to those who wish to understand the real condition of the Argentine.

Daudet's novel, *L'Immortel*. Compared with the heads of the majority of the Senators and Deputies, and of some of the military personages present, whose facial angles were alarming, the head of Dr. Juarez Celman was conspicuously that of a man whose superior intelligence enables him to dominate his fellows. The President read his long message admirably, with clear and equable pronunciation, and presented the state of affairs plausibly, with a wealth of figures, millions after millions of *pesos* and column after column of additions, characteristic of the statistical bent of the Argentines, and at the same time with an abundance of minute detail characteristic of himself. President Celman's ambition is to extend his authority to the remotest hamlet of the republic, and to allow no person and no incident to escape his notice and his control.

The message summed up the situation very plausibly. "The financial difficulties," he said, "which were beginning at the close of the last Congressional period have increased in intensity, assuming the character of a commercial and economical crisis, which has affected stocks, restricted the use of credit, made objects of consumption dear, and even awakened alarm and want of confidence. . . . The country," he added, "needs the united efforts of all, of the authorities and of the people, in order to surmount this barrier which has appeared in the path of its progress."

The causes of the crisis were explained by the President in the following words: "The vertiginous rapidity of our progress, the excessive expansion of credit and its abuses, extreme speculation in *agio*, in joint-stock companies, in the price of land, and in the creation of bogus affairs, are the causes that have determined the evil, the gravity of which might threaten the future of the nation were it not that we find the production more puissant than ever, all the sources of riches in a healthy condition, our crops vigorous and splendid, and our exportations surpassing the calculations even of the optimists. So long as the conditions of the vitality of the nation are such as these, the crisis, however acute it may be, can only be ephemeral."

The more I saw of the Argentine Republic and of its inhabitants, the more strong became my conviction that the crisis of 1890 will not be so ephemeral as the President predicts. The reasons of this conviction are based upon political and social observations, rather than upon consultations of figures or of tabular statements of natural riches and resources such as several writers have drawn up, often under the

genial influence of Government subventions. My opinion is that it will cost the Argentine Republic years of efforts to recover from the discredit and chaos of the present crisis, and that among the first and most essential elements of success in this task is moral reform, both public and private. Whether we examine the Republic from the political, the social, or the commercial point of view, we are equally astounded by its blatant and obtrusive immorality.

The Argentine is a republic in name only; in reality it is an oligarchy composed of men who make of politics a commerce. In the old days the sole object of the *conquistadores* was to acquire wealth rapidly, and such remains the ideal of the Argentines of to-day. In the colonial days the Spanish or creole population of the towns lived as functionaries and parasites, profiting by the labor of slaves and subdued Indian tribes, and their aim was wealth and never civilization. Hence we look in vain in the old provincial capitals for traces of past splendor or for monuments such as testify to the collective civic care of the common weal. In the provincial capitals we find the offices of the representatives of the authority of Spain and a Church on which no superfluous adornment has been wasted; but we see no beneficent or educational foundations, and no evidences of unselfish social sentiments. After the declaration of independence the intestine strife which for years agitated the country had rarely other than motives of selfish ambition, for to hold power in Spanish America has always signified to possess the means of rapidly acquiring wealth.

After the cessation of the wars of Federalists and Unitarians, and the formation of the actual republic, with its Constitution *soi-disant* on the model of that of the United States, the race for wealth became all the more furious as the development of the commercial relations of the country helped to create the great fortunes of the creole *estancieros*, or cattle-breeders. Piqued by jealousy, other creoles threw themselves into politics and became venal functionaries, the aim being always personal enrichment at the expense of the nation. Nowadays the Argentine political men, with very few notable exceptions that might be counted on the fingers of one hand, from the President down to the humblest local leader, are venal without concealment and without shame. They are rapacious parasites, like the *conquistadores*, like the colonial functionaries, and like the ambitious adventurers who furnished the dictators and tyrants of the first half of the present century. Only at rare intervals does a good, patriotic man spring up and

do something for the country, which, in the normal and iniquitous state of things, prospers not on account of its government, but in spite of it. The citizens are always crying out against their rulers, but they take no means to change their condition. Why do they not act instead of talking? This question is natural. The answer is not easy to give in a few words. Briefly, we may say that the citizens do nothing, and can do nothing, against their parasitical rulers, because they are not organized and not prepared or educated for republican institutions. In the political struggles there are rarely questions of principles, but always questions of persons. President succeeds President, but the aim of all is equally selfish, and even if the Opposition were transformed into the Government, the whole result would be that one set of parasites would take the place of another. In the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chili, and Peru, the political conditions are more or less the same; they are ruled by presidents who are as absolute autocrats as the Czar of Russia, and even more so, because they are safe from the intrusion or influence of European criticism. The President of the Argentine or the President of Chili is master of the whole administrative organization of the country so completely that no legal and constitutional means can be brought to bear efficaciously against his personal will or caprice. He not only disposes of the armed force of the country, but the entire administrative personnel is his creature and at his devotion. Thus the manipulation of the whole electoral machinery is under his control, and the citizens enjoy in consequence a right of voting that is purely platonic. They may vote, it is true in many cases, as much as they please, but no account is taken of their suffrages. The whole apparatus of republicanism in these countries is a farce, and in spite of the sonorous speeches of after-dinner orators, they have not yet begun to enjoy even the most elementary political liberty.

A brief glance at the past history of the South-American republics will explain why this is so. For convenience' sake we will take the Argentine as an example, the history of the others being in all essential points analogous and parallel. After the separation from Spain in 1810, the Argentines, prepared by three centuries of Spanish domination to look to their rulers for everything, and to dispense with initiative of all kinds in the organization and administration of their national and economical life, were at a loss what use to make of their

newly-acquired liberty. They were free citizens, but they did not know what citizenship means. They had vague ideas of their rights, but no idea of their duties—a condition, by-the-way, in which they have remained to the present day, therein resembling very closely the French, who have spent a whole century in learning that citizens of a republic have duties as well as rights, and that the citizen who values his rights and desires to retain them intact must give himself the pains to be continuously and zealously an active voting citizen. However, from 1800 onward the Argentines passed through a long period of revolutions until 1852, when the nation seemed at length to have achieved pacific possession of its destinies; but being still without the practical and self-reliant spirit of democracy, it sought support as an example for a future history in the past experience of the United States. Thus the text of the American Constitution and its federative doctrines were adopted, and the political heroes and jurisconsults of the United States acquired new admirers and new disciples south of the equator. The modern Argentine Republic found its salvation in imitation, but the salvation has not been complete, because the imitation of North-American institutions has been in the letter rather than in the spirit.

Since 1880 there has no longer been any question about national unity. In virtue of a constitutional pact the confederate provinces have submitted to the same civil, commercial, penal, and political law. Buenos Ayres is the national capital, and the seat of the national executive, legislative, and judicial power, while each province, or state, retains its autonomy. Theoretically, the Argentine Constitution is excellently drawn up with a view to preventing the preponderance of any one wheel in the mechanism, and particularly with a view to restraining the power and influence of the President, who is supposed to be nothing more than the chief of the cabinet, elected for a fixed number of years, and charged with presiding over the execution of the laws and treaties which the nation elaborates and votes by means of its representatives. But, as M. Émile Daireaux has well explained in his study of the political institutions of the Argentine, the theory which declares the presence of a supreme chief at the head of a republic to be dangerous, would find abundant arguments in the spectacle offered by the election of that magistrate in accordance with the complicated formalities exacted by the framers of the American Constitution; in

the importance which this long incubation confers upon the favored personage; and, finally, in the perturbation which this incubation and its result necessarily cause in the whole nation in commerce, industry, social peace, and in the union of families and citizens. We may even go so far as to say that the political situation is a perpetual hinderance and danger to the commercial and social welfare of the nation. And yet the ideal of the Argentine Constitution is the same as that of the Constitution of the United States. Both make the President a responsible head of a cabinet, assisted by five ministers, or irresponsible secretaries, who can be interpellated on their conduct in the Chambers without the vote of the Chamber exercising any influence on their portfolios. These six personages, who constitute the ensemble of the executive power, have numerous attributions, but none of an independent character. Every attribution has its break, safeguard, or counterpoise.

If the letter and the spirit of the Argentine Constitution were observed, the ideal would be attained. The authors of the Constitution, as if foreseeing that this would not be the case, and feeling that the election of the President is the most dangerous one, have endeavored to make it the most complicated. The result is that the presidential election is the beginning and end and the incessant preoccupation of the whole political life of the country, and at the same time the cause of the annihilation of all political life in the true sense of the words, because the vote of the citizen is suppressed, and by that initial fact the whole mechanism is falsified. Nevertheless, in all local elections, including those of the Governors of provinces, which are renewed every three years, those of the provincial Chambers, and those of the Deputies and Senators of the National Congress, the object in view is always the future election of the President of the republic, however distant it may be.

The mechanism of the presidential election in the Argentine works as follows: The President is elected for six years, and is installed on October 12th, the anniversary of the discovery of America. The last year of a presidential term is one of elections. On February 12th are renewed a third part of the Senators and Deputies of the National Congress, which will say the last word in the election of the new President. On the 12th of April takes place in each province the election of electors of the second degree, who, being chosen outside of the members of Congress, and in double their number for each

province, meet on June 12th to designate the candidate for the presidency who has their preference. These delegates accomplish this operation in the capitals of their respective provinces, and designate the President and the Vice-President by means of signed personal ballots, which are delivered to the legislature of the province, and then sealed and transmitted to the President of the National Congress, who opens and examines them in presence of a quorum composed of at least two-thirds of the members of that assembly. In case a candidate has obtained an absolute majority for either office, he is immediately nominated by Congress; if, on the other hand, no candidate has an absolute majority, Congress selects among those who have received most votes, and in a single session appoints President and Vice-President.

This is all perfect in theory, but in practice the influence of the actual President in office is preponderant, thanks to the care and minuteness with which he exercises his control, and thanks to the prestige and real power which is conferred upon him by his disposal of the national army, his privilege of calling out the militia, and particularly by the famous right of intervention which is attributed to him by one little clause that alone suffices to sap the whole ingeniously balanced edifice of the Constitution. In virtue of this clause the President is authorized to declare the state of siege in any province where he may think fit to consider that order is disturbed or simply in danger, and that, too, although none of the local authorities may have demanded aid or protection. This right of intervention has naturally been transformed into a formidable electoral weapon. The President, for instance, has only to decree the state of siege in a province if the Governor happens to be the wrong man, then depose him and put in his place a docile functionary of his creation, and then, with the aid of a battalion of infantry, he substitutes his own will for that of the electors, at the risk sometimes of stirring up civil war if, by chance, the province interfered with happens to be prepared for resistance. Hitherto the only provinces whose resistance has been to be feared are those of the littoral, the most populous and the richest of the Republic—namely, Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, Entre Rios, and Corrientes.

What is the motive, it may be asked, which prompts a President to be so anxious to control the elections that are destined to nominate his successor, seeing that a President is not re-eligible except after the lapse of at least one intervening term? Why, in short, are South-

American Presidents desirous of naming their successors? Care for the welfare of the country is rarely the leading preoccupation. With few exceptions, Argentine and other South-American Presidents have abused their office in order to make their personal fortune; and when their term is at an end, they naturally desire to avoid severe criticism of their acts by a hostile successor, to retain an interest in the public pilferings through the intermediary of a friendly successor, and as much as possible to continue to protect the numerous political supporters and friends who owe their fortune to electoral services and desire to consolidate that fortune by new services. Such ideas are in the traditions of old Spain. In the days of the viceroys and of the palmy days of Potosi the shrinkage of the King's gold on the way between the mines and the royal treasury was always considerable. Nowadays the shrinkage is observable in the metallic deposits of banks, in the sums voted for the execution of great public works, and in the proceeds of English loans. A calculation of deep interest, which has never yet been made, would be to reckon how many of the millions lent, mostly by English bondholders, have been diverted from their destination to enrich politicians, and how many millions spent on public works have been misapplied. In his message, for instance, President Celman announced that the Republic in December, 1889, possessed a total length of 8074 kilometres of railway in service, 9914 kilometres in construction, 500 kilometres of which with the rails already laid, and 7332 kilometres in project. As usual in official documents, President Celman neglected to put in qualifying clauses. In reality there are but two well-managed and adequate lines in the whole Republic—namely, Buenos Ayres to Rosario (548 kilometres), and the Great Southern (1328 kilometres). The rest are, for the most part, badly built, badly managed, and insufficiently provided with rolling-stock; and many have been constructed without any other object than land speculations and the Government guarantee of seven per cent. interest. The amount of guaranteed interest paid by the Argentine Government in 1889 to railway companies was more than three million dollars. The railway system of the Argentine has not been rationally conceived; the nation has been exploited by companies and speculators; in the concession and tracing of new lines the interests of the public are frequently sacrificed to the interests of individual large landholders, who desire to increase the value of their property by having a railway across it. The latest folly is the building of rail-

ways in the Chaco, where the land is still, so to speak, in formation, and so loose that the track has to be relaid almost after every shower of rain. In short, the moment we begin to look into the railway system of the Republic, and to examine the reality and not the imposing figures of statistical tables, we find very little honesty and very little that is genuine.

But to return from this digression into a domain which would merit a chapter by itself, we come back to Argentine politics, which are at the bottom of the misfortunes of the country. Politics in the Argentine is a regular business, monopolized by a ring of adventurers, with few exceptions creoles—that is to say, natives born of Spanish parents, in contradistinction to the *gringos*, or foreigners, and to the ordinary new Argentine born of foreign parents and naturalized by the fact of his birth. All are tempted by the chance of winning great prizes and by the certainty of obtaining some benefice. The great privilege coveted is that of handling the public funds. As may well be imagined, an election in the Argentine is not only a long but a costly affair, both for the candidates and for the local committees. Who provides the money? Who pays the bills? The Opposition candidate must be prepared to risk his fortune and his credit. As for the Government candidate—that is to say, the candidate patronized by the retiring President—the nation pays through the national bank, which opens credits in exchange for the promise of future influence. The Government candidate thus has an immense advantage over the Opposition candidate, whose friends and bankers are inevitably less puissant than the national banks and the combined administrative organization of the whole country, supposing, of course, that the outgoing President holds the machine well in hand. In any case a presidential election causes the spending of enormous sums of money in newspapers, canvassing agents, banquets, bribery, and what not; but the whole affair amounts to a question of persons, and never of principles. The elector is ignored, inasmuch as the votes are not counted, and the electoral lists are simply made out by the Governor of the province in accordance with the requirements of the prearranged combination. In short, the President is omnipotent, and practically names his successor, just as the provincial governors name their successors.

Such being the case, and such the conditions of political life, reform can only be distant. Even supposing that an honest President

be elected, he may refrain from appropriating millions sterling himself, but how can he control his *entourage?* How can one or even a few honest men cure the mass of their creole countrymen of their traditional and secular dishonesty?

In practice, the continuous political perturbation above referred to, which is the normal state of South-American republics, rarely affects the nation more than superficially, so far as concerns the public peace. In the capitals there is a certain amount of agitation. In the provincial centres the agitation is confined to a small circle. The great mass of the population, scattered over immense areas, remains indifferent and absorbed in labor or vegetative pastoral existence. In the Argentine the population is reckoned at 4,000,000, nine-tenths of which are whites of Caucasian race, descendants of the *conquistadores* and of subsequent colonists. There are about 3,600,000 natives, 800,000 foreigners, 300,000 cross-breeds or *métis*, and 100,000 Indians. The white population is almost exclusively of Latin origin, the Anglo-Saxon and Slav elements not exceeding 100,000 individuals. The 800,000 foreigners are the result of recent immigration, and include 400,000 Italians and 150,000 Spaniards—in other words, the scum of the two most backward and degenerate nations of Europe. In the modernization of the Argentine—that is to say, in the great progressive movement of the past twenty years—England has found the capital and Latin Europe has provided the workers. Latin Europe has sent across the ocean a million human beings. England has sent countless millions of capital for use in banks, railways, land companies, and Government loans. Meanwhile the creoles have continued to rule, and the mass of the natives have remained indolent and vegetative as before. There has thus taken place a great and rapid development of wealth in the provinces of the littoral where the European immigration has been directed. The growth of a few towns along the river coast has been prodigious. The creation of fortunes by means of commerce and speculation has been incredibly great. But political and social progress have not been achieved in a corresponding degree. Indeed, the dishonesty, immorality, and cynicism of the Argentine functionaries are so remarkable that the suggestion has been seriously made of subjecting the finances of the Republic to foreign tutelage, as has been done in the case of Egypt. To imagine that reform can come from the Argentine nation itself, in spite of its traditions of malversation and dishonesty, would be rash. To place hope in the influx

of foreigners, whose descendants become Argentine citizens, is difficult, particularly when one sees the facility with which these descendants assimilate the worst qualities of the natives—their immorality, their unscrupulousness, and their pride. The sons of foreigners are more Argentine than the creoles, more material and more aggressive. The creoles are more or less aristocrats, and are generally well brought up in the Spanish fashion. The Argentine of the new race is the son of parvenus who have gone out from Europe on emigrant ships, and remained vulgar and ignorant in spite of their wealth. The children of such parents are generally the most impertinent, graceless, vicious, coarse-mouthed, and irrepressible young men that ever stepped. Their only thoughts are of money, pleasure, and dress. The young generations are not of a moral calibre to undertake to reform their country.

In point of fact, no great reform movement is likely to manifest itself in the Argentine. We might even go so far as to say that the moral sense of the nation is so blunted that it will require years to comprehend the lesson of the crisis of 1890. Certain reforms of detail will be achieved. The laws relating to banks will also be changed, and the Banco Hipotecario will, it is hoped, be brought back into the path of reason. But the liquidation of the errors of the past ten years will probably be of less ephemeral duration than President Celman predicts. Take, for instance, the operations of the Bancos Hipotecarios, whether national or provincial. In the beginning these banks, organized on the principle of the Crédit Foncier of France, with a view to developing agriculture and the utilization of landed property, conducted their business rationally, and advanced money on the security of land of recognized and approved value after due verification. Gradually the wildest speculation took possession of the real-estate market. Lots of land were sold by auction a dozen times, and the titles passed from owner to owner without any of the successive owners having been to see where the lot was even situated. On such titles the Banco Hipotecario advanced money. What with auction sales, railway concessions, the creation of agricultural centres (*centros agricolas*), the formation of colonies, the planting of vines, the digging of canals, and a score of other schemes, all more or less fictitious, an increase in value was given to lands which nobody had ever seen, and on the title-deeds of such lots the mortgage banks have advanced millions, and issued series of schedules which bear interest, but correspond in many cases

to barren mountains or useless marshes instead of good land. This state of affairs seems incredible, but almost everything is incredible in the Argentine until you have been on the spot and seen and heard for yourself. The Bancos Hipotecarios have really advanced millions of dollars on security which, upon examination, proves to be marsh or desert. In future we may trust these banks will take care to verify their securities, although from the want of topographical surveys of the Republic, and from the absence of means of communication, that operation is often difficult in the extreme. At any rate there must be a cessation of fictitious business. In the same way speculation has carried the price of land in the capital, and even in the most distant provinces, to a degree of inflation that surpasses all that one can imagine. The liquidation of these mistakes and the return to normal prices will not be an easy or rapid business.

Now comes the great question of immigration. In a new country the development of the population is the basis of all progress. The aim must be to create an equilibrium between the population and the cultivable land, and to carry the utilization of the soil to the highest degree. In the Argentine the agricultural era really began with the modern colonizing period; that is to say, in the middle of the present century. The national industry of the Argentine is cattle-breeding. The agriculture of the Spanish settlers remained in an embryonic state. Towards 1860 General Mitre, first constitutional President, started the modern agricultural development by inviting European immigration, and was the first to conceive a project for the utilization of the public lands of the pampas. His successor, General Sarmiento, continued in the same path, and gave over for cultivation some of the islands of the Paraná River and some regions of the country. Dr. Avellaneda, the next President, gave new impetus to the work, which was crowned in 1878 by the conquest by President Julio Roca of the immense pampas, until then possessed by the Indians. The occupation of the pampa enabled the State to make essays in official colonization, the results of which led capitalists and landed proprietors to follow the example. Until 1878 the Argentine land-owners and *estancieros*, like those of the Republic of Uruguay at the present day, were averse to dividing up their estates and facilitating colonization. In proportion as the pampa was freed from Indians, the pastoral industry spread out towards the south and the west, while the agricultural colonies took up their position northward along

the great rivers, where there were greater facilities of transport and a greater thickness of vegetal soil. At the same time the pastoral industry became more scientific in its methods; the fencing in of the land by means of posts and wire rendered the *gaucho* guardians superfluous; railways created markets, and irrigation canals fertilized deserts. On the other hand, the division of the land into small lots, the development of credit by means of the Bancos Hipotecarios, and the consequent evolution of agriculture, began to make the Argentine Republic agro-pastoral instead of exclusively pastoral. Thus agriculture and colonization are synonymous in the country. The first modern colony, Esperanza, in the province of Santa Fé, was founded in 1856; and there are now some 300 colonies in the whole Republic, which numbers altogether 2373 centres of habitation having name and place on the maps.

The increase of the pastoral industry within the past ten years has been enormous, the production having risen from 350,000,000 francs to 580,000,000 francs. The Argentine Republic is now the richest country of the world in sheep, and the third in rank after the United States and Russia in horned cattle and horses. This fact, however, implies an enormous production of meat for which there is no sufficient market, and the wool and hides remain the chief elements of profit. According to trustworthy approximate statistics, the excess of the production of meat over the local consumption in the Argentine is 730,000,000 kilograms, of which 15,000,000 kilograms alone are exported in preserved, dried, salted, jerked, extracted, or peptonized forms. Nowadays, owing to the decline in the demand for *charqui*, *tasajo*, or jerked beef, important and more or less successful enterprises have been established for the exportation of frozen carcasses, while essays are continually being made to organize the transportation of live cattle from La Plata to European ports.

Within the past ten years the extent of cultivated land in the Argentine has increased from 300,000 hectares to 2,500,000 hectares; the production of cereals has risen from 80,000,000 francs to 300,000,000 francs, and the exportation of grain from 20,000 tons to 700,000 tons. This prodigious augmentation has caused certain prophets to foresee a near future when the cereal production of the Argentine will vie with that of the United States and Russia. This prediction is, perhaps, premature, especially as there is reason to believe that during the coming ten years the progress of the Argentine

will be less vertiginously rapid than it was during the past ten years. Furthermore, it is a mistake to affirm, as some foreign authorities have recently done, that there is a marked tendency in the Argentine to substitute pastoral for agricultural industry. In my observations of the Republic I found no traces of such a premeditated change. There are, on the contrary, several reasons why the progress of agriculture in the Argentine should henceforward be very gradual. In the first place, the pastoral industry is easier and more surely profitable; it requires less capital, less labor, and simpler means of communication than agriculture on a large scale. Secondly, the easily and cheaply accessible grain-ground of the Republic is already taken up, and the occupation of more distant ground can only become profitable in proportion as railways are built and cheap freights obtained. The actual railway freights in the Argentine are a terrible obstacle to commerce, and so long as the currency remains depreciated and confidence impossible there can be no hope of a change. Here we once more find ourselves face to face with questions of politics, administration, and public immorality. In the third place, the reputation of the soil of the Argentine has been exaggerated. There are vast expanses of rich soil, but there are also vast expanses where the vegetal layer is so thin that after a few years it is exhausted, as is already the case in certain parts of the province of Buenos Ayres. The exploitation of the virgin soil in the agricultural provinces of the Argentine has perhaps seen its best days, and the questions of artificial fertilizers and more scientific agriculture are beginning to present themselves. As for the more recent colonies in the Gran Chaco, the want of cheap means of transportation, and at the same time the unfavorableness of the climate, render them merely vegetative, and not actively progressive. As regards the Rio Negro and the Chubut Valley, the occupation of these remote and inaccessible regions is too recent to authorize any forecasts at present. Admitting, however, that there is land in abundance at the disposal of agricultural industry, the great obstacles will continue to be the want of capital and the want of labor, to say nothing of the heavy tax imposed upon production by protectionism and political thievery. The Argentine Republic has no manufactures worth mentioning, and yet foreign manufactured goods are taxed at 25 per cent. of their value, wearing apparel pays 45 per cent., imported comestibles in general 30 per cent., without speaking of specific duties on a similar scale. The cost of living is thus rendered

very high. As for capital, the revelations of the last crisis are not of a nature to make people anxious to flood the Argentine with money, however great may be the natural riches of the territory. At present there is an almost total cessation of business, and months must pass before people will dare to think of initiating new undertakings.

The commercial and economical crisis of 1890, and the emigration of many thousands of immigrants, have discredited the Argentine Republic as a field for investment and settlement, and years must elapse before the blind confidence of the past decade can be restored. The thousands who left the Republic in the autumn and winter of the present year were rarely agricultural laborers or colonists—with the exception, of course, of the few thousand Italian reapers who go over every year for the harvest, and thus avoid the idle winter months in their own country. They were rather artisans, masons, navvies, workers in the towns—nomads, in short. There was also a considerable emigration of commercial people and employés. Why did these people leave? Because living became too dear, owing to the continued depreciation of the national paper-money, and because there was a general cessation of business, notably of the building trade and its branches, which, during the past three years, gave employment in Buenos Ayres alone to 100,000 hands. These emigrants, and also those who stayed behind, whether workmen or colonists, naturally reported in Europe the dearness of life in the Argentine, and the corresponding insufficiency of salaries, and immediately the current of immigration almost entirely ceased to flow. The agents of the Argentine Government abroad are also responsible, to a large extent, for the discredit of the country in the eyes of the intending European immigrant, inasmuch as, by circulars and pamphlets, they have spread culpably erroneous information with a view to alluring emigrants, who, after suffering all kinds of abuses and privations in so-called colonies planted literally in the wilderness, have, in many cases, to be repatriated by the consulates of their respective nationalities. These abuses and misrepresentations have attracted the attention of European governments; the Belgian Government, in particular, has caused a delegate, M. Wodon, to visit the various Argentine colonies, both official and private, and I have reason to believe that his report will be of a very condemnatory character as regards many of these centres of misery and privation.

Concerning the dearness of living in the Argentine there can be

no gainsaying: everything is dear except meat. The country is ultra-protectionist. The tradespeople are hampered with enormous rents, heavy licenses and taxes, and innumerable custom-house and landing charges over and above the duties. Clothes and imported manufactured articles necessary for daily life cost double, and more than double, their price in Europe. Thus, while the Argentine Government endeavors, by assisted immigration and subsidies, to encourage the importation of laborers, it discourages that importation in a stronger measure by the artificial increase of the dearness of living. On the one hand, it offers premiums for the transport of frozen meat, in order to favor the exportation of one of its principal products, while, on the other hand, it diminishes that exportation by overtaxing and thereby diminishing the consumption of the articles with which Europe pays for its importations from La Plata. Furthermore, in order to hasten the development of public works, and to enlarge and embellish the towns, the State, the provinces, and the municipalities increase their expenses and multiply their loans with feverish haste. Between 1873 and 1888 the expenses of the State alone rose from twenty to sixty millions of dollars, and the loans subscribed in Europe have advanced with corresponding rapidity. . . .

All this I do not say with a view to depreciating the Argentine, "that young and radiant republic," as a French writer, M. Emile Gautier, calls it—"that young and radiant republic whose magic development, of a nature to confound the imagination of the old nations immobilized in the ruts of routine, has nothing to envy in the expansion of the country of Washington and Lincoln." M. Gautier, however, writes without having seen the country. I am simply recording impressions and observations, many of which are, doubtless, widely different from those contained in the average accounts of the Argentine Republic. The Argentine is a great republic, but its greatness needs to be circumscribed by many qualifying clauses. To my mind, the source of all the difficulties that the Argentine has encountered, the origin of all the trials that it still has to traverse, and the obstacle to the development of the human agglomerations of the Republic into a respectable nation, is the all-pervading private and public immorality and want of moral restraint. In the Argentine there is neither a national nor a personal ideal. The aim of all is enrichment and material enjoyment alone. As in politics, so it is in private life; there is no glory in being President of the Republic, but only profit; there is

no honor in being an Argentine citizen, but the citizen who does not gain wealth, by what means matters little, is looked upon with disdain. The Argentines have eliminated virtue from their democracy; they have forgotten that they ever had souls; and yet they talk of their greatness and revel in prodigious statistics. But in what does a nation's greatness consist? To quote the words of James Anthony Froude, in his *Oceana*: "Whether [a nation] be great or little depends entirely on the sort of men and women that it is producing. A sound nation is a nation that is composed of sound human beings, healthy in body, strong of limb, true in word and deed—brave, sober, temperate, chaste, to whom morals are of more importance than wealth or knowledge—where duty is first and the rights of man are second—where, in short, men grow up and live and work, having in them what our ancestors called 'the fear of God.'"

CHAPTER XII.

UP THE RIVER PARANÁ.

ON May 20, 1890, I left Buenos Ayres for a trip up the Paraná River on board the Platense Flotilla Company's ship *Olympo*. Generally these ships start from Campana, fifty miles by land and 110 miles by water from Buenos Ayres; but, *par exception*, we started from La Boca, whose quays presented the usual scenes of animation, confusion, and cruelty to animals for which they are remarkable. We steamed out through the narrow dredged channel, enjoyed a panoramic view of the city, and so gained the brown waters of the river, crowded with steamers and sailing-craft of all kinds. We left at noon, and were soon out of sight of land, and it was not until towards sunset, at five o'clock, that we saw across the yellow, golden, flushed waters some low, muddy shores, with trees to the right, and on the left a rocky island, named Martin Garcia, some two miles long, rising 130 feet above the water, and distant two miles from the Uruguay shore, and twenty-four miles from the Argentine shore of the Rio de la Plata. Martin Garcia has been called the Gibraltar of the river Plate. It commands the entrance of the Uruguay River and of the deep-water channel of the Paraná, called the Paraná Guazu, the other channel being called the Paraná de las Palmas, which is available only for ships of light draught. Martin Garcia belonged formerly to the Republic of Uruguay, but was annexed by the Argentines in order to prevent it falling into the hands of the Brazilians. The island is fortified, and there is a naval school on it. We are now in the delta of the Paraná, which is twenty miles broad, and extends 300 miles up the river, containing hundreds of islands, some swampy, others of extreme fertility, planted with poplars and peach-trees, and inhabited by market-gardeners; others, again, covered only with long feather-grass and *ceibo*, a low-growing tree of the acacia family that bears bright scarlet flowers. On the return journey I passed through the Las Palmas Channel, admired the beauty of these islands, and noted the flourishing new towns and ports of Campaña, Zarate, Baradero, and San Pedro,

where there seems to be much business done in refrigerated and preserved meat, agricultural and pastoral products, firewood, and distillation. At Zarate there is a large paper-mill and a Government arsenal. All this we missed on the up journey, for after we passed Martin Garcia night fell, the moon rose, and the ship continued quivering along under the clear starry sky between the blue-black silhouettes of islands on either side.

ON THE LOWER DECK OF THE STEAMER.

The *Olympo* is one of the finest ships of the Platense Company, a large and commodious side-wheeler, with showily-fitted saloons and as much comfort, I suppose, as the average passenger deserves. For my part, I could not complain, inasmuch as the genial Yankee skipper in command took a fatherly interest in my happiness, and did all in his power to make my journey pleasant. My fellow-passengers formed a very mixed crowd: some were owners of cattle farms, others engaged in derivative pastoral industries, others commercial travellers, land speculators, business people of all kinds, two or three English civil engineers occupied on railway work up the river, a Spanish operetta company bound for Asuncion, Paraguay; and an Englishman, his wife, and young brother, who were travelling *en touristes* to see the country. This Englishman summed

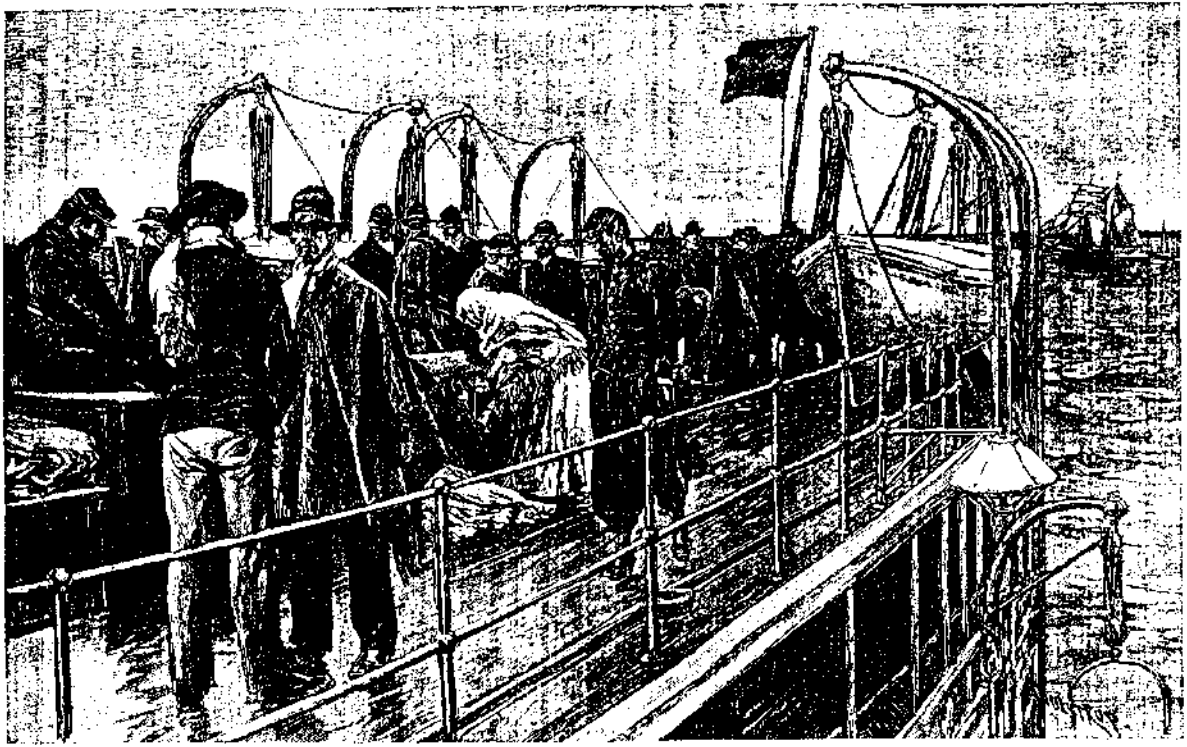
up his impression of the members of the operetta company, and of the male passengers of Latin descent generally, by saying that he "would not care to meet any of them in a dark lane at night."

With few exceptions, the passengers were sallow, ugly, undersized, hard-looking; and the men and women of the operetta company, especially the chorus singers, were singularly unhandsome. The men, with brilliant black eyes and their hair plastered over their foreheads, had faces covered with scars, pits, and holes. The women had likewise brilliant black eyes, strangely-plastered hair, yellow faces, and features wholly wanting in regularity or charm of any kind. "*Que tipos tan feos!*" (what ugly creatures!) exclaimed the Spanish-Americans on board. At dinner I observed with curiosity the faces of the passengers. There were a few creoles, men and women of more or less distinguished aspect; there was a numerous collection of the low types of the Flamenco cafés of Madrid represented by the operetta company; and then came the rank and file, suggesting still the crowds of emigrants that one sees on the ocean steamers—the same mean faces; the same signs of hereditary vice, misery, short commons, unwholesome moral and physical surroundings; the same poor European stock, worn and deformed in the struggle for life, but now transplanted and thriving in new soil. Many of these, I imagine, are successful colonists, or the children of colonists and emigrants whom fortune has favored. The stock seems poor, but it is improving. The faces are still wanting in serenity, but the struggle for life is evidently more clement. There is as yet nothing amiable in expression, voice, and manner; there is little gayety manifested, but still there is no evidence of unhappiness. These people are all well dressed, the men wearing good tailor-made clothes, the women ready-made costumes. They are seemingly prosperous, but remain in a transitional state, as if they did not dare to realize and enjoy their prosperity; as if the shadow of the misery of their European fathers and forefathers hung over them like a cloud, veiling the sun of their present felicity.

Revolving in my mind these and similar fancies, I went to bed and slept soundly until morning, when the silence of the engine woke me, and I found the ship anchored in a white fog. We thus lost a couple of hours, and then steamed onward past San Nicolas, a busy town on the right bank of the river, 240 miles from Buenos Ayres, with a population of 20,000 souls, and considerable trade, as is shown by the number of ocean steamers anchored off the port, and the movement of

lighters and schooners laden with wheat and flour. The land along the right bank of the river rises in steep and continuous bluffs. The stream is immense, measuring nearly sixteen hundred yards wide, with a greatest depth of seventy-two feet, and a current of an estimated rapidity of three miles an hour. The left bank is formed of low and marshy islands covered with scrub and trees swarming with wild-fowl. The water is of a deep brown color, and heavily charged with sand and organic matter in solution. In the course of the morning we strike on a sand-bank, but are able to back off without much difficulty, and at noon we reach Rosario de Santa Fé, 300 miles by water and 186 miles by land from Buenos Ayres. This town of over fifty thousand inhabitants, the great emporium of the trade of the inland provinces between the Paraná and the Andes, stands eighty feet above the water, and with its cathedral dome, the white façades of various new buildings, the vast warehouses, the mills with tall chimneys, and the long chutes that convey sacks of grain from the top of the bluffs directly into the holds of the steamers moored at the foot, presents a pleasant and busy aspect. The quays, however, are all in disorder, owing to the works in progress for the construction of an adequate port and moles, and the throng of steamers and sailing-vessels is moored in the river to innumerable red buoys, among which swarms of squealing gulls noisily dispute the floating garbage. Vessels drawing fifteen feet of water can always ascend as far as Rosario.

We remain at this port until midnight, leisurely loading maize and flour for Paraguay, the transport by water from Rosario being cheaper than would be the transport by bullock carts from the country districts of Paraguay into the towns. We also take on board some rough recruits, under the conduct of three dirty soldiers, accompanied by their women folk and children, to whom quarters were assigned on the upper deck abaft the beam. These recruits are, I am informed, jail-birds and criminals who, instead of being kept in prison, are sent to do duty in the frontier corps at Formosa in the Gran Chaco, and to keep the Indians at bay when necessary. The soldiers, it appears, seize every opportunity of deserting, and the runaways now form bands of brigands far more dangerous than the Indians. Several engineers whom I met, who had been engaged in various railway surveys and expeditions in the Chaco, reported that they were constantly molested by these brigands, but very rarely had any trouble with the Indians. The system of criminal recruits is of course bad, but per-



SOLDIERS AND RECRUITS.

haps it is the only practical way of getting men for the wild frontier service, where pillage takes the place of pay. The recruits and their escort formed a picturesque group with their varied costume and their more varied skins, ranging from white through bronze to absolute African black. The women were Indians, it being the Argentine usage in warfare against the aborigines to kill off the men, and to distribute the captive women as wives for the troops. The only baggage that these creatures had consisted of *ponchos*, a guitar, an accordion, and several kettles and gourds for making *maté*, or Paraguayan tea, which they drank from morning until night. Our English tourist and his wife were very much scandalized at the dirty ways of these soldiers, and particularly at the manner in which the women washed the children, taking a mouthful of water, then spitting the water into their hands and rubbing it over the faces. This operation is constantly seen in South America among Indians and cross-breeds. The idea is that only barbarous whites wash in cold water. Holding the water in the mouth for a few seconds is the easiest way of warming it. The Englishman's younger brother was also greatly scandalized because the military officer who shared his cabin slept in his clothes, did not wash at all, did not even own a tooth-brush, and carried all his baggage in a hat-box. *Costumbre del pais*, I explained to him—"the custom of the country."

Thursday, May 22d, we steamed along between islands covered with scrub and feather grass, and between low shores of sand and mud, passing many schooners laboriously tacking up or down stream, or being towed up by steam-tugs. At 10.30 we reach Diamante, on the east bank, 370 miles from Buenos Ayres. The bluffs that we have hitherto noticed on the western or Santa Fé bank, now appear on the Entre Rios side, and Diamante is built on a plateau 200 feet above the river, reached by a zigzag road up the steep cliff, or *barranca*, as it is called. A distillery with a tall chimney and a few houses are visible in the vicinity of the port; along the golden sandy beach are groups of women washing clothes; on the top of the bluff are tall eucalyptus-trees, and down the zigzag path teams of oxen drag groaning carts laden with grain, some 300 bags of which we take on board, and then, at 2 P.M., resume our journey.

After passing Diamante, we begin to find the scenery more and more interesting. On the east bank the high *barrancas* continue, surmounted by thick forests, and reminding one in parts of the fa-

mous Cliefden Woods on the river Thames, but on a smaller scale so far as the trees are concerned, the growth being generally low. As for the river Paraná it seems to become more vast and impressive the higher we go, and before reaching the town of Paraná it widens to 3000 yards. This town, 410 miles from Buenos Ayres, stands at an elevation of 120 feet from the river, and at a distance of two miles from the port. It is a town of European aspect, of no special character because it is purely imitative, but nevertheless one of the few well-built and well-kept cities in the Republic, of which, by-the-way, it was the capital from 1852 till 1861. The port is picturesque, and along the shore in the vicinity are many lime-kilns built under the bluffs. From this point a small steamer runs daily up a tributary of the Paraná to the town of Santa Fé.

The *Olympo* arrived at Paraná at 6 P.M., and left at 1 A.M. The next morning broke dark and cloudy, but soon the sun cleared the sky, and gilded the sails of the innumerable schooners that were gliding over the vast river like gigantic water-fowl. The landscape is composed of green expanses of water, with bluffs, or *barrancas*, on the Entre Rios, bank and flat islands covered with low timber on the other. After passing the colony of Hernandarias, where the forest begins to alternate with prairie, we halt at Santa Elena, a recent settlement with huge sheds for salting and drying meat, steam-boilers for making tallow, and the usual appliances for the accessory branches of the *saladero* industry. At noon we reach La Paz, 530 miles from Buenos Ayres, an important town pleasantly situated on heights overlooking the river, and after a halt of an hour we proceed on our journey amid islands covered with more or less luxuriant vegetation, and across enormous wastes of brown water, whose surface is wrinkled here and there by sand-banks and shoals. The scenery is monotonous, it is true, but nevertheless has a charm; the immensity of the river impresses one; the tree-clad expanse of low islands seems to have no limits; there is a fascination in the very solitude of the landscape, which, in the long intervals between the towns and colonies, is rarely animated except by birds, and now and then by the tents and encampments of Italian wood-cutters and charcoal-burners pitched on the islands. At 7 P.M. we reached Esquina, 590 miles from Buenos Ayres, and in the vicinity we remark for the first time great quantities of tall and dwarf palm-trees, growing in wild profusion in the thick jungle which covers the low and swampy coast, for after leaving

A WATER-CARRIER.

La Paz, the character of the landscape changes, owing to the disappearance of the *barrancas*. Esquina is about two miles inland up the Corrientes River, on which a small steamer plies in correspondence with the Platense boats. Henceforward the country becomes wilder, and the settlements rarer and less flourishing; on the east bank we have the province of Corrientes, still one of the least secure in the

Republic; and on the west bank the Gran Chaco, that famous unexplored territory of swamp and woods, which has already devoured men and money beyond calculation, and remains still the dominion of mosquitoes and frogs.

After leaving Esquina, we steamed along without incident until past midnight, when, in spite of the skill and vigilance of the pilots, the *Olympo* ran aground in the Yaguareté Pass, one of the most difficult parts of the river, owing to shoals and shifting sand-banks. By filling the boats astern with water, and by hauling on a kedge anchor, the captain managed to get the ship afloat and started afresh, but in a few minutes she was stuck again; in despair the anchor was lowered, and we waited until morning, when we got off without difficulty, and at 10 A.M. reached Goya, 676 miles from Buenos Ayres. The town is situated inland, up a beautiful river lined with fine trees. At the mouth of the river are two or three *ranchos*, a few schooners at anchor, and a small steamer that comes to take on passengers and a cargo of wine, flour, and canned tomatoes from Genoa. It seems strange to carry tomatoes from Italy to the heart of South America, the more so as the tomato flourishes in the province of Corrientes; the cultivation, however, is not sufficient for the market. For that matter, in all these new colonies and settlements, so much vaunted for their fertility, and in the old-established towns, too, good fruit and vegetables are rare and dear. Fruit well-grown, fine-flavored, and of clean and agreeable aspect, is with difficulty to be found even in the markets of the capital. People are only just beginning to pay attention to this profitable branch of culture, which has the disadvantage of demanding incessant care.

At noon we leave Goya, and at a beautiful spot called Rincon de Soto we noticed the first orange-groves, loaded with golden fruit. At this point the river narrows from 3000 yards until at one pass it is not more than 200 yards across. The vegetation is luxuriant, and the trees often attain a height of fifty and sixty feet, though most of them are lower. The ground on the Chaco side is swampy and covered with thick jungle and climbing plants that cling to the trunks and branches of the trees, and literally drag them down. Along the shore are hundreds of flamingoes, storks, and turkey-buzzards, which congregate particularly in the many creeks and affluents that run into the main stream between banks overhung with soft velvety vegetation of trees and flowers almost too pretty to seem real. And yet, except for the wood which cannot yet be economically utilized, these islands

and plains of the Chaco are without profit to man; they can neither be inhabited nor cultivated because many months out of the year they are under water. On the Corrientes side, after an interval of low prairie, the bluffs have reappeared, and rise to a height of forty or fifty feet, composed of strata of yellow and white sand and clay, with a layer of black vegetable earth and pasturage on the top. This soft *barranca* is being continually eaten away by the river, which thus goes on widening its course and piling up sand-banks, first in one place, and then in another, now making a new island, and now washing it away.

The next halting-place is San Vicente, on the Chaco side, the port of the Ocampo colony, with which it is connected by forty kilometres of railway; and then at 6 P.M. we reach Bella Vista, 738 miles from Buenos Ayres, splendidly situated on a high plateau commanding a view over the Paraná, and surrounded by luxuriant orange-groves. The town is of the usual Argentine provincial type, and consists of a huge plaza and a chess-board arrangement of sandy streets. A large proportion of the inhabitants are French. The port is of a primitive nature, and consists mainly of an old hulk anchored off the shore, which the lazy bullock-carts reach by means of a steep descent from the top of the *barranca*. The mixed Latin nature of the inhabitants is indicated by the two hostleries near the shore, which bear the titles respectively of "Restaurant des Bons Amis" and "Fonda Italiana." After staying two hours to discharge cargo, we start at 8 P.M., by the dim light of the crescent moon that sheds a crinkled band of silver across the river, which has here once more become a stream of vast breadth. Every day and every night I marvel more and more at the skill of the pilots, who thread their way amid the shoals and sand-banks, trusting solely to the acuteness of their vision and to their constant observation of every inch of the river. The only thing that can stop them is fog; otherwise, they go on day and night, perched in their pilot-house on the upper deck, always on the watch, modifying the course of the ship almost every minute, now going straight ahead, now crossing from one bank to the other, now describing a curve or an S. At night the pilot-house remains dark; a dim light only is placed inside the compass-box, and another very dim one inside the dial of the telegraph that communicates with the engine-room. No light is allowed on the foredeck—not so much as the striking of a match; the eyes of the pilots must not be dazzled even momentarily, because they steer entirely by sight and memory, watching every ripple and

eddy on the surface of the water, and occasionally casting the lead for purposes of security and verification, the soundings in all the difficult parts being recorded in the log of each steamer of the company both on the upward and the downward voyage, and communicated to the pilots of the other ships of the same line. These men are, with very few exceptions, Italians, or, at any rate, born in La Boca of Italian parents. La Boca, still the great port of Buenos Ayres, in spite of the grand new docks, is practically an Italian town, and almost all the coasting traffic of the Republic is in the hands of Italians, who begin as boys on board the coasting and river schooners, and gradually rise to be masters and owners. Our two pilots had been on the Paraná ever since they were boys, and for years had worked on schooners such as we saw tacking up and down the river. These boats sail up a reach, and then, in order to get round a point or a bend and catch the breeze again, they lower their skiff, send the boy ashore to tie a line to a tree, and immediately haul on the line until the sails swell, and another reach can be traversed. To go from Buenos Ayres to Asuncion in this way requires several months, but the journey is an excellent lesson for the future pilots.*

JUAREZ CELMAN PORT.

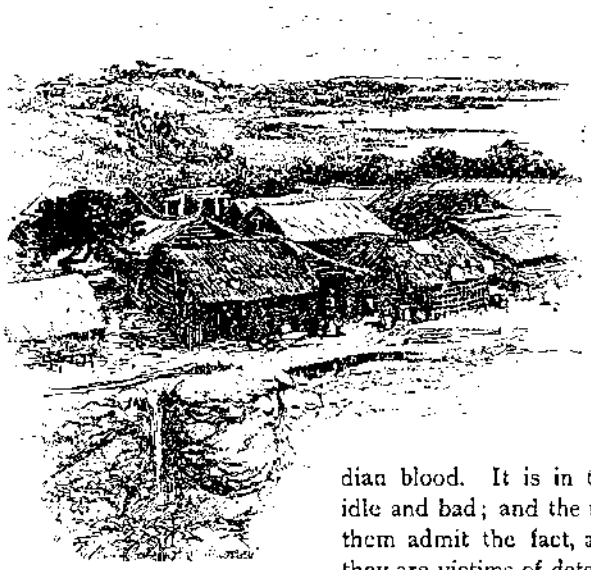
* The Platense Company pay their pilots $230 (paper) a month. The first engineer receives $250 (paper), and the senior captains $175 (gold). The Platense is a Scotch com-

After leaving Bella Vista, we anchored and waited until daylight in order to pass a difficult point. At Empedrado we stayed a few minutes only to land the mails, and at 2 P.M. we reached Juarez Celman, on the Chaco side, a new settlement, and the port of the colony of Resistencia. It being the 25th of May — Independence Day — the flags were flying on board and on shore, where a full-rigged staff stood in front of the Custom-house. Juarez Celman consists of four houses, a café, and a rose-colored shed, with a corrugated iron roof, blue windows, a green door, and the inscription, "Inmigracion. Colonizadora Popular." On shore we see a couple of broken-down carriages, some heaps of wood, a few men, women, and children loafing, the captain of the port and his crew of marines—most of them colored men—and in the distance the flat prairie and the brown road leading to distant and solitary Resistencia. This vision was interesting as a specimen of how great things begin.

The same afternoon, at 3 P.M., we reached Corrientes, 832 miles from Buenos Ayres, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and one of the oldest in the Republic. The streets are sandy, and one only is completely paved; the houses are partly modern and uninteresting, and partly old colonial dwellings, with palm-tree pillars, broad verandas, small windows protected by wooden gratings, and roofs of bark instead of tiles. The church is of the ordinary Spanish-American style. The plaza is large, and surrounded by the usual monuments—the Government house (a modern pile, in the favorite Argentino-Corinthian style), the *cabildo*, and the barracks; and in the centre the usual column in commemoration of the declaration of independence. One is struck by the number of Indians seen in the streets of Corrientes. The majority of the inhabitants, I was told, speak the Indian Guarani dialect rather than Spanish. On the two occasions when I spent a few hours in the town business was reported to be at a stand-still, owing to the want of

pany. The ships are built at Glasgow; the captains and crews are foreigners; some of the pursers alone are Argentines. The *Olympo*, which carries 240 first-class and eighty second-class passengers, was commanded by a North-American; the crew were Austrians for the most part; the waiters, Italians; the pilots, Italians; and the engineers, English. The Spanish-Americans on the east coast do not seem to be able to manage railways and steam-boats any more than their brethren on the west coast, where the same phenomena are observable. Another curious detail is that the ports of the Paraná have no resident stevedores. When an ocean steamer arrives with cargo for San Nicolas or Rosario, it takes stevedores on board at Montevideo, where a Swedish contractor provides gangs as required. These men are mostly Scandinavians and Germans, together with a few runaway English sailors. They earn about five dollars (gold) a day and their food.

money. The inhabitants had even ceased to pay taxes for the same reason. The governor and the captain of the port were described as tyrants and scamps, who put every obstacle in the way of commerce and navigation. The streets were said to be unsafe after dark, and several benighted European residents assured me that the Corrientinos are very bad people, owing to the large admixture of Indian blood. It is in their nature to be idle and bad; and the more intelligent of them admit the fact, and insinuate that they are victims of determinism. All this is very strange, in truth, but from what I saw and heard elsewhere, the authorities and many of the inhabitants of Mendoza, Cordoba, Santa Fé, and other provincial towns are not much better than their colleagues of Corrientes.



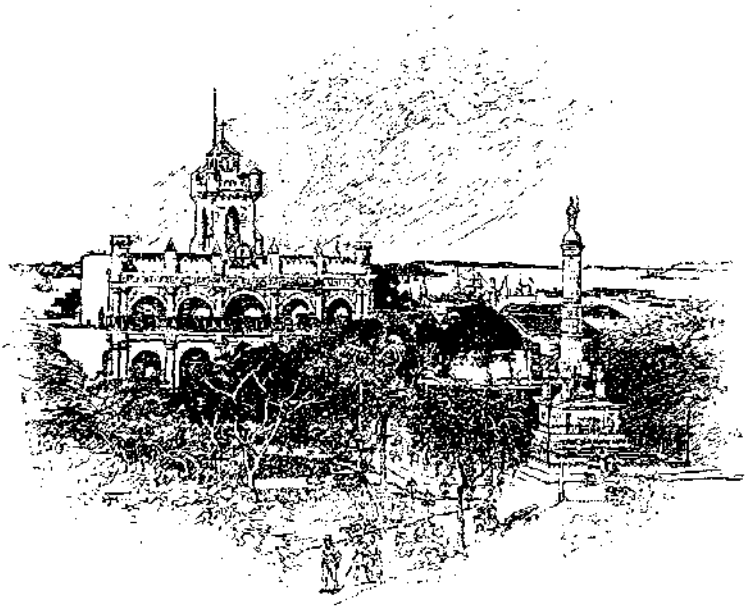
VILLAGE ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

The river at Corrientes is three miles broad, and navigable for vessels of nine feet draught. The port ships hides, sugar from Posadas, and tobacco and *maté* from the Alto Paraná. The stevedores here are terrible men to deal with; they are like the Indians, who will work to satisfy a caprice, but not regularly; they work until they have earned the money to buy a *poncho*, a watch, or some other object of luxury that has caught their eye in a store, and then neither money nor persuasion can move them.

We leave Corrientes at 6 P.M., and at a distance of eighteen miles reach the Tres Bocas, the confluence of the Paraguay and Paraná rivers. In broad daylight it is curious to observe the two streams at

the point where a long sandy spit marks their junction. The waters of the Paraná are of a dirty green color, while those of the Paraguay are yellowish-brown, and for several miles the two mighty streams flow parallel and unmixed, the meeting of the two being marked by a long line of foam, forming, as it were, a white cord stretching down the middle of the river, and separating the green waters from the brown waters. The Paraná makes a sharp turn eastward, and, under the name of Alto Paraná, may be followed on the map up to about the nineteenth parallel of latitude, where it is formed by the confluence of the two rivers Paranahyba and Rio Grande. A few leagues lower down, the course of the stream is interrupted by the cataract of Urubupunga. From this point it runs south-south-west until the twenty-fourth parallel, where it is again interrupted by the cataract of Guayra. The region traversed thus far belongs to Brazil, and was occupied by Jesuit "reductions" in the sixteenth century. Doubtless, in the more or less distant future, when ways of communication have been created, all this fertile territory will once more be occupied. At the cataract of Guayra the frontier of Paraguay begins, and the river runs from north to south, bounding the Republic, and then from east to west, until it joins the Paraguay, as above described. The few travellers who have seen the cataract of Guayra describe the falls as being as fine as those of Niagara, but unfortunately they are still in the midst of solitudes to which access is difficult. The Salto de Victoria, some twenty miles from the confluence of the Y-Guazú and the Paraná, is also said to be very magnificent and somewhat easier of access, but as yet few travellers have seen it. The navigation of the Alto Paraná is difficult, but practicable up to a certain point. The Platense Company runs a passenger steamer three times a month from Corrientes to Posadas and intermediate ports — Lomas, Santa Isabel, Ituzaingo. Posadas, on the Corrientes side, is 225 miles from the confluence of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers. From Posadas a smaller steamer of the same company runs twice a month up to Tacuru-Pucu, a few miles above the confluence of the Y-Guazú, and about four hundred miles from Corrientes. Beyond this point no screw or paddle steamer has been able to conquer the rapids, currents, and eddies. The whole of the banks of the Alto Paraná, from Villa Encarnacion up to the Salto de Guayra, are covered with forests of *yerba maté*, or Paraguayan tea, and the chief traffic is the transport of this article. Not being able to sacrifice the five or six weeks or more

necessary for a trip into these solitudes, which are said to be grandly picturesque, I remained, not without regret, on board the *Olympo*, which being bound for Asuncion, continued northward up the Paraguay River, passing Humaita, 884 miles from Buenos Ayres, a place famous in the annals of the Paraguayan war, the disasters of which are still testified by the ruins of a large church. The next morning we stopped at Villa Pilar, and then at Formosa, an Argentine military frontier station, and the seat of the Governor of the Chaco.



CABILDO AND PLAZA AT CORRIENTES.

The scenery of the Paraguay River is charming; the banks are covered with luxuriant forests full of parrots, monkeys, and birds; the numerous affluents, fringed with trees that are reflected in the glassy water, are beautiful and soft as English country landscape. The comparison, however, cannot be carried into detail, for the muddy and sandy banks of the affluents, as well as of the main stream, are black with large and small alligators basking in the sun. So we steam

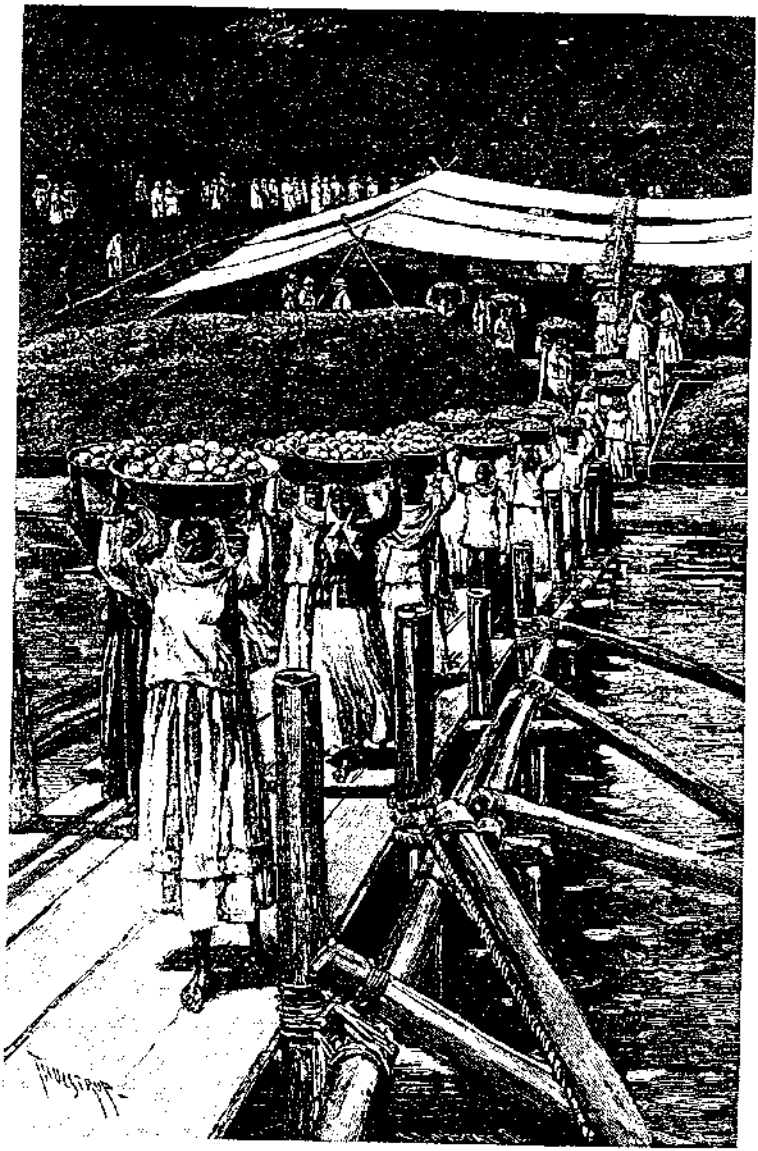
along past orange-groves, broad plains dotted with dwarf palms, thick jungle, and forest, where the trees are inextricably linked together by creepers and lianes. Occasionally on the Paraguayan side, where the ground is always elevated a reasonable height above the river, while on the Chaco side it is low and swampy, we note a few cottages, orange-groves, cattle, and women robed in white and carrying pitchers on their heads. At Villeta, in order to deliver a few letters we are obliged to cast anchor, a formality exacted by the Paraguayan captain of the port, who would raise a diplomatic incident and a case of *falta de respeto* if the steamer did not stop, blow the whistle, and let down the gangway instead of simply hoisting the mail-bag over the rail. Then we pass San Antonio and San Lorenzo, sight the hill, or Cerro de Lambaré, anchor in the bay of Asuncion at 10 P.M. on Monday, May 26th, and the next morning we are allowed to land after the due visit of the sanitary and port authorities. The distance between Asuncion and Buenos Ayres is 1115 miles, and the journey up stream takes six days, more or less, owing to stoppages and accidents, such for instance as fogs, which are frequent during the winter season, and the inevitable delays due to running aground when the river is low.*

* The attention of the reader is particularly called to the difficulty of the navigation of the Paraná River, and to the strange discrepancy between the above exact account, and the fantastic statements published under the auspices of the United States Government, in a volume entitled, *Trade and Transportation between the United States and Spanish America*, by William Eleroy Curtis. (Washington. Government Printing-office. 1889.) Speaking of the Rio de la Plata, Mr. Curtis says: "The tide from the Atlantic reaches 260 miles up the stream, and ocean ships of 24 feet draught can find water enough the whole year at a distance of 1000 miles from its mouth. Vessels of from 16 to 20 feet draught can go 2700 miles into the interior of the continent, and a comparatively small amount of money—a mere fraction of the sum that has been spent upon the Mississippi—will furnish a path for a 4000-ton vessel from New York or Liverpool to the very heart of Brazil, by way of Buenos Ayres." These statements are grotesquely erroneous. The limit of draught for ships going only as far as Rosario, 300 miles by water from Buenos Ayres, is 15 feet. During the winter it often happens that vessels of nine feet draught cannot reach Asuncion, but have to stop at Villeta. No amount of money will be able to improve the navigation of the Paraná—the river to which Mr. Curtis's remarks apply, although he calls it wrongly the Rio de la Plata. The only thing that can be done is the dredging of the Martin Garcia Channel. The shifting sand-banks of the Rio de la Plata and of the Paraná are quite beyond the control of engineering skill. I may note in passing that hardly a page of the volume above referred to is without errors both in figures and in facts, and one of the most stupendously misleading documents contained in it is a report signed John E. Bacon, United States Minister to Uruguay, on the Intercontinental Railway. This document has, I understand, been much quoted in recent discussions of that dream of the remote future, and it is curious that no one has yet pointed out its absurdity. In the actual condition of South America it is no easy matter to collect trustworthy data, and those who trust to hearsay and to sedentary compilation must fatally fall into error and confusion.

From Asuncion a small steamer of the Platense Company runs once a week as far as Villa Concepción, a distance of 234 miles. On the left bank of the river the ground is high and beautifully wooded; while on the right bank are the low wastes of the Paraguayan Chaco. The bay of Asuncion spreads out at the foot of the hills of Mangrullo and La Recoleta, which are dotted with white edifices half buried in verdure. We pass the mouth of the Rio Confuso, which winds across the Chaco, and whose waters are as salt as those of the sea; then we halt at Villa Hayes—a colony of the Chaco, not very prosperous—pass the rock of Peñon that rises in the midst of the river, note the mouths of the rivers Salado and Piribebuy, Tapiracuay and Capiipobo, and so reach the little port of Rosario, situated on a lofty *barranca* at the mouth of the Rio Quarepoty, and separated from the town by marshes that are not easy to cross. Above Rosario we pass the mouths of several rivers whose geography is little known, and halt at Barranquerita, a small port, whence a road leads to the town of San Pedro, placed on the banks of the Jejuy, the mouth of which is some three leagues higher up; and at about forty miles from San Pedro we reach Villa Concepción, situated immediately north of the Tropic of Capricorn. So far the scenery is soft and charming, the few towns without any interest after one has seen Asuncion, and the country generally very thinly inhabited. In the stretches between the ports a house or a human being are rare sights.

Above Villa Concepción the river Paraguay continues to be navigable through the Brazilian territory of Matto Grosso, to the capital of which province, Cuyaba, a steamer makes periodical voyages at the expense of the Brazilian Government, following the Paraguay River to its confluence with the Rio Lourenzo, on an affluent of which, the Rio Cuyaba, the town of the same name, is situated. The distance between Cuyaba and Buenos Ayres is some two thousand five hundred miles.

Although the rivers Paraná and Paraguay are navigated by a regular service of steamers that offer fair and even satisfactory accommodation to passengers, their course still lies through immense solitudes, which seem to have been discovered too soon. The whole right bank of the river from Santa Fé to Brazil gives one the impression of something incipient, of an expanse of the earth which Nature has not yet completed and made ready for the foot of man. The Argentine Chaco, even more than the Paraguayan Chaco, appears to be still in

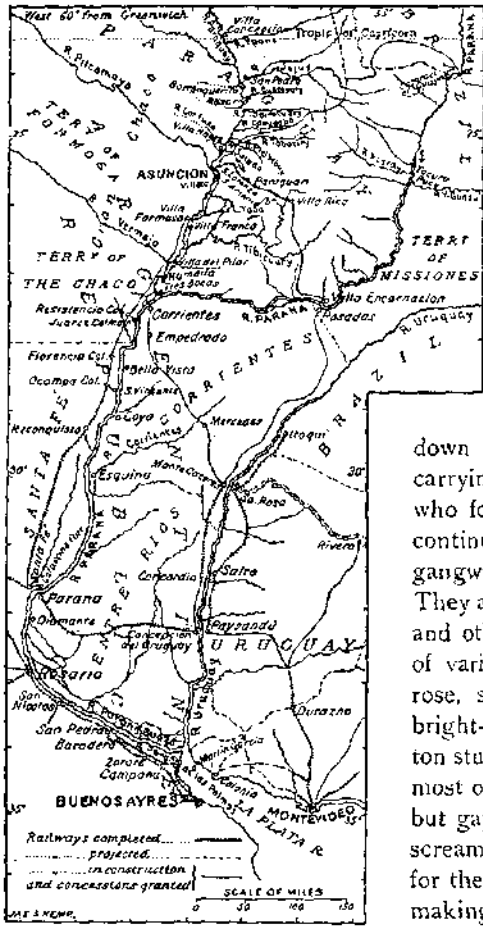


LOADING ORANGES AT SAN ANTONIO.

formation; the land is hardly a few inches above low-water-level, and is still struggling against the river, now losing ground, and now gaining; the vegetation, rank and luxurious, is thick jungle and heavy grass, which Nature is growing in the hope that in the course of hundreds of years the decayed matter will form a layer of soil on the sandy basis of plain and marsh. The attempt to found colonies in this solitude seems sacrilege, as it were a prying into Nature's laboratory, where hitherto the Indian, the puma, the jaguar, the rose flamingo, and myriads of insects have alone enjoyed the right of roving. However, the Argentines seem bent upon making the experiment, as is shown by the various colonies dotted along the river between Reconquista and Formosa, which points are now being connected by 450 kilometres of railway, in prolongation of the existing line from Santa Fé to Reconquista.

The return voyage down stream from Asuncion to Campana took five days and nights, and afforded no incidents of special interest, except an opportunity of studying the orange trade, and a chance of making further acquaintance with the towns and colonies of the Chaco, Santa Fé, Corrientes, and Entre Rios. The two principal ports for shipping oranges are San Lorenzo and San Antonio. We stayed at the latter, a lovely spot on the Paraguay River, with a strand of yellow sand, banks fringed with lilies, and in the background trees, some of them forming masses of lilac bloom. The port consists of a square of sand, with the cabin and flag of the custom-house, or *Resguardo*, and a short wooden jetty to the right, a roughly-traced road leading into the interior past a sort of store, or *tambo;* and to the left a large tent stretched over palm poles, with a lattice floor made of bamboo. This tent was full of oranges; on the sand outside were other mountains of oranges; and carts drawn by yokes of two or four oxen, preceded by the driver, wearing a long *poncho* and carrying a bamboo goad, kept groaning and creaking down the slope, and depositing other golden piles along the beach. Under the shady curtain of trees were seated groups of men, women, and children, with oranges, bananas, *mandioca*, parrots, blue-jays, and monkeys, which they hope to sell, but at the same time make no effort to offer their merchandise, preferring to remain calm and indifferent, sucking *maté* through silver *bombillas*.

The steamer is moored alongside, and a long gangway of planks is laid on high trestles from the paddle-box to the shore; then, when



all is ready, about sixty women and girls and ten men set to work, some to carry baskets full of oranges, others to hand the baskets from beside the paddle-box to the upper deck, others to pass the baskets on from this point to the corral or enclosure that has been built behind the pilot-house, and others still to pass down the empty baskets. The carrying is all done by women, who form a procession passing continuously up and down the gangway, and generally at a run. They are Paraguayans, Guaranis, and other Indians and mulattoes of various shades, clad in white, rose, scarlet, yellow, and other bright-colored Manchester cotton stuffs; all are barefooted, and most of them are without beauty, but gay, and ready to laugh and scream without pretext, merely for the sake of being lively and making a noise. They are like birds and monkeys. Hour after hour this operation goes on. Women and young girls alike have cigars in their mouths in the usual Paraguayan fashion. The rapid movement of brightly-clad figures passing in opposite directions, with the glare of the yellow mountains of oranges and of the dazzling white tent on the shore, ends by hypnotizing one, and yet the scene is so original that one continues to watch it in spite of one's self. For that matter, there is nothing else to do. The village, buried in orange-trees, is soon visited; to

walk for any distance along the river is rendered difficult by the overhanging trees; and so one remains leaning over the rail, and watching the women and girls toiling, while the men—husbands, fathers, or brothers—loaf on the shore, smoke and play cards, according to the custom of Paraguay, where the women do the work while the men enjoy life. The steamer was supposed to take 250,000 oranges; but there being no means of control, it is probable that, in order to allow for loss, the shipper put on board at least 300,000. These oranges, of fine flavor and aspect, are worth one Paraguayan dollar a thousand at San Antonio. The women, who carry the baskets on their heads, are paid eighty *centavos* a day, and the harvest of the fruit lasts eight months, beginning at the end of May. The freight from Paraguay to Campana, and from Campana by schooner to La Boca, together with the loss from putrefaction and rough handling during the journey, brings the retail price of a good orange in Buenos Ayres to about two cents.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.

THE Republic of Paraguay has hitherto been one of the least known of the South-American States. Situated in the heart of the continent, and communicating with the sea only by the intermediary of the Paraná River, it has remained a far-away country—forgotten, unvisited, unexplored. And yet in the old days its territory was the centre of all the operations of the Europeans on the Atlantic coast of America.

During the early period of the Spanish occupation the settlers found hospitality in Paraguay sooner than on the more accessible banks of the river Plate, while its fertility, climate, and geographical position recommended it to the Jesuits for the establishment of their "reductions," and for the essay of a system of communism which gave admirable results from the point of view of collective felicity. During two hundred years the settlements of the Jesuits prospered. In 1764 the Order was expelled; and when the architects left it, the communistic edifice, within whose pleasant precincts the native Guarani population had learned the elements of a simple and almost idyllic civilization, fell into ruins, and the whole country and the people quickly declined. In the beginning of the present century, when the independence movement deprived the crown of Spain of its American colonies, Paraguay did not join in the generous and co-operative work of liberty, but shut itself up within its frontiers, trusting to its wealth, and wishing to owe nothing to its neighbors. This policy was that of the dictator Francia and of his successors, Lopez I. and Lopez II., whose despotic rule, from the beginning of the century up to 1870, was virtually a continuation of the Jesuit system of State communism, minus the religious and recreative elements. Critics who persist in considering universal suffrage to be the last word of political science have severely condemned these despots. The fact, however, remains that under their rule Paraguay reached a high degree of wealth and material well-being, and threatened to assume a

supremacy which alarmed its neighbors. The result of this uneasiness and jealousy was the war of the triple alliance of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine against Paraguay, which began in 1864 and lasted five years, ending in the ruin of the latter country, and in the almost complete annihilation of the young and adult male population, and leaving in the land none but women and aged men. Of the riches and prosperity of Paraguay there remained no vestiges; the army and fleet were destroyed; ruin and misery were on all sides; the conquerors had only to divide the spoils after Lopez died, with arms in his hands, at Cerro Cora, on March 1, 1870. The Paraguayans fought like heroes, and when, from want of men, they could fight no longer, a handful of patriots met at Asuncion, formed a triumvirate, resisted the pressure of the allies in the sphere of diplomacy, signed a treaty of peace, and on August 15, 1870, opened a Constituent Assembly, which established the new constitutional chart.

During more than twenty years this Constitution has been observed by seven successive Presidents, and Paraguay has been occupied in the slow and laborious task of national recuperation. Meanwhile all the barriers and restrictions established by the preceding Governments were abolished; the new Constitution declared the navigation of the rivers to be free, opened the frontiers, gave natives and foreigners alike the right to enter, traverse, or leave the Republic without let or hinderance of any kind, and thus placed Paraguay in communication with the rest of the world. But rumor had represented the country to be absolutely destroyed, and for the next ten years very few travellers took the trouble to go a thousand miles up the river to see for themselves, so that the outside world continued in almost complete ignorance about the actual state of Paraguay; and even now very few people have other than vague ideas as to the aspect, condition, and resources of the Republic. At present, actuated by the example of the Argentine, Paraguay is anxious to make efforts towards progress. The rapid development of the neighboring republics, the occupation of the more accessible territory, the fever of speculation, the consequent inflated prices of land, and the excessive dearness of existence in general, have rendered colonization more and more difficult, while at the same time other enterprises by which fortunes are rapidly made in newly-developed countries are becoming rarer, and the profits less handsome. This is the case more especially in the

Argentine Republic, as was amply proven by the crisis of 1890. The events of the past few years have discredited that country, and the surplus energy and capital of Europe have begun to look around for new fields of activity, among which Paraguay figures, very modestly, it is true, at present, but nevertheless there is a visible commencement of a new era in that country, and a strong probability that European commercial interests will gradually be developed there on an important scale. This will, of course, be the work of years. The opening up of Paraguay depends upon the creation of a new current of capital and of emigration, which require time; but the ultimate occurrence of this phenomenon is inevitable because the country offers the two economical conditions essential to the success of useful European immigration, namely, facility of cultivation and salubrity of climate. It is a country destined sooner or later for agricultural colonization. Already there is a vague and growing rumor whispering to the adventurous that "there is something to be done in Paraguay." Soon we may hope to hear that much is being done in Paraguay.

The observations which I made of agricultural and colonist life in Peru, Chili, the Argentine, and Uruguay were sufficient to open my eyes to the difficulties and hardships that have to be endured even in the most favored spots. There is nothing roseate or idyllic in such an existence. To describe these South-American Republics as if they were all earthly paradises, where the settlers live in "Paul and Virginia" landscapes and cultivate sentiments *à la* "Daphnis and Chloe," is a crime. Unsophisticated nature is always terrible and full of snares, for the earth, such as God has given it to those who dwell upon it, is hospitable to animals, but heartless towards men. The animals are at home in the woods and caves; in order to live, they have only to graze, to hunt, or to devour each other according to their instincts. As for man, he finds neither food nor lodging ready at his hand, and only by dint of incessant efforts, patience, invention, imagination, industry, talent, and genius does he succeed in establishing himself in a mediocre manner, not worthy of the qualities he displays. The nearer a man is to a brute beast, the happier and more satisfied he is in the midst of the hirsute nature of the New World. In speaking of Paraguay I shall not allow myself to be led astray by optimist views; nor, on the other hand, shall I seek to depreciate it, but simply to describe what I saw there and to record faithfully certain facts of interest concerning the land and its resources.

From the point of view of the economist, Paraguay is situated within the most favored and healthy region of South America. Supposing the continent to be divided into three districts, we find that the first region in the north, watered by the Orinoco and the Amazon, is equatorial, torrid, and unhealthy for Europeans. The second region, in the west, is that of the Cordillera and the Pacific coast, where the nature of the ground is unfavorable to agricultural colonization on a large scale, where the greatest wealth is mineral, and where half the territory is occupied by the Chilians, who are the best-organized and most civilized nation in South America and need no immigration. The third and remaining region comprises the basin of the Paraná River, the southern portion of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Uruguay, and part of Bolivia; in short, all the country south of latitude 20° south. This eastern zone is the domain where immigration has prospered already, and where it is likely to prosper in the future, not perhaps on such a vast scale as was observed in the palmy years of the Argentine, but in proportions that will be more durably useful as they will be more rational.

The boundaries of Paraguay have been misrepresented on most maps, owing to the want of surveys. Placed at the confluence of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, the territory of the Republic is divided by the course of this latter stream into two distinct parts—Paraguay proper and western Paraguay, or the Paraguayan Chaco. Bounded on the north by the rivers Apá and Estrella, on the east by the Cordilleras of Amambay and Mbaracayú and the river Paraná, on the south by the river Paraná, and on the west by the river whence it gets its name, Paraguay proper extends from 22° to 27° south latitude, and from 56° to 60° longitude west from the meridian of Paris. Western Paraguay, or the Paraguayan Chaco, extends from the Pilcomayo River up to the Bolivian frontier, latitude 25° 20′ south to latitude 20° 10′ south, forming a quadrilateral, the exact limits of which have not yet been determined geographically. Paraguay proper is not a mountainous country, but its surface is very undulating and traversed by various hill chains, whose summits do not exceed five hundred metres. The lines of the landscape are always soft and harmonious; there is nothing severe or sombre; almost everywhere the rock is covered with thick masses of verdure; and the general character of the landscape is charming, and often so pretty and perfectly composed that it suggests the work of a clever scene-painter.

With the exception of parts of Peru, Paraguay, from the point of view of scenery, impressed me as the most beautiful and charming country that I saw south of the equator. The interior of Paraguay is still little known to geographers. The northern and eastern parts are covered with immense virgin forests, which present an impenetrable obstacle to travellers. Except in the valley between the towns of Asuncion and Villa Encarnacion, and except certain roads opened across the forests of *yerba maté*, there are very few means of communication by land. The traffic is mainly carried on by water, and the centres of population are almost invariably grouped along the rivers. At present the whole life of the Republic seems to be concentrated on the left bank of the Paraguay River, which is always open to navigation, and forms the great natural route of the country. The other river of chief importance is the Paraná, along which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the famous Jesuit missions were situated. The valley of the Paraná is quite as fertile as that of the Paraguay, but it has been neglected in modern times because it is not of easy access. The Jesuits, it will be remembered, in their communistic essays, sought to isolate their neophytes rather than to bring them into contact with the old nations, and for that reason they did not even teach them Spanish, but themselves learned the Guarani tongue, while at the same time they located their States in the vast solitudes of the Paraná. On the other hand, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, when the Spaniards became possessed of their "reductions," the aim of colonization changed under the new masters, and the scene changed likewise. The Spanish governors, whose only object was to utilize Indian labor for their own personal profit, and to engage in the commerce of exportation, had no longer any reason for remaining in an inaccessible valley, and therefore did all in their power to transfer the population to the valley of the Paraguay. Thus the valley of the Paraná gradually recovered its primitive condition of an uninhabited waste of forest, and in this state it must continue until the distant day when railways shall open it up to colonization and trade. The geography of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay and of their numerous affluents, the Tibicuary, Vermejo, Pilcomayo, Jejuy, Aquidaban, is by no means thoroughly known. The question of the navigability of the Pilcomayo, for instance, occupied, until very recently, the attention of explorers, for, to judge from the map, this river that winds across the pathless solitudes of the Chaco, seems to be the natural water-way be-

tween Bolivia and Paraguay, but all the expeditions that have attempted the passage have failed. Patiño, in 1721, was driven back by the Indians, after having been stopped by rocks and rapids. Castañares had no better success in 1741. A few years later Casales, descending the stream from Bolivia, failed. Azara, in 1785, tried again, and found no means of passing. In 1843 Margerinos, starting from Bolivia, came to grief for want of water, for the waters of the Pilcomayo are salt and brackish. In 1844 Van Nievel started with an expedition from Bolivia, was stopped by rapids, marshes, and quicksands, and had to return. Then, in 1882, Crevaux made the attempt, and was killed by the Indians of the Chaco, together with all the men of his escort. This tragic *denouement* excited the zeal of other explorers —Thouar, Fontana, and Feilberg — who made the journey without achieving the desired result.

Feilberg, however, brought back a map made by the engineer, Olaf Storm, which is the only scientific document we possess as to the course of this mysterious river. Recently Olaf Storm made another expedition, the result of which is to demonstrate that the Pilcomayo is not navigable, and that if any communication is to be established between Paraguay and Bolivia, it must be by rails and locomotives. But on all these geographical details it would be imprudent for an outsider to advance opinions, seeing how little is really known, how few people have observed the ground, and how much insincerity there is in many reports. A case in point is the Chaco, that vast area of marsh and forest which is held partly by the Argentines and partly by the Paraguayans. Some people publish abroad that there is a great future for the Chaco; others, who have penetrated more or less deeply into its solitudes — engineers and explorers, who have suffered in them and crossed them—maintain that it is a region of swamps and fever inhabitable only by frogs, mosquitoes, and Indians. The Argentine Chaco has already devoured much money and many lives. Along the river railways have been built where it might have been wiser to canalize the affluents, and make of certain accessible parts a sort of semi-tropical Holland. A few colonies and sugar plantations have been established along the Paraná; but the results hitherto obtained are small, and the existence of the colonists is unenviable and often lamentable. The Chaco is, so to speak, land in formation; except at a few isolated points it is exposed to inundation every time the rivers rise. The ground being flat, the rain and flood waters do not run off,

but dry up only by evaporation. The few rivers that traverse the territory are almost without current and convey little water, whereas on the right bank of the Paraná and the Paraguay there are numerous and rapid rivers abounding in water that washes the soil and adapts it for agriculture. The land of the Chaco is not drained, and therefore remains marshy; the rivers are stagnant, and, thanks to the nature of the soil, they become so impregnated with salts that their waters are not drinkable. With the exception of a zone of a few kilometres along the Paraguay River, where the land rises four or five metres above the water, and of a few isolated spots covered with palm-trees, and of the more elevated sections of the Argentine Chaco, where the colonies of Ocampa, Florencia, Resistencia, and Formosa have been established, the whole Chaco south of latitude 20° south is flat, marshy, subject to constant inundations, and utterly uninhabitable. Above latitude 20° south the nature of the land changes completely. On all details connected with the geography of Paraguay the recent work of Dr. E. de Bourgade La Dardye [*Le Paraguay*, Paris, 1889] may be consulted with advantage. This author has also published the most complete and correct map of the Republic; but there is reason to believe that the effective patronage which the Paraguayan Government is understood to have extended to his volume has caused him to exaggerate greatly the advantages and resources of the Republic, to paint everything in glowing colors, and to omit those qualifying clauses which are always so conspicuously wanting in official and semi-official works. However, in the scientific parts of his book Dr. De Bourgade has condensed a great mass of exact information, for which we cannot but be grateful.

The natural history of Paraguay has still to be written. The fact of the country having been inaccessible to foreigners during the dictatorship of Francia and of the two Lopezes prevented scientific men from studying the fauna and flora as completely as they have been studied in other countries. Nevertheless there are some valuable documents in existence, notably the zoological monographs of Azara and the botanical works of the Jesuits. The geology of the country, on the other hand, is very little known. Within my limited space I can only give a few general indications, such as a passing traveller may gather. First of all, it is to be remarked that the vegetation of Paraguay proper differs altogether from that of the Paraguayan Chaco. In Paraguay proper we see the virgin forest, with its majestic

trees wound round with lianes and constellated with orchids and innumerable brilliant flowers—a terrible labyrinth of growth and decay, a scene of perpetual carnage and inevitable dissolution, where the giant parasites climb around the great trees, strangle their branches, and tear them down; where vigorous mosses creep along the boughs, and eat out the core and life; where the earth is covered with a thick carpet of rotting wood and spongy lichens forming as it were the charnel-house of this vast mystery of the struggle for vegetal existence. In these virgin forests, especially in the north of the Republic, monkeys and parrots abound, and wherever the trees fringe a stream, the sunny banks are black with the slothful forms of alligators. At intervals the forest is interrupted by stretches of pasturage covered with tall, thick grass, and by hills covered with *pindo* palms. Then there are natural groves of orange-trees covered with ripe fruit during eight months of the year, clumps of banana-trees, and masses of flowering shrubs of various kinds. The Chaco, on the other hand, is generally a marshy plain covered with low gray vegetation, reeds, and feather-grass, and dotted with *yatais* palm-trees. In some places thick forests of *quebracho* vary the monotony of the landscape, and elsewhere there are leagues and leagues of gray and yellow green shrubs of the acacia family interspersed with masses of bamboo. In Paraguay proper the vegetation varies from north to south, becoming more or less tropical. It varies also as we advance towards the east, for it is only in the eastern section of the Republic that we find the *yerba maté*, which produces the famous Jesuits' tea (*ilex Paraguariensis*).

Paraguay is a great country for the hunter. The forests swarm with birds, the finest and the most varied in the world; the innumerable rivers are the resort of countless flocks of storks and flamingoes; the jungle abounds in great game and small. First of all we have what the Spanish-Americans call the tiger, which is properly the jaguar, from the Guarani word *jaguarete*, meaning large dog. This beast is of great strength, and can pull down and carry off an ox or a horse, but it is found only in the interior and in the Chaco, never coming near the villages, or even in the neighborhood of isolated habitations. The American lion, or puma, so common in the Argentine, is also found in Paraguay, though it is not common. Twice on the voyage up the Paraná I saw pumas swimming across the river in the early morning. Tiger-cats are common in Paraguay. There are also various specimens of the canine family that have not yet been scien-

tifically described, as well as varieties of stags called *guazu*, and some strange pachydermatous animals, notably the tapir and the peccary. These latter are very dangerous if you happen to cross their path, for they both pass their time in rushing through the underwood or across the plains, the former singly, the latter in bands, the tapir boring his way through the jungle like a cannon-ball, and the band of peccary passing over the open country like a discharge from a park of artillery.

Another curious animal is the *carpincho*, or river hog (*Hydrochœrus capybara*), a web-footed amphibious animal of the size and aspect of a wild-boar. The skin is highly esteemed, and provides a soft fine leather with which the Spanish-Americans make those broad belts with pockets where the traveller carries his money and his revolvers in inseparable intimacy. The saurians abound all over the country, and from Corrientes upward it is the great distraction of the traveller to watch the crocodiles sunning themselves on the banks, where they sleep the siesta singly or in company, forming on the mud or sand strange black arabesques which the inexperienced eye might mistake for logs of wood. These crocodiles, or *yacarés*, as they are called in the country, are known to scientific men by the name of *alligator sclerops*. I saw some as much as twelve feet long, but in general they are much smaller, averaging, say, five feet; they have not the ferocity of the alligators of the Amazon and the Nile, and do not attack unless provoked. The forests of Paraguay are undesirably rich in serpents, of which, I am very happy to say, I had very little personal experience. There are rattlesnakes, boas, and many venomous vipers; also enormous water-serpents, which are the terror of the Indians. There are huge frogs, as in Brazil, which make a terrible din on summer nights, but are otherwise harmless. The fish in the rivers are often armed with powerful jaws, notably the *palometa* and the *bagre*, which are capable of devouring an ox if they catch him bathing. As for the venomous spiders and stinging insects, mosquitoes, *Bichos colorados*, *garrapates*, vermin, and flies of all kinds, there would be no end to the description of them; but it is only in the virgin forest or in the solitude of the Chaco that one is exposed to their attacks without possible defence. Paraguay, as regards harmful animals and insects, has not been blessed like Chili with complete immunity. On the other hand, the fauna of the country is by no means an obstacle to its occupation by civilization, for the simple reason that wherever man and his habi-

tations appear, the wild beasts, the serpents, and even the vermin tend to disappear.

The climate of Paraguay has been carefully studied of late years by Mr. Mangels, who has long lived in Asuncion. This town is situated at a height of seventy-seven metres above the level of the sea, which is the average height of the whole territory, there being a slight rise towards the north-east, where the highest Cordilleras attain 500 metres. The temperature is not subject to brusque variations. During the three summer months—December, January, and February—it varies between a minimum of 13° or 14° centigrade, and a maximum of 38°. The summer heat is not torrid, but is tempered by frequent storms. In July, that is to say, in midwinter, the thermometer at night descends sometimes to 5° centigrade, while in the daytime it rises to 30°. September and October are generally rainy, but there is no fixed rainy season such as we find farther north in the tropical zone. On the whole, the climate of Paraguay is considered healthy, and during nine months out of the twelve it may be characterized as temperate.

The actual situation of property in Paraguay demands a few words of explanation; the more so, as the future of the country depends upon it. After the war of the triple alliance, in the general ruin and desolation of the country, most of the public and private archives disappeared, and these had to be reconstituted as best they could be after peace was signed. All who made the demand then received special titles—*Títulos supletorios*—which constituted authentic deeds for the ownership of real estate. The ravages of the war, however, were so terrible that many families disappeared entirely, leaving no heirs, and so much land returned to the State. The already vast public domain was thus increased to such an extent that nearly all the territory of Paraguay became State property. This fact was an obstacle to the resuscitation of the country, because the State had neither money nor hands wherewith to utilize its lands. In former days, under the régime of Francia and the Lopezes, the utilization of the State lands was almost the only source of the public fortunes. The State was then the absolute master of all, and the theory was that the State must be self-sufficing. Hence the establishment on the State lands of vast *estancias*, or cattle farms; and afterward, under Lopez, of equally vast agricultural enterprises, which provided the Government with enormous resources. These were the palmy days of Paraguay. The State was enormously rich, and yet the population paid no taxes. On

the other hand, the State, with its immense capital, and its complete and, if necessary, arbitrary command of labor, was the formidable rival of the private holders and commercial men, whose limited means condemned them to failure. In the form of representative government inaugurated in Paraguay after the war there was no reason for the existence of State property; in the first place, because the State no longer had the means to reconstitute and work the farms that had been destroyed during the war; and in the second place, because industry and commerce were declared free. Then arose the problems: who could buy the State lands, and where were the hands to cultivate them? For several years these problems remained without solution, until finally, in 1885, the Paraguayan Government took two measures, the success of which was the beginning of a new era for the country. One measure was the law of July, 1885, concerning the sale of the State lands at prices varying according to five categories of situation and fertility; the second was the arrangement of the debt of 1870, and the acceptation by the English bondholders of 500 leagues of land to cancel their claim. Thus the credit of Paraguay was restored, and its soil acquired a commercial value. After this operation, the Argentines began to take an interest in Paraguay, and at present all the State lands that were for sale have been taken up by various companies and syndicates, of which the most important are the Paraguay Land Company and the Paraguayo-Argentine Land Company, the former English and the latter Argentine. The operations of these companies are still in their infancy; the practical value of much of the land that they own has not yet been demonstrated. The country, again, is happily not sufficiently developed to permit that wild speculation which brought about the agrarian *krach* in the Argentine, where the future of the soil has been ruinously discounted; hence, the real-estate transactions in Paraguay are still limited and reasonable, and the chief business of the moment is to establish experimental colonies which will be the pioneers of a greater colonizing movement to be created in the more or less near future.

In 1885, at the same time that the law for the sale of the public lands was voted, Congress sanctioned a similar measure concerning the *yerbales*, or forests, of Jesuits' tea. The State, in its quality of owner, could not look after the keeping up of these forests, and under the system of annual renting they were threatened with total destruction, as happened in the Argentine. Hence the sale of the *yerbales*

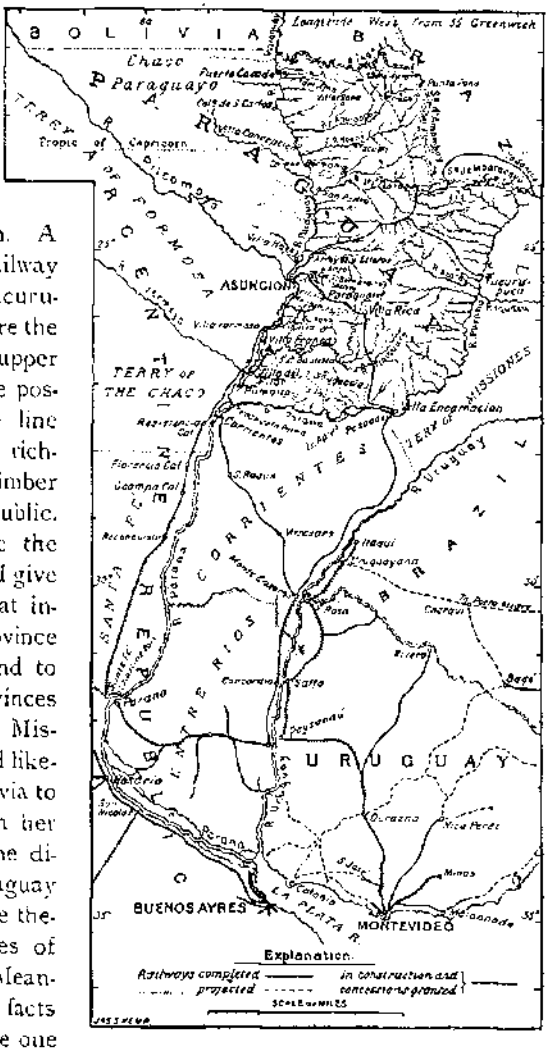
and the formation of great companies, such as the Industrial Paraguaya and Patri & Co., which have bought hundreds of leagues of tea forests, and invested large amounts of capital in these enterprises. The State, however, still owns the greater part of the tea forests, and great prudence is displayed in their sale. The Government is also devoting attention to the topographical survey of the territory, so very necessary for fixing the limits of property; for in these South American countries, when you have bought some land, the great difficulty often is to find its whereabouts and to determine its boundaries.

The population of Paraguay is a matter of dispute. The official statisticians fix it at 330,000 in round numbers. Careful calculations make out the population to have been about 770,000 in 1866, at the beginning of the war. Slaughter, sickness, and starvation suppressed about three-fourths of the population during the years of the war, so that in 1872 there remained only 250,000 people in the whole country. In 1890, if we estimate the total population at half a million, we shall probably be over the mark. The increase is due simply to normal progression, for up to the present the number of immigrants who enter Paraguay does not exceed a thousand a year. The population of Asuncion, the capital, is about 25,000. A curious phenomenon to be observed is that in the registers of Asuncion the female exceed the male births in the proportion of 52.40 to 47.60 per cent. In the country districts the proportion is greater, being 54.64 girls to 45.36 boys. In the Argentine Republic, on the other hand, there are born more boys than girls. Paraguay is the only country where the women are in the majority.

In speaking of the population of Paraguay we have referred to the Republic proper only, and not to the Indians of the Chaco and of the eastern frontier. These Indians are estimated by the Government statisticians at 100,000, but no trustworthy information about them really exists. The Indians on the eastern frontier are quiet people, who work with the cutters in the tea forests. The Indians of the Chaco are Lenguas, Payaguas, Sanapanas, Chamacocas, and other less-known tribes; some warlike, others pastoral. The Lenguas are constantly seen in the north-west of Paraguay; they cross the river from the Chaco in their canoes, and from time to time do a day's work or a morning's work. Whole tribes of Indians go to Villa Concepción at times, just as the Patagonians go to Punta Arenas, to sell their skins and to buy Huntley & Palmer's biscuits. All these Indians

have copper-colored skins, and none of them are remarkable for beauty. For that matter, the mass of the population of Paraguay is more or less Indian, being the descendants of the Guarani tribes, who were more or less civilized by the Jesuits in the old colonial days. Guarani, rather than Spanish, is still the language of the populace, as it is in the Argentine province of Corrientes, where the inhabitants are likewise of Guarani origin.

The great want in Paraguay is means of communication, and the first step towards the effective modernization and development of the territory will be the creation of railways. This work has been already begun, and, besides practical schemes of easy execution and immediate utility, some vast enterprises have been conceived which deserve notice if not approbation. One of these latter is a concession for a transcontinental railway between Paraguay and Bolivia, across the Chaco, held by an ex-American Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic. This line will start at the level of Villa Concepción and go across the Chaco, a distance of 565 miles, to the Bolivian frontier, and thence to the Bolivian capital, Sucre, which is distant 820 miles from Villa Concepción. The works of this line were inaugurated in May, 1890, when the first sod was turned, in the presence of some Paraguayan notabilities and of delegations of dancing Indians from the Chaco, but whether the line will ever be finished it is very hard to foresee. The *concessionnaires* informed me that they had no Government guarantee, but a more sure and tangible privilege in the free grant of every other eight leagues of land along the line. The probability is that many years will pass before this line reaches Sucre, and that the only immediate result of the concession will be the construction of a few kilometres of rails in order to utilize the land grants. In its present form the scheme does not impress one as being very serious. Another grand scheme, the realization of which is likely to remain in suspense for some years to come, is the transcontinental railway from Asuncion to Santos, the great port of the Brazilian province of São Paulo, a distance of 1300 kilometres. This line, starting from Asuncion, would go towards the north-eastern frontier of Paraguay, enter Brazilian territory at latitude 24° south and follow that parallel to Santos. The authors of the project are MM. De Bourgade, Modave, and Obert, who desire thereby to liberate Paraguay from the tutelage of Buenos Ayres, and to place the country in direct communication with the ocean. The railway would put Asuncion within thirty hours of Santos,



whereas at present it takes nearly a week down stream to get from Asuncion to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, and so to the ocean. A branch of this railway would run to Tacuru-Pucu, the point where the navigation of the upper Paraná ceases to be possible, and thus the line would traverse the richest *yerba maté* and timber forests of the Republic. At the same time the line to Santos would give new life to the great interior Brazilian province of Matto-Grosso, and to the Argentine provinces of Corrientes and Missiones, and it would likewise encourage Bolivia to seek an issue from her inland prison in the direction of the Paraguay River. Such are the theoretical advantages of this projected line. Meanwhile, to return to facts and realities, we have one line in actual existence and in course of prolongation, namely, the Asuncion and Villa Rica Railway, which was decreed by Lopez I. and begun in June, 1859, at a time when few South American States ventured even to dream of railway enterprises. The first section of the line was built as far as Paraguari, 72 kilometres from Asuncion,

and its continuation was prevented by the outbreak of the war and the subsequent ruin of the country. Things remained in this state until 1886, when the Government bought the line, which had become the property of a private company, and ordered the construction of the remaining section. Now the line has been sold by the Government to an English company, which is continuing it down to Villa Encarnacion, on the river Paraná, on the southern frontier of the Republic. On the opposite bank of the Paraná River is the town of Posadas, the terminus of the Argentine line now in construction from Monte Caseros, on the Uruguay River, just opposite the town of Santa Rosa del Uruguay. From Monte Caseros a line runs to Concordia, which is opposite the Uruguayan town of Salto. A glance at the map will show that the completion of the lines above referred to will place Asuncion and the southern regions of Paraguay in convenient communication with the Argentine provinces of Corrientes and Entre Rios, and more especially with the port of Montevideo, *via* Posadas, Monte Caseros, Concordia, Salto, Paysandú, and the lines of the Midland and Central Uruguayan railways.

In Paraguay ways of communication must precede colonization, because otherwise the colonist is condemned to vegetate in the midst of solitude without a market for his products. Under Lopez the country possessed four great roads starting from Asuncion, one southward, parallel with the river, to Paso de la Patria, on the Paraná, a second across the country to Villa Encarnacion, a third eastward to Villa Rica, and a fourth northward to Arroyos y Esteros, where it divided into two branches, one going northward parallel with the Paraguay River, and the other north-east to Villa Ygatimi. These so-called royal roads—*caminos reales*—were connected by secondary and cross-roads, which completed the system. During the war these roads were more or less destroyed, and until lately no measures have been taken to repair them. Other means of communication, destined to become in course of time great roads, are the *picadas*, or cuttings through the forests, made by the *yerbateros* in order to transport the *maté* to the river ports. In the north of the Republic there are *picadas* running east and west, which put Villa Concepción in communication with the *yerbales* of the eastern frontier. The *yerbales* of the Paraná Valley are likewise traversed by *picadas*. Hitherto, however, the facility of water communications has retarded the making of roads. The basin of the Paraguay in particular is canalized by a number of

important rivers that are navigable by *chatas*, or barges, and *jangadas*, or timber-rafts. By these means the *yerba maté* and precious woods of Paraguay are brought to the port of Asuncion, where the means of exterior navigation are centralized. These ways of communication suffice for the primitive industries of *yerba maté* and timber-cutting. The laborious teams of oxen that toil along with their loads for weeks together, the *chata* painfully propelled by long poles pressed against straining shoulders, the raft that floats lazily until it reaches its destination—all this is adequate so far as it goes. But in order to make Paraguay a productive country in agriculture, horticulture, and the derivative industries, the solitudes must be peopled, and in order to people the solitudes they must be rendered accessible. This is the business and *raison d'être* of railways. Where the line goes men go, but where there is no line there will be no useful colonization.

Colonization has hardly yet begun in Paraguay, for the reasons above indicated. There are, however, two more or less flourishing German colonies—Nueva Germania and Colonia Leipzig—started by private enterprise. There are also two official colonies, San Bernardino and Villa Hayes, the latter, on the Chaco side of the river, founded in 1756 under the name of Remanzo, and rechristened after the war, when President Hayes, as arbiter between the Argentine and Paraguay, recognized the rights of the latter to a part of the Chaco. San Bernardino, founded in 1881, is on the northern shore of Lake Ipacaray, on the railway line between Asuncion and Villa Rica. The majority of the colonists in Villa Hayes are French, and in San Bernardino Germans predominate. A North-American colony has been founded on a small scale in the vicinity of San Pedro, with a view to cultivating tobacco, and a French colony, called Villa Sana, was started at the beginning of 1890 in the rich land north-east of Villa Concepción. The desire of the Paraguayan Government is to promote the establishment of large private colonization enterprises, which experience has shown to be more advantageous both to the colonists and to the State than official colonies or mere assisted immigration, such as has been favored in the Argentine, with results that have rarely been satisfactory. The kinds of industry to be undertaken by colonies or private individuals in Paraguay are numerous. First of all, we may note horse and cattle breeding, for which the soil is admirably adapted, and dairy farming, now very little practised. Sheep do not prosper in Paraguay, on account of the great summer heat and of the

nature of the country. After the pastoral industry follows agriculture. Wheat is imported from the Argentine, where it can be grown more cheaply. In Paraguay the chief culture is that of maize, of which five varieties are produced in great abundance. Rice is grown on a small scale along the river-banks, and thanks to the facility of establishing irrigation, the cultivation of this cereal on a large scale seems possible and desirable. Barley and oats thrive, but have hitherto been cultivated only to a very limited extent. *Mandioca* is grown everywhere in Paraguay, and eaten either boiled in the *puchero*, or *pot au feu*, or else roasted in the ashes. This root is the potato of the South Americans, the chief element in the nourishment of the least prosperous and least civilized peoples. In market gardening almost everything remains to be done; there is a great demand for garden produce, and very few gardeners to meet it. Viticulture has also to be redeveloped in Paraguay, where it existed on a grand scale in the seventeenth century, and furnished wine to Buenos Ayres. Now, however, the industry has disappeared, from causes that have not been satisfactorily explained. Sugar-cane prospers in Paraguay as well as it does in Tucuman, Corrientes, and the Argentine Chaco, and four varieties have been cultivated with success both for sugar-making and for distillery, but up to the present almost all the cane is used for distilling *caña*, or rum. There is hardly a village in Paraguay that has not its *caña* distillery, and it is estimated that the annual production amounts to 3,500,000 *litres*, which gives an average consumption per inhabitant of 9 *litres* a year, the exportation of *caña* being insignificant. The average consumption of alcohol per head is: in France, 3 *litres*; Great Britain, 6; Prussia, 7; Sweden and Russia, 10; and Denmark, 16. This cane spirit, which can be produced in abundance, combined with the variety of aromatic plants and fruits that grow in Paraguay —*maté*, guava, banana, pineapple, various plants of the myrtle family, etc.—renders the country favorable for the establishment of liqueur manufactories. We must not forget to note promising experiments that have been made in the culture of coffee, and, finally, the culture of tobacco, which grows freely and abundantly. In South America certain marks of Paraguayan tobacco are highly esteemed, and some enthusiasts venture to compare them with Havana brands. For my part, I tried some dozen of the choicest varieties, and found them all detestable. Nevertheless, there is much tobacco exported, and doubtless with care the quality of the leaf could be improved. In Paraguay

itself the consumption of tobacco is colossal. The total production at present is 10,500,000 kilograms a year in round numbers, of which 4,785,000 kilograms are exported, and the rest smoked in the country. Thus we find that each inhabitant smokes an average of 11½ kilograms a year, or, say, eight cigars a day. In France the annual consumption per inhabitant is 758 grams, or about 1½ pounds. In Paraguay the women and children smoke as much as the men.

LA CHACARITA.

One of the great sources of wealth in Paraguay is the timber. The country is rich in splendid woods of all kinds, suitable for carpentry, carriage and ship building, in fine woods for cabinet-makers, and in dye-woods and trees useful in the chemical industries. The chief obstacle to the utilization of these woods is the difficulty of transportation. There are also many textile plants in the forests, which the industry of the future will learn to utilize commercially, such as cotton, ramie, and *ibyra*, a plant of the pineapple family, with long, narrow, and flexible leaves, containing an excellent fibre. This plant covers leagues and leagues of territory. A very large and curious collection of Paraguayan textile plants was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and described in the cata-

logue. At the same exhibition were specimens of fourteen dyeing materials extracted from Paraguayan plants. The oleaginous plants are the *mani*, or peanut, cocoanut palms, castor-bean—all utilized on a small scale and capable of greater extension.

Now we come to the two staple products of Paraguay, *yerba maté* and oranges. The *yerba maté* was employed in the form of an aromatic drink by the Indians, who taught the Spanish conquerors to appreciate it. Nowadays the consumption of *maté* is general throughout South America, not only among the creoles and the old settlers, but also among the new immigrants. It is preferred to Chinese tea, coffee, and cocoa, than which it is pronounced by certain scientists to be more truly a waste-preventing stimulant. Throughout Spanish America the *bombilla* and the gourd are in use, and many times a day the amateurs make their infusion, and suck it placidly through the slender tube. Curiously enough, *maté* cannot be cultivated. The Jesuits, it appears, discovered a means of reproducing the *Ilex paraguariensis*, and made great plantations around their "reductions." But since the expulsion of the fathers the secret has been lost. The plant grows spontaneously between latitudes 22° and 29° south and east of the 59th degree of longitude west from Paris. The nearer it grows to the sea, the poorer is the quality. The finest *maté* is that of Paraguay. The exportation ports are Tacuru-Pucu and Villa Encarnacion on the Paraná River, and Asuncion and Villa Concepción on the Paraguay, whence it is shipped to the Argentine ports of Rosario and Buenos Ayres; to Corumba in Brazil, and to Montevideo in Uruguay. The total production is estimated at 11,000,000 kilograms a year, more than half of which is exported. The *maté*, as we have seen, grows in the distant forests of the east of Paraguay. The utilization of the *maté* involves four operations—gathering, preparation, transport, and packing—and finally sending to market. The gathering is done by the *minero*, who cuts the leaves and dries them slightly over a fire. The preparation is completed by the *uru*, who roasts the leaves, which are then conveyed in wagons drawn by six oxen to the head centre of the enterprise, where they are put in sacks or bales of cowhide. Water transport is generally used for carrying the *maté* to the markets of Villa Concepción or Asuncion. Hundreds of workmen are employed in the forests cutting *maté*. Great fortunes are made by the contractors, or *yerbateros*, and more especially by the commercial companies who sell and export the product, while at the same time the small ex-

port tax levied by the Government constitutes an important source of revenue.

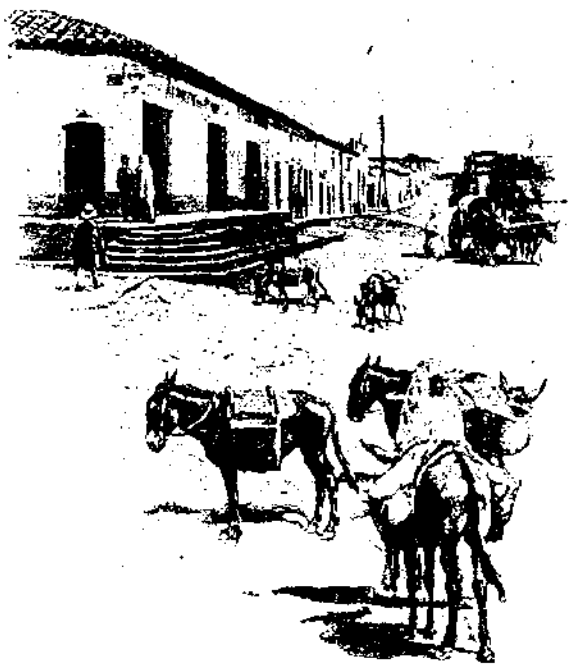
The orange-tree is generally understood to have been introduced into Paraguay by the Jesuits, and the seeds distributed by the birds. However this may be, the orange has spread all over the country, from the river-banks to the tops of the hills, and from the cottages even to the deepest solitudes of the virgin forest. Paraguay is the land of orange-trees more truly than the country of Mignon. There are several varieties, notably the *apepu*, a very acid orange, which, from its Guarani name, some believe to be a native variety, while the sweet orange, the *bigarade* (*Citrus bigaradia*), the mandarin, and various kinds of lemons and limes were undoubtedly introduced by the Jesuits. At any rate, whether wild or cultivated, orange-trees abound and spread over the landscape a warm golden tinge of singular intensity. The Paraguayan landscape has qualities of color and silhouette that one can never forget, and there is a fascination in the aspect of the country that makes travellers who have once seen it rave about it for the rest of their lives. I felt this fascination, as others have done, and my souvenirs are full of delightful visions of flowers, fruit, and verdure with soft undulating lines, river vistas in the background, and oranges everywhere. And what oranges! Juicy, perfumed, and of a delicacy that Spain and Italy have never attained. The chief industry consists in the exportation of the fruit. The great orange season is from May to August, when the ports of the Paraguay River from Humaita to Asuncion despatch enormous quantities by steamers and schooners. Villeta, San Lorenzo, and San Antonio are the principal ports, and there best may be seen the picturesque processions of laughing and screaming girls and women, who carry basket after basket of fruit on their heads from the shore to the ship, like a swarm of busy ants. Up to the present no industrial use has been made of the orange. Some sixty millions are exported annually, the same quantity is consumed by the natives, and perhaps treble that quantity is devoured by monkeys and birds or left to rot on the ground.

Now that we have described briefly the nature of the country, its political condition, and the main sources of its wealth, whether in the present or in the future, when colonization and capital shall have made the land actively productive, let us see how the towns look and how the people live.

In Paraguay there is but one town—Asuncion—the capital. When

the traveller has seen this city he has seen the quintessence of all that is fine in the Republic.

Asuncion is charmingly situated on gently undulating ground, rising to a considerable height above the river, which makes a bend here, and forms a bay in which are anchored a few steamers, many schooners, a white Brazilian gunboat, and two or three hulks, while close to the shore are some long wood rafts and floating cedar logs. To the north-east of the port, which consists merely of a wooden pier, simple quays, and the usual buildings of custom-house and warehouses on a small scale, the beach for some distance forms a broad level stretch of green meadows bounded by steep red sandstone cliffs, which are crowned by the silhouettes of the principal edifices of the town—the Palace of Lopez, the Cabildo, the barracks, the dome of the Pantheon, the Church of San Francisco, and below this church, perched literally on the side of the cliff, the suburb or quarter called La Chacarita. All along the shore are groups of women washing clothes, with, in the background, a flourishing growth of trees and jungle, and the town itself appears to be surrounded and interspersed with verdure. The view of Asuncion from the river is delightful, but



STREET IN ASUNCION.

the view from the interior is still more so, particularly from the high ground of La Cancha, a sort of hotel and pleasure resort, situated a short distance to the east. From this point the spectacle is most fascinating. The outer zone of the town consists of a belt of low wooded hills, dotted with cottages and yellow with orange-trees. The inner zone, more level but still undulating, slopes towards the river, and appears covered with buildings, from which emerge tall church-towers and, here and there, groups of trees: beyond this is the silvery river winding along between islands, jungles, and shallows, and in the background is the dark-blue interminable flatness of the Paraguayan Chaco. There are few towns in the world more picturesquely situated than Asuncion, and few urban panoramas that offer a more beautiful distribution of soft hills, rich vegetation, pretty river scenery, and grand and limitless horizon.

The town is full of surprises and contrasts. This hotel of La Cancha, for instance, almost within a stone's-throw of the virgin forest, is lighted by electricity. The streets of Asuncion are, with two exceptions, unpaved, and in some of the side streets cows may be seen grazing; but all are lined with tall posts and cross-trees that carry innumerable telephone wires, and in some the old oil lanterns have been replaced by electric lamps. The town is laid out rectangularly in *cuadras*, the streets running in one direction towards the port and river, and in the other towards the wooded country. These streets all go up and down hill; they have high sidewalks, more or less paved; but the roadway is generally a sort of deep and rugged valley of fine red sand, with here and there a protruding rock. A proof of the condition of the streets of Asuncion is given by the fact that there are no public or private carriages; the only vehicles that can circulate are ox-carts and lighter vehicles drawn by three or four mules. Pack-mules, donkeys, and riding-horses are also used, but for light goods and passengers the great and indispensable conveyance is the tram-way, which bears the name of Conductor Universal. The streets go on and on to the limits of the town, the houses and huts become less frequent, but the deep sandy road continues between forests, orange-trees, and innumerable varieties of flowering shrubs and creepers. The telegraph posts continue likewise, and with them the tram lines and the cars, with their teams of ill-used mules, their dark-skinned drivers and conductors, who talk Guarani, and barely understand a few words of Spanish. One wonders what can be the use of a tram-way through the

forest. At last, however, after running some five miles, the car stops at a spot called Villa Morra, where the streets are indicated by finger-posts stuck in the open fields. There are a few country houses here, a manufactory of palm-oil, a hotel, and, at a short distance, the church and cemetery of the Recoleta. The landscape is beautiful, and the vegetation and flora of a variety and richness beyond description; the roads are lined with orange-trees; every hut nestles in groves of orange, banana, lime, fig, and palm trees; the hedges and fences are formed of huge cactuses, convolvuli, and lianes. As for the cottages and huts, they are of very primitive architecture, most of them being built of mud and cane, with bark roofs; a few only are of brick, with tile roofs, and still fewer have more than one room, one door, and one small window, shaded in front by a veranda supported on palm-tree pillars. In the town, too, the old houses all have verandas or long colonnades in front that cover the sidewalk, and offer protection from the tropical sun. The more modern houses, on the other hand, have no verandas; they are like those of Buenos Ayres, and their façades are over-ornamented with stucco and elaborate iron gratings.

COTTAGE IN ASUNCION.

The cemetery of La Recoleta is neatly kept, some of the tombs are elaborate specimens of the Italian stucco-worker's art, adorned with natural flowers and wreaths of beads threaded on wire, after the French fashion, but most of them are simple black wooden crosses draped with bands or scarfs of white linen embroidered at the ends. In front of each cross are placed two common tin lanterns surmounted by a little tin cross with candles burning inside. While I was wander-

FUNERAL OF AN "ANGELITO" IN THE RECOLETA CEMETERY.

ing about this cemetery, where orange-trees are more numerous than cypresses, two bells in the tower of the church began to ring rapidly and joyously—one might have thought for a marriage. I went outside and waited, and soon I saw in the distance some figures coming along a sandy lane bordered with grass and luxuriant shrubs and trees. In the background was the wide vista of rolling, wooded landscape dotted in the distance with red-tiled roofs of cottages, and with the yellow glow of the fruit-laden orange-trees. As the figures approached, I distinguished costumes of gay colors—sky-blue, rose, pink, yellow, and white. It was a procession of women and girls, some with babes in their arms, others with children trotting at their sides, the little boys wearing *ponchos*, the women and girls dressed in the usual Paraguayan fashion, with a skirt and *camisole*, and a white sheet or a black shawl draped in Oriental style and covering the head. These women were all barefooted. They advanced with gayety and laughter, almost at a gentle run; and the young woman who led the cortege carried on her head a little coffin enveloped in white embroidery strewn with fresh natural roses. Thus, while the bells clattered more merrily than ever, the joyous group passed the turnstile, traversed the cloisters of the church, and halted beside a hole, in which a grave-digger, wearing a long, brown-striped *poncho*, placed the coffin of the *angelito*, and stamped down the earth—thud! thud! thud! Then the group left the cemetery, gay and happy, at the same rapid Indian walking pace, the bereaved mother carrying a black wooden cross with a white embroidered band or stole wound round it. These people were not sad over the death of the babe, because, according to the South American superstition, they believe that, having been baptized, it would go directly to paradise, and become a little angel—an *angelito*. And so they returned down the sandy lane rejoicing, with elastic and graceful step, a charm of slender silhouettes and a floating of bright-colored drapery that reminded one of the frescos of Ghirlandajo and Bernardino Luini.

The town of Asuncion is not rich in monuments. Although it is the oldest city on the South-American continent, it has no relics of the *conquistadores*, whose aim, it is to be feared, was always to enrich themselves rather than to create a healthy and noble civilization. Apart from the churches, one of which is in ruins, having been gutted by fire, the only buildings of note are the palace of the tyrant Lopez, which has now been repaired for use as Government offices, the

theatre, the railway station, and the old Cabildo. The theatre is handsome, and more commodious than many a famous European house. It is entirely lighted by electricity, and in the boxes are electric bells to call for refreshments. The decoration of the three tiers of boxes

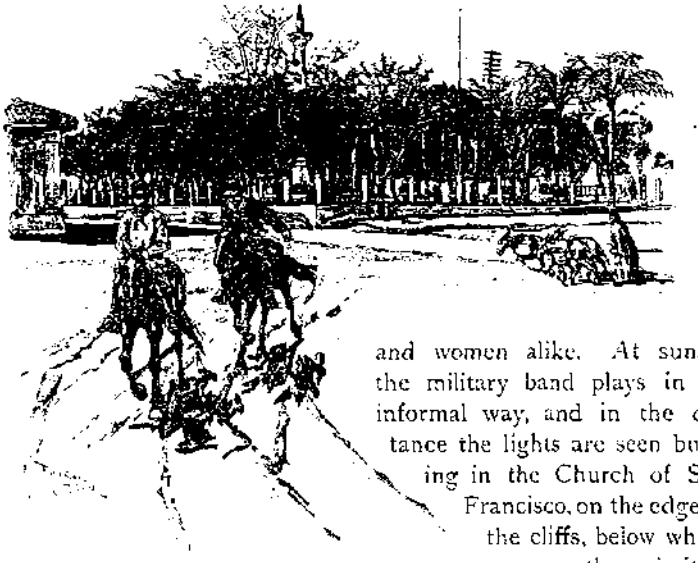
VIEW OF THE LOPEZ PALACE FROM THE RIVER.

and galleries is agreeable. The cartouches round the ceiling give to Molière the place of honor over the proscenium, with Gounod on the left and Massenet on the right, while the remaining cartouches are assigned to Racine, Corneille, Lulli, Wagner, Shakespeare, Alarçon, Lopez de Vega, Schumann, Mozart, Beaumarchais, Hugo, Berlioz, Beethoven, Scribe, Goethe, Donizetti, Verdi, and Calderon. The admiration of the Paraguayans is well employed in theory, but it is to be feared that the only musical or dramatic pleasure that they get is afforded by very indifferent ambulant *zarzuela* companies. If Lopez had been allowed to carry out his dream of greatness things would have been different, for his desire was to endow Asuncion with a theatre as vast as that of La Scala at Milan. The prodigious edifice was carried up to a height of some twenty feet above ground, and now stands a deserted and melancholy pile of moss-covered masonry in the midst of the town, unfinished, and never likely to be finished. Yet another unfinished monument of past grandeur is the church and dome called the Pantheon of Lopez. This edifice, like the theatre, is a huge brick skeleton, with weeds and wild flowers growing on the ledges of the cupola, which, in the dream of the founder, was destined to shelter the remains of a South-American Napoleon.

Of the several plazas of Asuncion, the most interesting is the Plaza Independencia, neatly fenced in, planted with palm-trees, and adorned with a column on which are commemorative inscriptions of the foundation of the country, the first cry of liberty, the declaration of independence, and the proclamation of the national Constitution:

Fundacion del Paraguay, 15 de Agosto de 1536.
Primer Grito de la Libertad, 14 de Mayo de 1811.
Jura de la Independencia Nacional, 25 de Diciembre de 1842.
Jura de la Constitucion Nacional, 25 de Noviembre de 1870.

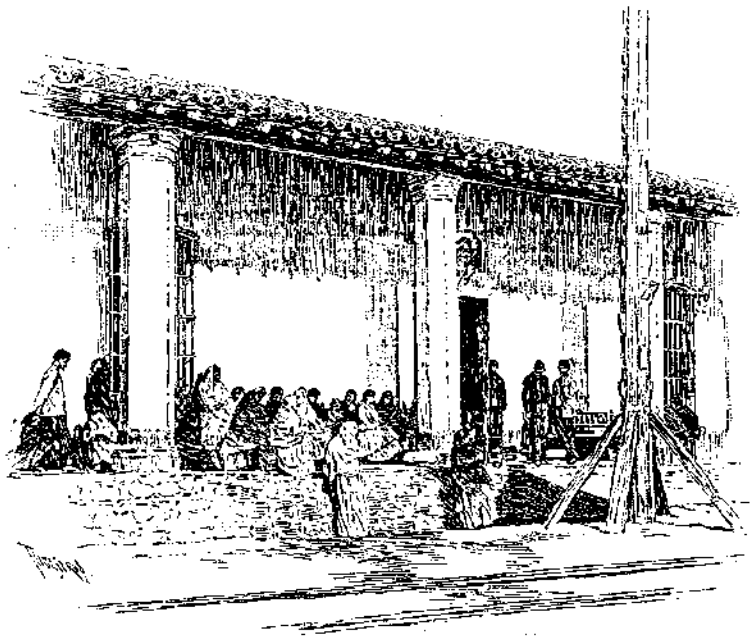
Around this plaza is much open space, cavalry barracks and infantry barracks, with a colonnade along the front, under which you see the soldiers sitting with their women folk, some of them nursing their children, others drinking *maté*, and all smoking cigars, both men and women alike. At sunset the military band plays in an informal way, and in the distance the lights are seen burning in the Church of San Francisco, on the edge of the cliffs, below which you see the primitive semi-Indian huts of the Chacarita quarter, and below that the vast landscape of the winding river, and the dark woodland solitudes of the Chaco.



PLAZA LIBERTAD, ASUNCION.

For the artistic visitor the chief interest of Asuncion is the street

life, and particularly the central market, where almost all the types of the country may be seen. In the early morning the vast open space in front of the market is thronged with donkeys, pack-mules, carts, teams of oxen, dogs, and peasants, who have come in from the country to sell produce and buy provisions. The ox-carts are smaller and dif-



SOLDIERS AND THEIR WOMEN AT THE BARRACKS.

ferent in form from the "prairie schooners" of the Argentine. They have massive wooden axles and open wheels, wooden frames with floor and sides of bamboo, a roof of hides, and suspended from the roof through a ring may generally be seen a bamboo pole, or goad, long enough to enable the driver to reach from the cart to the foremost of his three yokes of oxen. The market is thronged with old and young women, each one smoking or chewing a cigar. Almost all of them are dressed in white, only a few wearing black shawls. The costume consists of a cotton skirt with two flounces, a low-necked loose *camisole* tied around the waist, and over all a white cotton shawl that serves as

THE MARKET, ASUNCION.

manta or burnoose. Some of the more coquettish complete their toilet by the addition of a comb in their back hair, which is generally worn in the Indian style in two long braids. These women all carry burdens on their heads, however light they may be. I saw women carrying even letters on their heads on the way to the post-office. Throughout the day you see women going about the streets with red earthen water-pots on their heads. The form of these pots, their rough ornamentation of coarsely-painted flowers, the dark skins of the women, and their white burnoose-like costumes combined, remind one of the women of Biskra.

Inside the market, besides the various stalls for the sale of vegetables, provisions of all kinds, and dry-goods, there are several restaurants, where smoking caldrons of stew are presided over by active matrons; and along all the alleys the pavement is occupied by women of all ages squatting in groups, mostly Guarani Indians, interspersed with a few negresses and mulattoes, all smoking, looking sad, thin, and miserable, and, with very few exceptions, exceedingly ugly. Occasionally, however, you see a Guarani girl with a serene face, fine eyes, well-formed and even beautiful features. But, on the whole, it would be difficult to find a more complete collection of ugly and lean old women than that to be seen in the market of Asuncion. They sit

INSIDE THE MARKET.

there comparatively silent, abandoned to their fate, with their merchandise spread out on the floor in front of them—a few cobs of maize, a few bundles of rough cigars tied up with sewing-cotton, little piles of *mandioca*, sweet-potatoes, oranges, peanuts, sugar-cane, some vegetables and salad, two or three cheeses badly made, a bunch of bananas, or what not. Some of them sell charcoal tied up in little sacks about six inches long that look like toys. All these women speak in a whining, deprecatory tone. If you ask the price of a thing, they answer almost whimperingly, as if it pained them to tell you. Outside the market, under the colonnade, you see similar groups of young and old women squatting in front of little heaps of produce and waiting for customers; and other groups of women gliding along barefooted and noiselessly, indolent and ruminative, each one with a cigar between her lips. The bazaars of the Levant can alone offer scenes analogous to the market life of Asuncion. During the daytime these women in white and the various popular types are to be seen in the streets, which, however, are generally very empty, for Asuncion is still a dead city; business and modernization advance very slowly. With the exception of the main street, where there are banks and offices, a few export houses, and some big general stores—mostly in the hands of Italians and Germans—the streets of Asuncion suggest rather those of a country village than those of the capital of a republic. What better instances can we give than the fact that carriages cannot pass through many of them, and that within a hundred yards of the main Calle de las Palmas, I saw cows turned out to graze in the roadway, day after day, under the shade of the telephone wires?

TYPE OF GUARANI GIRL.

The streets of Asuncion are most animated in the early morning hours, but there never seems to be much movement, much less any hurrying. At eleven o'clock, winter and summer, all business ceases, the whole town breakfasts, and after breakfast takes a long siesta.

The cessation of all work and locomotion is so complete that from 11 A.M. until 2 P.M., the horse-cars even interrupt their service. In the afternoon business is resumed in a leisurely way until the hour for taking aperitives, when the two or three cafés and *confiterias* and the clubs are full of men enjoying life. In the evening the shops are lighted up, and there is a certain amount of promenading. The people of the upper and middle classes seem, however, to form a very small minority. Nevertheless, there are some few Parisian costumes, and a score or so of stove-pipe hats worn by bank directors, ministers, and political notabilities, whose sayings and doings are commented by the two daily papers, *La Democracia* and *La Razon*, and whose persons are caricatured by the satirical weekly, *El Latigo Immortal*. Half the articles of this latter journal are printed in the Guarani language.

Such being the backward but picturesque condition of the capital of Paraguay, what must be that of the provincial towns and villages? The traveller can easily judge by a trip 250 miles up the river to Villa Concepción, or by a railway journey towards Villa Rica; but except from the point of view of the lover of landscape and tropical nature, there is not much to make the journey worth one's while. Villa Concepción is immeasurably less advanced than Asuncion, and less picturesque, and the other towns and villages offer nothing of interest. As for visiting parts of Paraguay not on the two routes above mentioned, the want of roads and ways of communication renders the task long and toilsome.

As regards the future of Paraguay, there can be no doubt that the country has great natural resources, and that it could be immensely and rapidly developed by the introduction of European colonists. It is probable, too, that the English capitalists will in the near future manifest greater and greater interest in Paraguay, and that a part of the interest hitherto monopolized by the Argentine Republic will be transferred from the discredited country to the new paradise in the interior, where the conditions in general are not unfavorable, as we have already seen. Furthermore, if we admit that progress is desirable, and that it is good for men to toil and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and abstraction being made of humane and sentimental considerations, it might be argued that the war almost of extermination which the Argentines and the Brazilians waged against the Paraguayans was a blessing for the country and for humanity, inasmuch as it destroyed thousands of useless creatures, and left the ground clear

for new energy. The native element cannot be counted upon as an auxiliary in the amelioration of Paraguay. The cross-breeds, the Guarani, and the other Indian races that form the actual population, together with a small *criollo* class, cannot be induced to work except under the hand of a despot like Lopez, or by an ingenious and paternal system of communism, such as the Jesuits established in the old colonial days in their *missiones* on the Alto Paraná. After the expul-

VIEW ON THE RIVER.

sion of the Jesuits, it may be remembered, most of the Guarani Indians whom they had civilized and exploited retired to Paraguay, where their descendants have remained to the present day, but, of course, lost in the masses. These natives refuse to work in a regular manner.

The proprietors of the palm-oil manufactory near Asuncion assured me that their greatest difficulty was to get nuts. It is only when they are on the verge of starvation that the natives will take the trouble to gather nuts and bring them to the mill. Butter is very rare in the Paraguayan capital, because the peasants will not attend to their cows, lead them to good pasture, and work a churn. At Asuncion we have seen the cows turned out into the street to graze, where there is next to nothing to eat. At Villa Concepción the case is the same, whereas, if the cows were led half a mile to the edge of the town they would find abundant pasture, and give good milk. This is only one instance out of a thousand. Take, again, those old and young women we saw squatting in the market, with little scraps of produce spread out before them. Suppose they sell this for ten cents, they

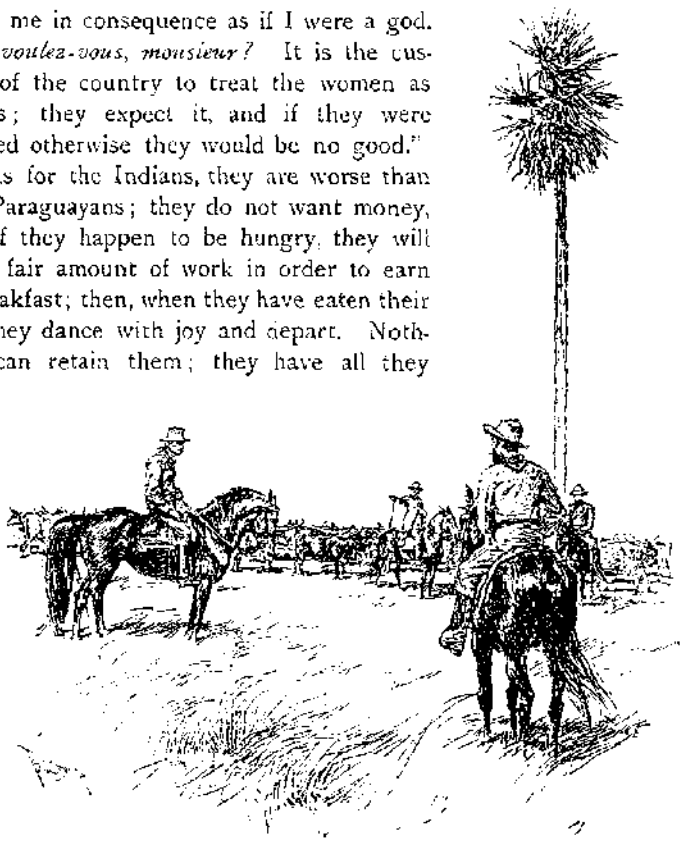
have enough to buy *maté*, tobacco, and *mandioca*, which are their chief aliments, and thus they keep the household going, with the help of oranges, that lie in many places a foot deep on the ground. A caustic observer has said that the Paraguayan peasant lives on *maté* and the smell of a greased rag. The greased rag is an exaggeration. *Maté*, *mandioca*, tobacco, sugar-cane, oranges, and *caña* rum as a luxury, such are the ordinary and extraordinary articles of consumption. With poor food such as this, the men are naturally weak and indolent; and being at the same time the lords of creation, they pass their lives in meditative laziness, and leave the women to do what little work is absolutely required to keep a roof over their heads. These Paraguayans, poor and ignorant as they may be, are proud and susceptible; they never say "Thank you" except as a formula of refusal; it is useless to order them about; they must be treated with gentleness and persuasion, as equals, and even then not much can be got out of them. So I was told by a dozen men who have had varied experience in the country. The educated Paraguayans themselves admit this much, but without notable disapproval; and with an impatient click of the tongue against the teeth, and much writhing and shrugging of neck and shoulders, they will protest against Americanism, progress, and doing things quickly. "It is not in the character of the nation," they will say. "It is in our nature to go on slowly, quietly, without effort, and fortune comes to us almost while we are sleeping."

A French gentleman who has recently organized a colony called Villa Sana, about twenty leagues north-east of Villa Concepción, on land belonging to the Paraguayo-Argentine Land Company, told me that in the beginning, when he went to survey the ground and to ascertain its exact whereabouts—always a troublesome business in these countries, where there is as yet no topographical survey—he had the greatest difficulty in inducing half a dozen Paraguayans to accompany him. They told him that he would never find the land, that he would be unable to cross the river Aquidaban, and, in short, that his was a wild-goose chase. However, when they arrived at the river, and the Frenchman simply jumped in and swam across, their *amour propre* was touched, and they swam after him. These half-dozen Paraguayans have remained attached to the colony, but they have lost the esteem of their countrymen. When, after the exploring expedition, our Frenchman started from Villa Concepción with his sixty colonists and his train of bullock-carts and impedimenta, the loafers of the town

said to the few Paraguayans who accompanied him, and were helping in the loading: "What? Are you as big fools as those Europeans, to work like that?"

In Paraguay you generally see the men idling and the women working; the men riding on horse, and the women following on foot. The women are no better than slaves; they are productive elements like cattle. On one estate I found an old French colonist who had a Guarani wife, whom he treated according to the native fashion, making her work, and even beating her from time to time, but, he said to me, "I do not treat her so hardly as my native neighbors, for I allow her to sit at table with me, and she looks upon me in consequence as if I were a god. *Que voulez-vous, monsieur?* It is the custom of the country to treat the women as slaves; they expect it, and if they were treated otherwise they would be no good."

As for the Indians, they are worse than the Paraguayans; they do not want money, but if they happen to be hungry, they will do a fair amount of work in order to earn a breakfast; then, when they have eaten their fill, they dance with joy and depart. Nothing can retain them; they have all they



AN ESTANCIA.

desire for the moment, and are absolutely incapable of thought for the morrow.

The evidence I gathered from the most various sources about the Paraguayan natives was always the same. An English ex-naval officer and ex-elephant hunter in Africa, who has a cane distillery near Paraguari, was of opinion that Paraguay is not going to improve in the immediate future. In twenty or thirty years' time, when the population has increased and life become more difficult, there may be a change. At present the people have *mandioca* and oranges in abundance; they need not work, and they will not work. This gentleman thought that the Paraguayans were most happy under the severe tyranny of Francia and Lopez, when they were all practically slaves, and he regretted that foreigners are now allowed to come in and buy land, because it means to the natives an ultimate loss of nationality. Another Englishman, who had been three years cattle-farming at San Ignacio, told me that ever since he had been there he had never got a stroke of work out of the natives dwelling on his land; they live on oranges, *mandioca*, and *maté*, and will not work. On his *estancia* he has 20,000 orange-trees, but for want of means of transportation the fruit has no market value. Under the trees the oranges lie on the ground a foot deep, and the cattle eat them and fatten well. This observer suggested that it might be a good thing for Paraguay if the Government caused the orange-trees to be cut down, as the Government of Costa Rica at one time had the *bananiers* destroyed, with a view to stamping out laziness and obliging the people to work for their bread. All this seems strange. Nature and the Jesuits have given these Paraguayans the means of life and of oblivious felicity in the shape of *mandioca*, oranges, *maté*, and tobacco. They enjoy a climate so delightful that clothes are scarcely needed. And yet the meddlesome Europeans are surprised and irritated because they do not work. Why should the Paraguayans work?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY.

THE Republic of Uruguay, after having been convulsed by intestine dissensions for so many years, has now entered what is called the path of progress and prosperity. Like the other South-American republics, it made a great display of its wealth and civilization at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and its painstaking statisticians drew up prodigious tables of figures, from which we were able to gather much interesting information about this rich and favored land. In many cases the data given by the official publication referred to require to be completed and controlled, which can only be the work of time and of laborious investigations; but their chief defect is the absence of qualifying clauses. This defect, it is to be feared, is inseparable from official reports. In such documents everything is presented in roseate tones; all that is positive is stated; all that is negative is omitted; and, of course, whatever is concerned with the details of life and national character is considered too trivial to be dwelt upon. Let us endeavor to state with the utmost brevity the physical and economical condition of the country, and to resume in general terms the impressions of a short visit to the Banda Oriental, as this Republic is generally called in South America.

First of all, let it be stated that the Republic of Uruguay is situated in the temperate zone of South America, on the left bank of the Rio de la Plata, between 30° 5′ and 35° south latitude, and 56° 15′ and 60° 45′ west longitude from the meridian of Paris. On the north and east the territory is bounded by Brazil; south-east and south by the Atlantic; south-west and west by the rivers La Plata and Uruguay, which separate it from the Argentine Republic. The shape of the territory is a polygon, almost entirely surrounded by water, except in the centre of the Brazilian frontier. Its perimeter is 1075 miles, of which 626 are sea and river coast. The superficies is calculated to be 63,330 geographical miles, or 186,920 square kilometres; in other words, it is about one-sixth larger than England. The territory is

divided into nineteen departments. The physical aspect presents a strong contrast with the flat, treeless, and often arid pampas of the Argentine; the Banda Oriental abounds in wood, water, and hills; from end to end the undulation is continuous, and in some departments, for instance Minas, one might almost imagine one's self in Switzerland, so fine does the hill and mountain scenery become. The climate is moist, mild, and healthy, and there are really only two seasons, summer and winter, with a maximum of 36° centigrade in January, and a minimum of 3° above zero in July. The hill chains are numerous, and spread over the whole country, forming countless streams, rivers, and lakes. There are also many isolated hills, like the Cerro of Montevideo. The greatest height of the mountains, if they may be so called, is 500 metres, attained by the Cuchilla Grande, 490 by the Cuchilla de Santa Ana, and 455 by the Cuchilla de Minas.

The important rivers number seventeen, of which the chief are the Plata, the Uruguay, and the Rio Negro, the last of which runs through the centre of the territory. The Uruguay River is navigable as far as Paysandú for ocean-going ships, and as far as Salto for coasters and for the passenger steamers of light draught of the Platense Company. The distance from Buenos Ayres to Salto is 306 miles, which the Platense steamers accomplish in thirty-six hours. The outflow of the Uruguay River is about one-fourth only of the Paraná, averaging 11,000,000 cubic feet per minute, or almost as much as the Ganges. The scenery of the Uruguay resembles that of the Paraná, being in some places perhaps a little bolder and more picturesque, but in general the aspect of the banks, of the bluffs, and of the towns offers nothing strikingly different from what may be seen on the Paraná between Martin Garcia and Corrientes. The Rio Negro crosses the Republic, from its source in the Cuchilla de Santa Tella in Brazil to its confluence with the Uruguay, running from north-west to west over a distance of 463 kilometres. Small schooners can navigate this river up to fifty-five miles from its mouth. The water-shed of the Rio Negro covers nearly three-fourths of the Republic, and the soft scenery of its banks is characteristic of large sections of the country. The other thirteen rivers of the Republic have courses varying from 245 kilometres to 150 kilometres, and receive more than 1500 affluents; most of them, too, are navigable up to fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles from their mouths.

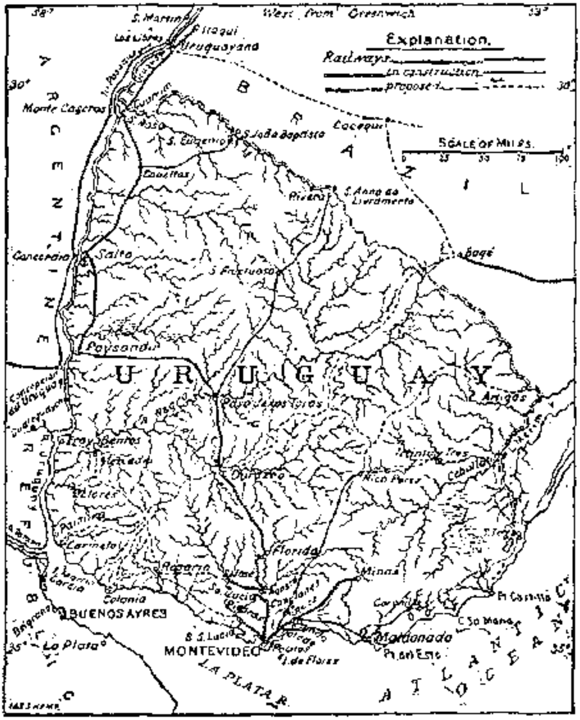
Abundantly irrigated and fertile in the majority of the depart-

ments of the Republic, the soil produces every kind of grain or fruit known in temperate or subtropical climes. For cattle-raising it is the finest country in South America, the animals finding water, good pasture, and the shelter of trees, hills, and valleys throughout the year; whereas on the plains of the Argentine horned cattle and sheep perish by thousands from want of water and dearth in the summer, and from exposure and inundations in the winter. As regards minerals, the territory of Uruguay is rich in all the industrial and precious metals and stones, from gold and diamonds down to lead, agates, and cornaline; but owing to the want of roads and means of transport, the mining industry has not yet been developed or even carefully studied.

The chief industry of Uruguay is cattle-raising. The number of animals declared in 1887 amounted in all to more than 22,000,000 head, comprising horned cattle, 6,119,482; sheep, 15,905,441; horses, 408,452. The proportion per square kilometre is 120.13 head, and per inhabitant, 34.64. The above figures are those of the *Anuario Estadistico*, published at Montevideo in 1889. In the tables posted up in the Pavilion of Uruguay at the Paris Exhibition, the total number of cattle existing in the Republic was stated to be 32,000,000, having a value of 407,000,000 francs, an ox being estimated at 60 francs, a horse at 30 francs, a sheep at 4 francs, and a pig at 30 francs. The difference of 10,000,000 head is more than the normal increase of two years. The discrepancy, however, need not astonish us; the Spanish-Americans have become of late years indefatigable compilers of statistical tables, but few of these tables resist careful scrutiny and control. We must be content to accept the figures given as being more or less exact. These enormous totals mean clearly that Uruguay is essentially a pastoral country. Agriculture, we find, is developed only in the departments of Montevideo, Canelones, and Colonia; in the departments of the interior it has not made any notable progress. Nevertheless, the country produces more cereals than are needed for home consumption, and in 1887 upwards of 4,000,000 francs' worth of grain was exported. Efforts have been made to cultivate vines in Uruguay, and the experiments promise to be successful.

An industry derived from the pastoral is that of the *saladeros*—establishments where animals are killed, and their hides, flesh, etc., salted or otherwise utilized. In Uruguay the great *saladeros* are at Montevideo, at the foot of the Cerro, and at Fray Bentos, Paysandú, and

Salto, on the Uruguay River. The model establishment and the most famous is that of Fray Bentos, where Liebig's extract of beef is made. This *saladero*, founded in 1864, kills 1000 animals a day during the summer season, and employs 600 men. At Montevideo one of the best *saladeros* for visiting is that of Cibils, but in all the establish-



MAP OF URUGUAY.

ments the processes of slaughtering and cutting up are the same, and the scene of bloodshed equally nauseating. The meat, cut into long bands, salted, and dried in the sun, becomes *charqui* or *tasajo*, and is exported in bags chiefly to Brazil and Cuba. The demand, however, is decreasing, and consequently, both in Uruguay and in the Argentine, great efforts are being made to organize the exportation of live cattle

and refrigerated meat on a grand scale to European ports. At present between 700,000 and 800,000 head of cattle are killed every year in the Republic of Uruguay, and nearly half that total is slaughtered in the *saladeros* of Montevideo.

The population of the Republica Oriental del Uruguay was estimated in 1888 at 687,194 souls. The latest census of the department of Montevideo, taken November 18, 1889, gave a total of 214,682 inhabitants, comprising 114,578 natives and 100,104 foreigners, of whom four-fifths live in the city of Montevideo itself.

The density of the population in the whole Republic in 1888 was 3.46 inhabitants per square kilometre; but, taking the density department by department, we find 308.54 per square kilometre in Montevideo, 14.76 in Canelones, 6.40 in Colonia, and then dwindling down in the remaining departments from 3.26 to 0.55 in Artigas. Four departments—Durazno, Minas, Treinta y Tres, and Cerro Largo—have only 1.61 inhabitants to the square kilometre. These figures explain the lonely aspect of the country as one crosses it even by rail. Almost the third part of the population of the Republic lives in Montevideo. Outside of Montevideo there is nothing to be seen but undulating prairies, flocks and herds, *ranchos*, wood, water, sky, and a few human beings riding along with their *ponchos* sweeping their horses' flanks. The country being essentially pastoral, the chief, and one might say almost the only, articles of exportation are live-stock and animal products known as *productos de ganaderia*, including wool, hair, bones, dried meat, hides, tallow, etc. England, France, Germany, and Brazil are the countries that do most trade with Uruguay, both in exportation and importation.

From the statements made in connection with the payment of the direct taxes, it appears that in 1887, the date given by the latest official statistics, the value of property declared amounted to $272,529,674 (gold), and the number of proprietors to 54,761. Of this total the majority—51.34 per cent.—are foreigners, namely, 28,112, and 26,649, or 48.66 per cent., Uruguayans. The most numerous foreigners are Italians (8329); then follow in order, Spaniards (7724), Brazilians (6776), French (2895), Argentines (842), English (492), Germans (356), Swiss (271), Portuguese (267), etc. As regards the value of property held by foreigners, the Brazilians head the list with $50,823,238; the Spaniards and Italians follow with $31,000,000 and $30,000,000; then the French with $16,000,000, the English with $8,000,000, the Argen-

tine with $5,000,000, the Germans with $3,000,000; and, lastly, the Portuguese and other nationalities. In the provinces it is important to note that the Brazilians are the most numerous foreign property-holders after the natives, their number being 6716. The Spaniards, Italians, and French follow, with 5904, 4429, and 1843 respectively.

The principal revenue of the Uruguayan Republic is derived from the customs duties, which amount to 46,500,000 francs in a total budget of about 70,000,000 francs; the property taxes give about 6,000,000 francs, and the balance is produced by post-office, stamps, patents, licenses, etc. These figures are enough to indicate that Uruguay is extremely protectionist. Indeed, the first article of the customs law of 1888 says that "all foreign merchandise imported for consumption" shall pay an *ad valorem* duty of 31 per cent., except arms, powder, cheese, butter, ham, meat, etc., which pay 51 per cent.; hats, clothes, shoes, furniture, carriages, etc., 48 per cent.; chocolate, candles, and various comestibles, 44 per cent. I quote only two or three instances, which will suffice to explain for what reasons living is very dear in the Banda Oriental, and wages only apparently high.

The political organization is that of a representative republic, and the Constitution is modelled on that of the United States of North America. The President is elected for a period of four years, and, owing to causes analogous to those existing in the Argentine Republic, this dignitary has hitherto exercised almost absolute power, nullifying the sovereignty of the people and practically appointing his successor. The last President — General Tajes — created a notable precedent in South-American politics by refusing to interfere in the nomination of his successor, or even to express a personal preference for any particular candidate. This conduct was much commended and warmly applauded by the liberal Argentine and Chilian press in the beginning of 1890, when the Uruguayans, for the first time, were left free to elect their President. The successful candidate was Señor Herrera y Obes. Political life, however, is very torpid in this thinly-inhabited pastoral land, and the phenomena that it presents are neither instructive nor interesting. The chief point to be noted is that since the period of revolutions and dictatorships has been closed the progress of the country has been rapid, and considerable efforts are being made to promote public instruction, public works, and national development in general.

The apparatus of public instruction consists of a university at

Montevideo—with upwards of 600 students and 60 professors—and 380 public schools, of which 62 are in the Department of Montevideo, and the balance in the other provinces. The number of pupils at these schools in 1888 was 18,000 boys and nearly 15,000 girls, and the teaching staff numbered 700, of whom 230 were men and the rest women. The cost of education is calculated at about $16 (gold) per head per annum. The number of private schools in the whole Republic is about 400, and the number of their pupils about 21,000. Of these private schools 250 are in the Department of Montevideo, and the rest in the country. The teaching staff of the private schools is composed of some 800 persons, the majority being women; and of this total about 170 are members of religious communities. At Montevideo there is a School of Arts and Trades, with over 200 pupils, 36 professors, and 24 experts, installed in a fine new building near the Playa Ramirez. There is also a military college, with 60 pupils, supported by the State, who come out with the grade of sub-lieutenant.

The army of Uruguay, in the rank and file of which are many Africans and Indians, is remarkable for the number of its generals and superior officers. It is composed of four battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, and one of artillery, forming a total of 3264 soldiers, 197 officers, and 21 generals on active service, to say nothing of many who enjoy pensions. The navy consists of three gunboats and seven small steamers, manned by 119 men, 43 engineers and stokers, and 12 superior officers and 10 chiefs (*jefes*). With the exception of the frontier garrison troops and of those stationed in the capital, the majority of the soldiers are scattered throughout the provinces, where they perform the duties of rural police, maintain order in the villages, and stroll down to the railway-stations to see the trains pass and hear the news. They are dressed somewhat in the French style, and, as a rule, look rather shabby and neglected.

The budget of the Republic for 1890–91 was fixed at $16,081,247.86, and the revenues were estimated at $16,143,000, thus leaving a surplus of $61,752.14. Generally speaking, the finances of the country have been of late years in a fair condition, and the Argentine crisis arrived just in time to arrest certain tendencies towards wild speculation and fictitious operations, which were beginning to manifest themselves in Montevideo with all the symptoms that had been observed in Buenos Ayres. The continuation of the economical crisis, and the subsequent revolution in the Argentine, caused, however,

grave perturbations in the commerce and finances of Montevideo, as was to be expected, given the considerable intercourse between these two great ports of La Plata.

The Republic of Uruguay is still poorly provided with ways of communication. The jolting diligence maintains an undisputed reign over the greater part of the territory; roads are wanting; and for these reasons the mineral wealth of the country, although more or less known, has been neglected. But as the railway lines advance and branch out, we are likely very shortly to hear of the creation of great

A RANCHO.

extractive enterprises, including several gold mines. As in the Argentine, the railways already made, in making, or to be made in Uruguay are practically the monopoly of English capital. The chief company is the Central Uruguay, whose three trunk lines spread out

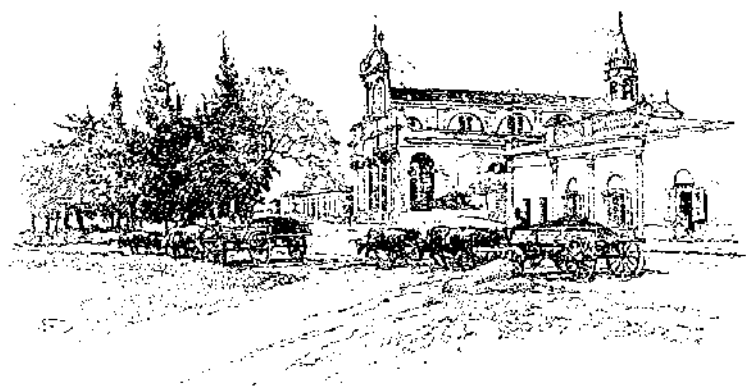
like a duck's foot, and mark the whole territory as their own. One line runs from Montevideo through the towns of La Paz, Piedras, Canelones, Santa Lucia, Florida, Durazno, across the river Yi by means of a bridge 2005 feet long and 50 feet high, and so on to Paso de los Toros and Rio Negro, where it crosses the river of that name over a magnificent bridge resting on nine pillars, with viaducts of approach at each end, supported by eleven pillars. The distance from Montevideo to Paso de los Toros is 273 kilometres. At this latter point is a junction with the Midland Uruguay line, which runs to the important town of Paysandú, famous for its canned ox-tongues, and thence to Salto, having a total length of about three hundred and eighteen kilometres. At Salto is the terminus of the Ferrocarril Noroeste del Uruguay, which runs to Santa Rosa and Cuareim, a distance of nearly one hundred and seventy-nine kilometres, and works in combination with the Brazilian Great Southern Line, between Cuareim, Uruguayana, and Itaqui. This line is of great importance for commerce with Brazil and for the departments of Salto and Paysandú, because the navigation of the Uruguay from Salto up to Brazil, besides the obstacle presented by the falls, is frequently interrupted by the sinking of the waters of the river.

A branch of the Central Uruguay, thirty-three kilometres long, runs from the station of Veinte Cinco de Agosto as far as San José, and there are projects for extending the line to Rosario, and thence to Colonia, to Palmira, and to Fray Bentos; but there is no probability of these branches being built for years to come. The main lines above mentioned form a trunk series, connecting the western parts of Uruguay with Montevideo, Brazil, and the great ports of the Uruguay and La Plata rivers.

A second trunk line, the Ferrocarril Nordeste del Uruguay, owned by the Central Uruguay, runs from Montevideo to Minas, a distance of 122.615 kilometres, with thirteen stations, in a rich agricultural, marble, and stone-quarrying region. From the station of Toledo on this line, a few miles only from Montevideo, starts a line 300 kilometres long to Nico Perez, with a projected ultimate extension to Artigas. The line to Nico Perez will doubtless be open for traffic in 1892. A third trunk line is the extension of the Central Uruguay from Paso de los Toros to Rivera, on the Brazilian frontier, which will also be completed, in all probability, before the end of 1892, the distance between the two points being about three hundred kilome-

tres. From Rivera there is a length of about seventy kilometres of railway needed to reach Cacequi, a point on the Brazilian line from Porto Alegre to Uruguayana.

This system of rails would place the province of Rio Grande do Sul in direct communication with Montevideo, which would thus become the natural port of this rich section of Brazil, instead of Porto



SANTA LUCIA.

Alegre, which is practically useless, because the mouth of the harbor is blocked up with sand and the entrance impossible sometimes for months together. Indeed, even at present, Montevideo is virtually the port of Rio Grande, thanks to the great contraband business carried on by means of bullock-carts, which carry European goods from Uruguay across the frontier, the Brazilian import duties being so much higher than those of the Banda Oriental that the operation is remunerative. The great amount of business already done between the Republic of Uruguay and the neighboring Brazilian province, and the near prospect of closer and easier communications, thanks to railway extensions, render it permissible to entertain the idea of the possible union of the two, the more so as the interests and the sympathies of the inhabitants point that way; for, although the inhabitants of the province of Rio Grande are Portuguese, there is more real affinity between them and the Uruguayans than between them and the Brazilians of the tropical regions. The number of Brazilians who

hold property in Uruguay is a point to be remembered in this connection; and the advantage of strengthening Uruguay, and establishing a buffer republic between the Argentine and the vast republic of the United States of Brazil is one which might find favor in the eyes of the diplomatists of both hemispheres.

It is not, however, our business to discuss the possibilities or the probabilities of changes in the territorial divisions of South America. Let us be satisfied to state things as they are at present. From a glance at the map, then, we see that the English engineers have taken possession of Uruguay as they took possession of the Argentine, thus finding at the same time an excellent investment for English capital and a field for the activity of English technical employés. These railways, it must be added, are all guaranteed by the State of Uruguay, except in certain cases—as, for instance, the original trunk line of the Central Uruguay, where the guarantee has been abandoned. The working of the lines and the rolling-stock are not, of course, all that could be desired; but we must always bear in mind that progress has only been recently introduced into the Banda Oriental. The two terminus stations at Montevideo are mere shabby barns, thoroughly inadequate for both the passenger and goods traffic; but the Central Uruguay is about to spend £130,000 sterling in building a handsome station in the Renaissance style, which appears, from the plans and drawings, to be finer and more luxurious than the majority of the Oriental public merits. The passenger cars of the Central Uruguay are still mixed, and some of them are quaint to behold, but the new ones are all well built and decorated on the North-American type; the freight cars are all of North-American pattern, and many of North-American manufacture. The Uruguayans are not yet smart enough to drive a locomotive; the drivers of the various companies, I noticed, are all foreigners, and belong to almost every nation except the English. The managers informed me that they cannot employ Englishmen on account of their incapacity to resist the seductive power of cane rum, or *caña*, as it is called. The drivers are chiefly Austrians and Italians. Several captains of the Platense Flotilla Company gave me the same reason for not employing Englishmen on the river steamers, either in the crew or in the stoke-room. Indeed, I may say generally that my observations in South America tended to show that unskilled Anglo-Saxon labor is held in very low esteem.

Excursions across the territory of Uruguay reveal nothing of very

great interest to the tourist. The landscape in parts is pretty; some finely-situated *estancias* are to be seen along the banks of the Uruguay; the vicinity of the Rio Negro, too, is especially interesting and characteristic of the fertile parts of the territory, which present a similar combination of water, wood, and rolling prairie. But, after all, one soon wearies of looking at the same kind of view hour after hour, league after league, and province after province. The fences of posts and wire are varied sometimes by fences of aloes and cactus; the eucalyptus, the poplar, and other trees are also planted to form fences as in Chili; the roads, where one sees long teams of oxen toiling along with huge wagons, are as terrible as those of the Argentine; the prairies are dotted with innumerable herds of cattle and horses; occasionally you see two or three peasants wearing brown *ponchos* riding and driving animals before them; at long intervals you see one or two *ranchos*, or huts, where these peasants live. In the Argentine the *ranchos* appeared miserable enough, but in Uruguay I saw many even more primitive, mere huts of black mud, with a roof of maize straw, a floor of beaten earth, a door-way, but not always a window.

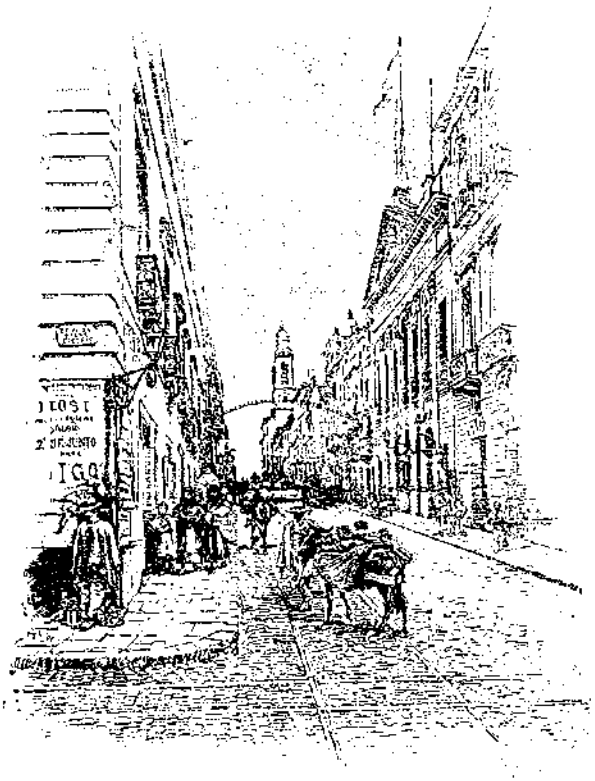
WATER-CARRIER.

The cabins of the Irish peasantry give some idea of the Uruguayan *rancho;* it is a comfortless, unhealthy, rheumatic dwelling, less civilized than that of the Esquimaux, and more carelessly built than the most ordinary bird's-nest. As for the towns, after Montevideo, the most important is Paysandú, which differs in no respect from a dozen Argentine towns similarly situated. Salto is absolutely without interest. Florida boasts a monument in commemoration of the declaration of the independence of the Republic, proclaimed in that town on August

25, 1825. Santa Lucia, much frequented in summer by people from Montevideo, is surrounded by pretty country, and has a picturesque plaza, and a large church with elaborate stucco columns and Corinthian capitals supporting a tympanum. As a rule, the Uruguayan provincial town is a vast agglomeration of rectilinear unpaved streets and stucco houses, having no particular character, but presenting a less neglected and untidy aspect than similar towns in the Argentine. The whole Banda Oriental and its inhabitants strike one as being more refined, more amiable, and more gentle than the land and people of the sister republic. Nevertheless, in the country everything is very primitive, and one is astounded at the rough way in which many of the rich *estancieros* live on their estates in the simplest and most comfortless houses. These men own leagues and leagues of land, and they live like the patriarchs of old, with two or three generations of children under the same roof and eating at the same table in the old-fashioned creole way. Such men, as may well be imagined, are not progressive; they continue their pastoral industry in an indolent, apathetic manner, leaving to nature almost everything except the operation of selling and receiving the money; and, above all, they cannot be persuaded to subdivide their lands and let them out for farming. Uruguay is being kept back chiefly by the conservativeness of the creole landholders, who possess immense estates that are inadequately developed. The law of inheritance and the obligatory subdivision of property among the heirs will modify this state of affairs in the course of time, and these vast holdings will be gradually broken up and developed in detail. The process, however, will necessarily be slow, and meanwhile, as the State owns no lands, the increase of immigration can only be slow in proportion.

Owing to the want of land belonging to the State, official immigration would seem to be superfluous in the Republic of Uruguay; nevertheless, a new law, promulgated in June, 1890, devoted forty-five articles to the details of this question. Among the chief articles of the law are the following: The consular agents of the Republic shall give information in their various posts both to intending emigrants and to the home government, and make out annual reports on all matters connected with the subject of emigration and immigration. The General Assembly of the Republic shall fix annually a sum for paying third-class passages for immigrants from Europe, which passages shall be repaid by the immigrant by means of quarterly instal-

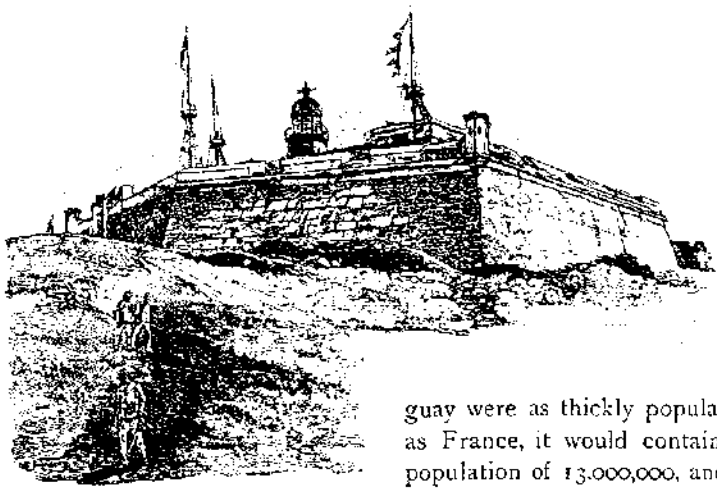
ments, with an annual interest of 6 per cent., within two years and a half after his arrival. Colonization enterprises and private individuals may obtain from the *Direccion de Inmigracion y Agricultura* the advance of passage money for persons whom they may designate, against a *vale* drawn up in the conditions of repayment above mentioned. The law prohibits the importation of beggars, cripples, aged men, except when they form part of a family, Asiatics, Africans, gypsies, Hungarians, and Bohemians. With these exceptions all kinds of agricultural and day laborers and artisans are demanded. The consular agents of the Republic are ordered to make continuous propaganda in favor of immigration, "rectifying erroneous versions that are contrary to the credit of Uruguay as a country for immigration, making known its geographical, economical, and social conditions, the general advantages it offers to the immigrant, and the special favors that it assures for his passage, board, and lodging during the first eight days after his arrival, and for securing him an immediate and lucrative engagement in the country."



CANARIOTE IMMIGRANTS IN THE STREET.

In the main this new law is the reproduction of the Argentine law concerning assisted immigration. Its promises, however, are more fallacious than those of the Argentine law, inasmuch as the Argentine Government possesses still vast expanses of unoccupied territory and various official colonies in the Chaco, where it can send the new-comers to engage in a hard struggle against mosquitoes and fever. In the Republic of Uruguay, on the other hand, unless the Government should determine to expropriate certain lands for the purposes of colonization—a measure which is scarcely probable—employment can be given to immigrants only in a limited degree, according to the demands of the labor market and of private colonization enterprises. As for the special favors of board and lodging during the first eight days after arrival, they consist in the hospitality of the Hotel de Inmigracion, of Montevideo—an extensive two-story building, having one façade on the Calle 25 de Agosto, and another towards the bay, where there is a special mole and quay for landing the immigrants and their baggage. All these measures for the protection of the immigrants and for facilitating their arrival are excellent; but the question is what to do with them when they have arrived; for although they have hitherto presented themselves only in comparatively small numbers, it appears that it has not been found easy to find them work and places. A proof of this is the fact that the foreign consulates in Montevideo are overwhelmed with applications from deceived immigrants who wish to return to their country, while the newspapers every week contain heartrending accounts of the misery and ill-treatment of immigrants who have been abandoned in the provinces of the interior, or simply turned out of the Hotel de Inmigracion to starve or beg in the streets of the capital. In spite of the promises and information of the consular agents of Uruguay, the Republic's offers of assisted passages and lucrative engagements are full of snares and disappointments, and for the reasons above briefly indicated the healthy and rational current of immigration must be slow and gradual. If the Orientals were otherwise than they are, things might be different, and the transformation of the Republic rapid. In other hands, Uruguay, with its splendid soil, fine climate, and facilities of navigation, might become one of the greatest food-producing countries of the world. But in Spanish-American republics it is vain to look for active patriotism, co-operative energy, and public spirit. Whatever progress is accomplished in any and all of

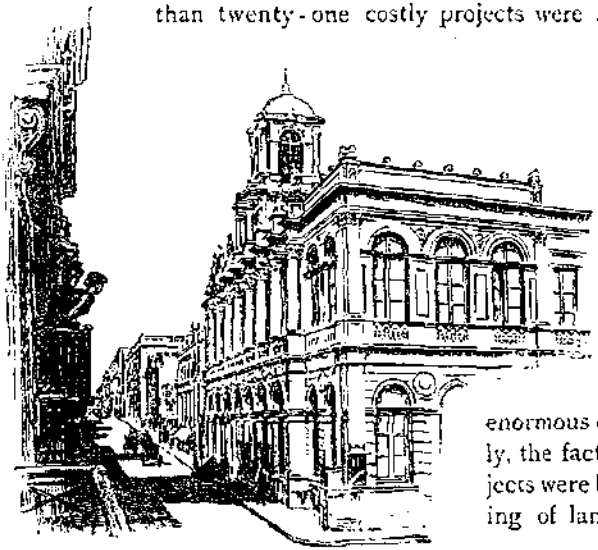
them has been realized mainly by foreigners, not with the help of, but in spite of the administration, and in spite of the conservative apathy of the creole population. At present we have seen the density of the population of the whole territory of Uruguay is 3.46 inhabitants to the square kilometre, and the total is less than 700,000. If Uruguay were as thickly populated as France, it would contain a population of 13,000,000, and if the inhabitants were packed as closely as they are in the east of Belgium, its population would attain 35,000,000. These figures show of what development the country is susceptible.



THE OLD FORTRESS.

No other city in South America has greater advantages in geographical position than Montevideo, the capital of the Republic, and if it possessed only a good port, its prosperity would be multiplied tenfold. In the bay, it appears, the depth of water has diminished five feet within the past seventy years, and now does not exceed fifteen feet at the deepest, while the roadstead outside the Cerro is so exposed as to be one of the most dangerous in the world. The Rio de la Plata is by no means the ideal river that many believe it to be; indeed, after every strong *pampero* you may count wrecks and ships aground between the estuary and the island of Martin Garcia literally by the score. For want of a port or protection of any kind all busi-

ness is interrupted while the *pampero* is blowing, communication between the shore and ships anchored in the roads being impossible. The necessity of loading and unloading by means of lighters and tugs renders the operation exceedingly expensive, and in many cases the costs of landing goods at Montevideo are equivalent to the freight of the goods from Havre, Hamburg, or Liverpool. Ever since 1862 there have been various schemes proposed for making a port,* but all have fallen through. During my visit in 1890 no less than twenty-one costly projects were submitted to the Department of Public Works, but the well-informed considered that none of these projects were likely to be accepted. To all of them two grave objections were to be made: first of all the enormous cost; and, secondly, the fact that all the projects were based on the gaining of land as a principal



THE STOCK EXCHANGE, MONTEVIDEO.

*At the foot of the Cerro is the Cibils dry-dock, made in 1874-78. It is built in granite rock, is 450 feet long, 80 feet wide, and can admit a vessel drawing 24 feet of water. In the centre is a gate, so that two docks can be formed, if necessary. Outside the dock a granite breakwater, 380 feet long by 33 feet wide, built of ten-ton blocks, protects the dock from the south-east wind. The hydraulic machinery is excellent, and the dock is the finest in South America. There are two smaller dry-docks at Montevideo, but they call for no special notice.

The statistics of the port of Montevidio for 1888 show the entrance of 765 steamers and 592 sailing ships from foreign ports, and 2090 sailers and 1450 steamers engaged in the coasting traffic. Taking the total of ships entered and cleared, it appears that the flags represented by the steamers were in order of number: 1, English; 2, French; 3, German; 4, Italian; 5, Brazilian; 6, Scandinavian; 7, Argentine; 8, Uruguayan; 9, Dutch; and by the sailing ships, 1, Scandinavian; 2, English; 3, Italian; 4, Spanish; 5, German; 6, Austro-Hungarian; 7, Danish; 8, North-American; 9, Dutch; 10, Brazilian; 11, Russian; 12, Portuguese; 13, Argentine; 14, French and Uruguayan. It will be remarked that the flag of the United States does not figure at all among the steamers.

object, of course with a view to lucrative speculations, after the example of the harbor and dock works of Buenos Ayres.

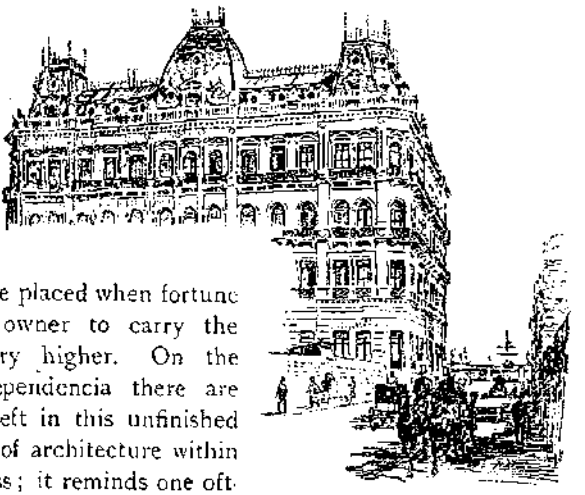
Landing at Montevideo is often a terrible and even dangerous operation. The ocean steamers anchor two miles or more from the shore, and after the formalities of the medical inspection have been accomplished and the quarantine flag hauled down, small steamers are moored alongside, the baggage is lowered, and then the passengers have to make perilous leaps from the foot of the gangway to the decks of the tugs. Finally, when all is ready, the tugs start, panting and puffing, threading their way through ships of all sizes and descriptions anchored in the roads. The panorama of the city is grand. To the left, forming the western point of the bay, is the Cerro, that gives its name, Montevideo, to the town; on the summit, 137 metres above the level of the sea, is a fortress built by the Governor, Elio, after the capitulation of the English in 1808, and now used as a light-house and observatory; at the foot of the Cerro the broad bay sweeps round, crowded with small craft, and joins the turtle-back promontory on which the old town is built. Seen from the river the points that strike the eye are the hill on the left, and on the right the vast custum-house depots, the fine new hotel, and the towers of the cathedral and the churches rising above the white and Oriental-looking silhouette of the town, that slopes up from the water and attains in parts a height of 100 metres above the level of the sea. The landing-stage is at the end of the custom-house, a wooden wharf or jetty provided with a narrow wooden staircase, at the head of which the *changadores*, or porters, wait in line to carry baggage. The want of good police regulations and fixed tariffs makes itself felt here as in all the ports of South America. The new-comers, and the natives too, have to submit to much extortion, although the porters of Montevideo and the whole service of the landing-stage are better managed than at Buenos Ayres. The hotels of Montevideo are all poor, the food they provide is inferior, and often execrably prepared; and as there are no other restaurants except those of the hotels, there is no alternative but to suffer.

I spent some time in Montevideo in the winter and in the summer, and saw both the agreeable and disagreeable aspects of life. I saw the people in the summer evenings sitting on their balconies sucking *maté* and thrumming guitars; I saw the city in the winter when the rain fell for days together in perpendicular thick threads

that pattered on the paved streets, and made life seem dismal and hopeless until the sky cleared, the sun shone, and Montevideo once more appeared pleasant and attractive. Of the climate, however, no evil can be spoken. In the summer the heat is always tempered by the breezes from the water, with an average of about 20° centigrade; in winter the thermometer never descends to zero, and the houses have no heating apparatus or chimneys, which would imply that the need of them is not felt. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that when it rains, and the whole air is saturated with moisture, the cold seems intense enough to justify fires; but this view is not taken by the majority of the inhabitants, who content themselves with the protection afforded by voluminous Spanish cloaks, and wait patiently until the sun shines. On the other hand, it is stated that the climate both of Buenos Ayres and of Montevideo is changing and becoming colder, and in some of the modern houses built for people who have travelled and acquired notions of European comfort, fireplaces have been made. Owing to its situation on a granite promontory almost surrounded by water, the Uruguayan capital is well ventilated, admirably drained, constantly washed clean by the rain that falls at every season — seventy or eighty days out of the 365 — and thoroughly healthy.

Montevideo is a city of stucco and bright colors; of long, broad streets that run up hill and down hill in straight lines, with clusters of telegraph and telephone wires overhead, and implacable tram-cars, whose drivers delight in plaintive pipings on cow-horns, challenging and answering each other with piercing nasal trills—a city of noise and clattering hoofs, of fine shops and well-built houses; a city of manifest luxury and wealth. Although laid out on the usual Spanish-American chess-board plan, Montevideo does not impress one with the monotony and sameness that characterize Buenos Ayres. The undulation of the ground causes great variety in the perspective of the streets, and glimpses of the glistening waters of the river or of the bay are constantly visible from the higher points. The buildings are all low and flat-roofed, and even on the principal plazas there are houses only one story high. The banks and business blocks have one or two and rarely three stories, but some buildings I saw in construction are loftier. The example of tall modern edifices has been given by the splendid new Hotel Victoria, overlooking the bay and the roadstead, the only hotel in South America adequately planned and ar-

ranged from the point of view of construction. At the time of my visit this hotel was not yet finished inside, but as its silhouette forms the most conspicuous object in the panorama of the city seen from the water, it cannot be passed unnoticed. A peculiarity of the houses of one or two flats is that the walls are often carried to a height of a metre above the roof, and marble or simile-stone balconies built out at the points where the windows will be placed when fortune shall permit the owner to carry the building one story higher. On the grand Plaza Independencia there are several buildings left in this unfinished state. The style of architecture within the city is nameless; it reminds one often of the structures figured in German architectural toys. The plan of the private houses is the Andalusian vestibule, with a front door and a second gate of open wrought-iron work, showing the first *patio*, or court-yard, a second and third *patio* according to requirements, a façade on the street, with iron gratings over the windows, and marble facings and stucco ornaments on the walls. The building materials used are brick, iron, timber, stucco, tiles, and marble. The courts are generally paved with marble, and, together with the passages, have a dado of blue and white Talavera tiles or *azulejos*. Just as at Buenos Ayres, the richer the house the more fanciful the ornamentation of stucco, the more tender the tints of bistre, salmon, lilac, and rose on the walls, the more elaborate the iron-work, and the fresher the green paint on the shutters. The visitor is expected to admire a new quarter of the town towards the north-east, called the Barrio Reus, and another quarter bearing the same name near the Playa Ramirez. This is a vast building speculation on the model of those which have covered the new quarters of Paris with



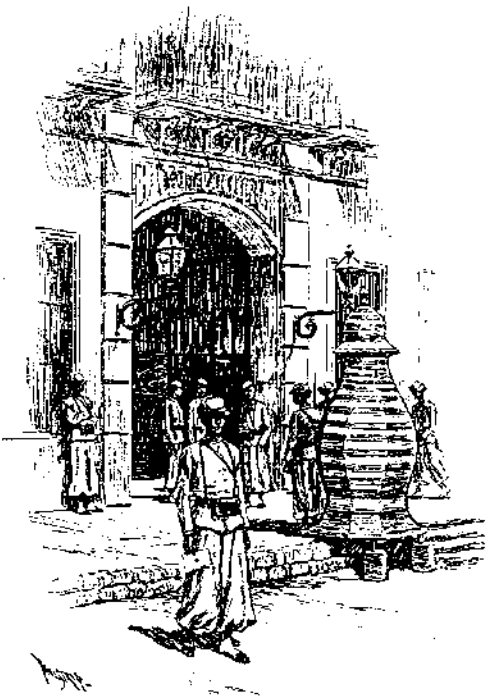
HOTEL VICTORIA.

streets and blocks of houses. The peculiarity of the Barrio Reus at Montevideo is that it is outrageously and aggressively European in aspect and thoroughly unpleasing; it suggests a transplantation of a part of Brussels or of Berlin to the banks of La Plata. One cannot imagine people living with joy in such houses as these in the climate of Montevideo, in spite of electric light, telephones, bath-rooms, and all modern improvements. Still, the greatness of the effort and the rapidity of the creation of these new quarters excite admiration, and testify to a certain exuberant and exaggerated energy.

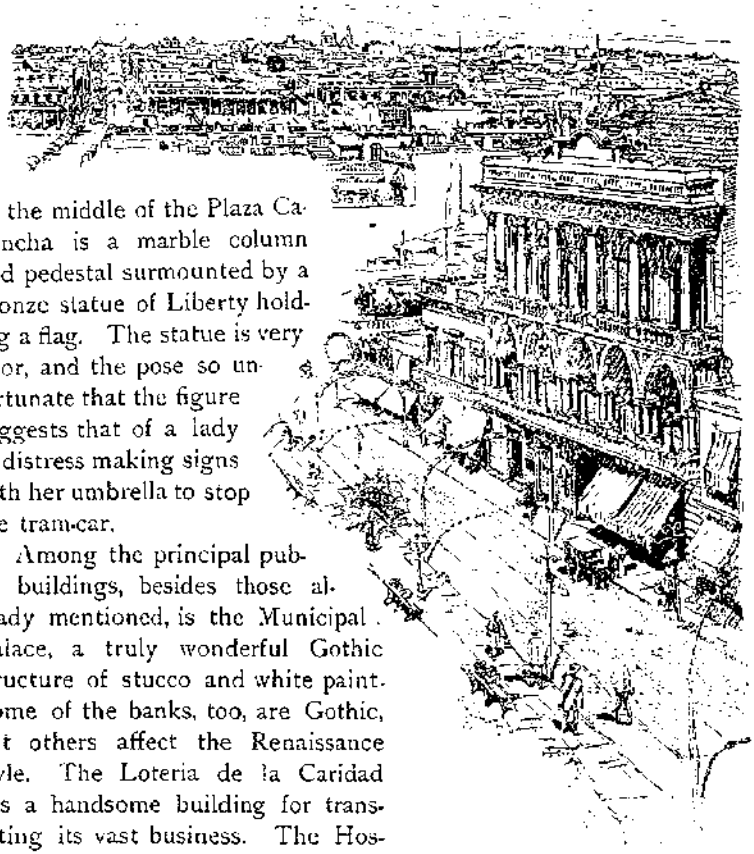
The chief squares of Montevideo are the Plaza Constitucion, more commonly called Plaza de la Matriz, Plaza de la Independencia, and Plaza Cagancha. The first has on one side the cathedral, or Iglesia de la Matriz; on another the handsome white marble façade of the Uruguay Club, one of the most luxurious and splendid clubs in the Southern hemisphere; on the third side the Cabildo, which serves as a parliament house, and bears the inscription "Representacion Nacional;" and on the fourth side are buildings of no architectural interest, in one of which is a hospitable English club. In the centre of this plaza is an elegant and elaborate white marble fountain. The plaza is crossed by diagonal paths, lined with trees of the acacia family, that are covered with bloom in season. On summer evenings the Plaza de la Matriz is the great resort of the inhabitants. The heavy traffic of carts has ceased, the tram-cars pass less frequently and less noisily, the carriages become more elegant, and many teams of magnificent European horses are to be seen. A military band plays in the *kiosque* near the fountain, and the greater part of the plaza is dotted with little tables, where syrups, ices, and refreshing drinks are served. The ladies turn out *en masse*, clad in the most elegant and tasteful summer costumes that the Parisian exporters can furnish; young women, matrons, girls, and children pass to and fro with flashing eyes and dazzling teeth, looking handsome, healthy, and graceful; while the sidewalks are lined with a double row of young men, who smoke cigarettes, and watch the *défilé* of beauty and fashion in the accepted Spanish-American custom. Here and there in the elegant crowd you note dashing mulattoes and comical negresses dressed in immaculate white; and as you pass you hear groups speaking French, Italian, and English, as well as the native Spanish, for Montevideo is a cosmopolitan town. The Plaza de la Constitucion has existed since the town was planned, and owes its present name to the

fact that the Constitution of the Republic was proclaimed there in 1830.

The Plaza Independencia is to be eventually surrounded by lofty colonnades in the Doric style, sections of which are already built. The aspect of this immense parallelogram is very imposing, although at present it has no remarkable buildings except the modest palace of the Government, where the ministries are also located very inadequately. In front of this palace stands a sentry, and a sentry-box covered with blue and white stripes, and adorned in front with mock curtains of red paint tied back with gold cord, also imitated by means of paint. The *corps de garde* under the arcade, and the long bench on which the soldiers of the President's guard, most of them negroes or men of color, sit and smoke cigarettes all day, form one of the picturesque and characteristic "bits" in Montevideo. Across the Plaza Independencia, which measures 221 metres long by 232 broad, is a paved path eight metres wide, lined with benches, also much frequented as an evening promenade, particularly by the more portly matrons, who are more at their ease there than on the narrow sidewalks of the Calle Sarandi, or on the crowded Plaza Matriz. From the Plaza Independencia to the Plaza Cagancha runs the Calle 18 de Julio, a splendid boulevard twenty-six metres wide, planted with trees and lined with fine shops, certainly the finest modern street in South America, and in the evening one of the most animated in Montevideo.



A GUARD STATION.



CALLE 18 DE JULIO, PLAZA MATRIZ, CLUB URUGUAY.

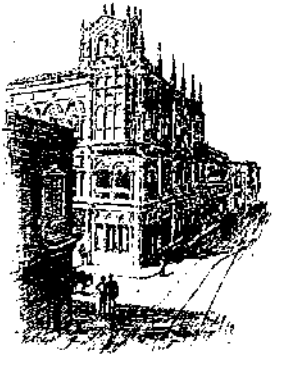
In the middle of the Plaza Cagancha is a marble column and pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of Liberty holding a flag. The statue is very poor, and the pose so unfortunate that the figure suggests that of a lady in distress making signs with her umbrella to stop the tram-car.

Among the principal public buildings, besides those already mentioned, is the Municipal Palace, a truly wonderful Gothic structure of stucco and white paint. Some of the banks, too, are Gothic, but others affect the Renaissance style. The Loteria de la Caridad has a handsome building for transacting its vast business. The Hospital de Caridad, which is supported by this lottery, is an immense building, but without architectural interest. The Post-office, built specially for the purpose, is more or less convenient. One curious feature of this establishment is an opening on one side of the court-yard by the side of the letter-boxes, bearing the inscription "Inutilizacion." Before throwing your letter into the box you are required to present it to the employé who stands behind this opening or window and obliterates the stamps. What happens in case a recalcitrant person refuses to take the trouble of waiting his turn at this window when

there is a crowd, and simply posts his letter with the stamps unobliterated, is a point which I failed to elucidate. The Spanish-Americans appear to be patient and docile, like the European Latins, and submit to many inconveniences without a murmur.

The Cementerio Central is considered one of the sights of the capital. It has a monumental entrance and an elaborate chapel, and is reputed to be the most luxuriously and the best arranged cemetery in South America. It is situated on the sea-shore, and divided into three sections, surrounded by high walls, in which are arranged on the inside innumerable niches, each with its marble tablet recording the names of those whose remains are deposited inside. The coffins are wound up to the mouth of these mural cellules by means of a portable lift and ladder combined, and the whole surface of the walls is hung with wreaths of fresh flowers or of beads, which stand out in strong relief against the white marble facings. Each section of the cemetery is carefully laid out, fenced in with iron railings, and full of tombs and monuments of great price and pretensions, due to the chisels of the sculptors of Rome and Milan. The vegetation in the cemetery is most varied, and, besides the funereal cypress, there are flowering shrubs of many kinds, and on almost every grave wreaths of fresh flowers, constantly renewed, that fill the air with their perfume. The pious luxury displayed in this Campo Santo is remarkable.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ON PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA.



PALACIO MUNICIPAL.

Paso del Molino is the fashionable residential suburb of Montevideo, distant from the town about three-quarters of an hour by tram-way

along finely-paved and broad avenues that skirt the bay. The whole suburb is occupied with villas surrounded by gardens richly stocked with trees and flowers. The villas, or *quintas*, as they are called, are in many cases most fantastic and curious, and the styles of architecture vary from florid Gothic to Moorish and even Chinese. The results obtained are costly and often comic. One is impressed by the effort made and by the wealth of the owners of these *quintas*, but at the same time one is eager to escape out of sight of these monuments of architectural and parvenu folly. One's soul has no joy in most of them.

THE CEMETERY.

Not far by tram-way from the Paso del Molion, but unfortunately at a distance of more than a league from the city, is a public garden and promenade belonging to the municipality, called "El Prado." This beautiful park is traversed by a stream lined with willows and other trees; the entrance avenue is planted with four rows of tall eucalyptus, and the grounds are adorned with rustic fountains, rockeries, and statues surrounded by most beautiful and varied vegetation. The only disadvantage of the Prado is that it is too far away; in order to visit it one must have several hours to lose; and except on special occasions its beautiful walks are deserted.

During the summer months Montevideo attracts many visitors, even from Buenos Ayres, for the bathing season, and two beaches of

fine sand have been provided with the necessary apparatus at Ramirez and Pocitos, both within easy distance of the town, and served by tram-ways. The sea is discolored by the brown waters of the Rio de la Plata at these points, which are not so "charming" as one might imagine from the descriptions of the natives, but very acceptable for want of something better. The sight of the little cabins and of the bathers is amusing enough of a summer evening, and in both establishments there are cafés and restaurants, which help to make a visit agreeable. In the city itself, besides the new hotel, there is a wonderful bathing establishment under cover, with swimming baths for ladies and gentlemen, each 50 by 30 metres, and accommodation and accessories of a most luxurious nature.

VILLA AT PASO DEL MOLINO.

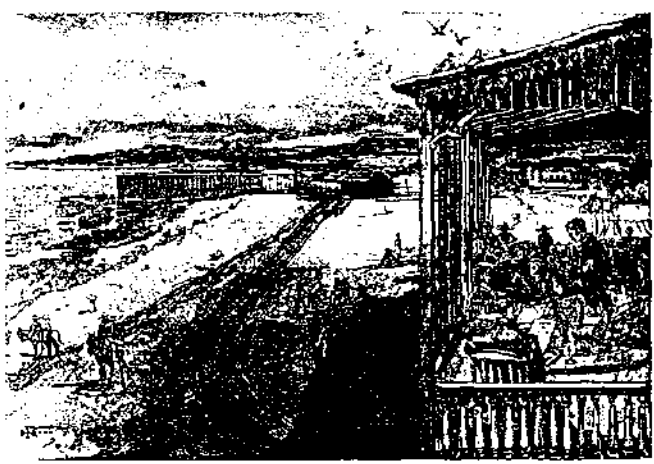
The main streets of Montevideo—25 de Mayo, Sarandi, Rincon—are overarched at intervals with gas-jets and globes in the same way as the principal streets of Buenos Ayres, not merely for illumination on high days and holidays, but also for ordinary every-day use. Part of the town and many shops are lighted by electricity furnished by two vast establishments. In the Southern hemisphere the streets are always most animated after sunset, when the shop-keepers take down their shades and blinds, and endeavor to attract customers by the most brilliant and effective display of goods. The shops of Montevideo astound the traveller by the quantity and costliness of the articles of luxury that they contain. In the Calles Camaras, Sarandi, 25 de

Mayo, and 18 de Julio the majority of the shops are for the sale of precious stones, jewelry, silverware, furniture, fancy articles, *objets d'art*, looking-glasses, objects appertaining to the costume and adornment of women. There are also several large music-stores and book-stores. The jewellers' windows are ablaze with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies mounted in very expensive pieces. The silversmiths have massive toilet sets chased and *repoussé* in magnificent style. The dealers in *bibelots* and objects of art display onyx *piedouches* and vases with ormolu mounts, useless things of great price for wedding presents set in morocco-leather cases lined with azure silk, and mounted with silver or gold, commonplace bronzes of hackneyed models, such as Houdon's "Kiss" and John of Bologna's "Mercury," Oriental carpets, French fancy furniture, Parisian, knick-knacks, and all the expensive trumpery of Vienna, Batignolles, and Yokohama. There are pictures, too, in some of the shops, oil-paintings and water-colors, and fac-simile reproductions from Paris and Milan; but the less said about the artistic taste of the Orientals, the better. In the choice of jewelry and wearing apparel they acquit themselves excellently well; they make a prodigious impression upon the foreigner, and they spend large sums of money, which would seem to indicate that they are rich and prosperous, and that their lot is not to be disdained.

The book-stores of Montevideo present the same phenomena as those of Buenos Ayres. The windows are filled with the latest productions of Gyp, Maupassant, Goncourt, Tolstoï, Maizeroy, Delpit, Belot, Theuriet, Coppée, and the inevitable Georges Ohnet, all fresh from Paris; the shelves inside are packed with Spanish translations of the same talented authors, together with endless series of translations of Jules Verne, Xavier de Montépin, and Paul de Kock. One must go outside of France in order to realize the immensity of the public to which these latter three writers appeal, and at the same time to comprehend the absolute indifference of humanity in general towards those qualities which constitute the joy and the torture of the literary artist. In the book-stores of Montevideo I noticed a fair number of translations of European scientific and historical works, but I hunted in vain for a copy of *Calderon*, *Lopez de Vega*, or *Francisco de Quevedo*. Even copies of *Don Quijote* are few and far between. This neglect of the great Spanish classics and of the lighter *picaresque* writers struck me as being worthy of remark. The newspapers of Montevideo, like those of Buenos Ayres, depend upon the

French for their novels and literary articles. There is no local literary activity worth speaking about, except that which produces political leaders and financial and statistical reports.

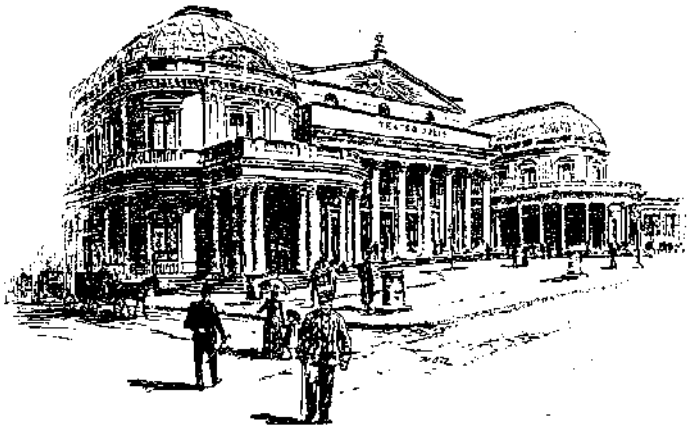
Evenings in Montevideo are dull in the winter season, even when the theatres are open; for the town is not yet large enough to support a regular company, and therefore has to depend on travelling troupes. There are four houses—San Felipe, Cibils, Solis, and Politeama. The latter two are generally devoted to Italian opera, and every other night the amateurs have an opportunity of hearing the hackneyed repertory, provided they are willing to pay $4.00 (gold)



SEA-BATH AT POCITOS.

for a stall. The Teatro Solis, holding $2000 people, is exteriorly a very elegant and handsomely-proportioned edifice, and very commodious inside, though poorly decorated. Like all South-American theatres, it has a *cazuela* (gallery) reserved for ladies, and occasionally the house is filled with all the rank and fashion of the town; generally, however, there are many vacant seats, and apparently no regular theatre-going public. On the nights when the opera is closed there is no amusement whatever, not even a café concert, nor does the military band play on the Plaza Matriz during the winter

months. There is nothing to do but to promenade up and down the Calle 18 de Julio and the Calle Sarandi, stand outside the Uruguay Club to watch the ladies pass, look in at the shop windows, and go to bed at ten o'clock, when the shutters are put up, and the silence of the streets is broken only by the late tram-cars, and by the hoarse



TEATRO SOLIS.

voices of the ubiquitous and indefatigable sellers of lottery tickets, with their fallacious and insinuating cries: "*Cincuenta mil pesos para mañana! Cincuenta mil la suerte! Tenemos el gordo! Este es el bueno, caballero! Un enterito!*" (Fifty thousand dollars for to-morrow! Fifty thousand the prize! We've got the big one! This is the right number, sir! A nice, complete ticket!)

The lottery is one of the first and last things that strike the visitor in Montevideo. It is impossible to escape. From early morning until late at night, every day in the year, boys of six and old men of seventy wander about the streets crying tickets in all tones of voice. There are seven drawings a month, the grand prize being one time $50,000, at another $25,000, and at another $12,000. A complete ticket costs $10.00 (gold), and consists of five *quintos*, or fifths, which are sold separately at $2.00; and for each drawing 12,000 complete tickets are issued, or, in other words, 60,000 fifths, and there are 1200 prizes. The sum produced by the sale of all the tickets rep-

resents $120,000, the amount devoted to prizes is $90,000, and the amount taken by the Hospital de Caridad is $30,000. Of course all the tickets are not sold every time, and the hospital runs a chance of winning prizes with the unsold numbers; but the quantity of tickets placed is remarkable. All sorts and conditions of men are seen buying a *quinto;* the sellers are found in every village in the Republic, and the neighboring republics of the Argentine and Brazil also take a considerable number of tickets. Thanks to the resources of the lottery, the Hospital de Caridad is one of the richest in the world.

As regards society in Montevideo, it is difficult for the passing visitor to make any observations of much use or interest. The Hispano-Americans, for that matter, have retained the customs of the Spaniards of the mother-peninsula: family life is held to be of first importance, and strangers are with difficulty admitted to the intimacy of the home. The Anglo-Saxon dinner-party, the French reception, the European soirée, are unknown. The family lives for its members, and not for the outside circle of friends and acquaintances. In Montevideo there is no other social animation than such as one finds in Buenos Ayres, Santiago, or Lima—a rare fête given by some millionaire, a grand ball offered to the cream of the creole families by the aristocratic club; and, besides that, the evening promenade, the opera, and the races at Maronas, which are frequented by a fashionable and well-behaved public, far different from that which horrified me at the Argentine race-meetings. Montevideo, however, does not possess a drive or park like the Palermo of Buenos Ayres, nor is any particular street or quarter of the city especially *à la mode.* Furthermore, suburban villas are very generally preferred to town houses by the rich, so that collective manifestations of elegance and fashion are not easily made except in the limited conditions above specified.

EPILOGUE.

THE various chapters which compose the present volume were written—each one on the spot and *d'après nature*—in the year 1890. Since then grave events have happened in Chili and in the Argentine Republic; the Republic of Uruguay has suffered indirectly from the misfortunes of her mighty neighbor, and also from her own mistakes; and the development of Paraguay and of Peru has naturally not been forwarded by the disturbed condition of the politics, trade, and finances of the more advanced republics of South America. It may, therefore, be of interest to summarize these regretable incidents very briefly and generally, for in our South-American studies we have had no pretensions to write the history of the countries visited and observed.

Beginning with the less-advanced republics, we find that the new President of Uruguay, Señor Herrera y Obes, whom we saw elected in March, 1890, has not fulfilled all the promises that he made to his countrymen. On the contrary, in the legislative elections of November he persevered in the old-fashioned errors of officialism and of the confiscation of the public vote, thus reminding the Orientals of their former twenty years' experience of dictatorship and military government. Meanwhile great abuses were brought to light concerning the previous administration of General Maximo Tajes, who was accused of having squandered uselessly no less than $12,000,000 of the public Treasury within three years; the financial administration of Señor Herrera y Obes at one time reached such a degree of irregularity that the Government employés were not paid for several months; the Banco Nacional was found to have been an accomplice in all kinds of reprehensible speculations, and in July could no longer convert its notes, although the issue was relatively small, the Orientals having always been opposed to paper money. It is thanks to this innate dislike of paper money that the Orientals have been saved from the fever

of speculation which caused such a terrible crisis in the Argentine. In Uruguay, speculation in land and stocks has been limited at all times. However, what with bad administration, want of confidence, financial disorder, the stoppage of business (thanks to the Argentine crisis), and the increased difficulties of pecuniary arrangements with Europe (caused by the disaster of Baring Brothers), the Banda Oriental has passed through a severe period of crisis within the past twelve months.

In Peru the new President, Colonel Morales Bermudez, came into office on August 10, 1890, and the Republic existed more or less calmly until October, when the ex-dictator, Nicolas Piérola, was announced to be preparing a revolutionary movement in Tacna; later on Piérola was heard of in Guayaquil, in which direction troops were sent; and on December 3, 1890, a military conspiracy broke out in Lima, in complicity with Piérola. After an hour's artillery fighting and some slaughter the mutiny was repressed. Doubtless, until Piérola is suppressed, Peru will from time to time be disturbed by these beginnings of revolution.

Owing to the lamentable want of public morality south of the equator, and to the cynicism of the political vultures who make it their business to prey upon their fatherland, it is always a painful task to speak about the administration of the South-American republics. In the case of the Argentine Republic, so richly gifted by nature, so energetic, so full of youth and promise, our regret is poignant when we think of the hundreds of thousands of simple-minded workers who have been the victims of the dishonest politicians that are responsible for a commercial and economical crisis, to remove the traces of which will take fully ten years of national effort. Let us hope that recent events will be a lesson to the Argentines, and that in self-defence at least they will learn to become actively and continuously citizens, jealous of their rights, and mindful of their human dignity. And yet we are hardly justified in anticipating this much-desired improvement in the near future, for during the past twelve months there has really been very little change in the condition of Argentine affairs in spite of the revolution; the newspapers of 1891, like those of 1890, are full of lamentations and recriminations; *La Prensa* continues to reveal abuses and scandals, and to warn the Argentines of the wrath to come; in short, with the best will in the world it is difficult to take an opti-

mist view of the Argentine situation. The hopes of the country and its salvation are centred, of course, in its natural wealth. Some day the turning-point will inevitably be reached, and the tide of misfortune will retire. But when will this day dawn?

We are, perhaps, justified in supposing that in the beginning of 1890 Dr. Miguel Juarez Celman, who owed his election as President to the influence of his brother-in-law, General Julio A. Roca, was more or less the tool of a group of supporters who, to serve their own interested ends, persuaded him that he was exceedingly popular, that he was uncontested chief of the nation, and that he could and ought to retain his power perpetually. Celman, in short, considered himself to be virtually dictator of the Argentine. By the usual South-American means of centralized power, worked out into the most extraordinary minutiæ, the election of Deputies for the National Congress at the opening of the year had been a mere farce, both in the capital and in nearly all the provinces, because the agents of Celman, or, in other words, the official party, were absolute masters of the voting registers. Public opinion was thereby disorganized, and violence was anticipated already, inasmuch as the scandals of the Celman administration were manifest and innumerable, and the public discontent was growing more and more unreserved as the commercial crisis increased in intensity. The quotation of gold at 230 revealed the wretchedness of the financial situation, complicated as it was by the demoralization and disorder of the administration, the bad state of the banks, and by the fact that various provincial banks, notably that of Córdoba, had issued enormous quantities of spurious notes with the complicity of the Government. In the course of subsequent investigation it was ascertained that, by order of President Celman, the National Bank had been obliged to take up these clandestine issues of notes, which for the Bank of Córdoba alone reached the sum of $15,000,000.

The economical and political crises and the blindness and cynicism of Celman went on increasing until April, when a great public meeting was called to constitute the general directing committee of the Union Civica, the object of which newly-founded association was to unite scattered forces and to create and organize practically a grand opposition party against the President. Twenty thousand men attended this meeting, which the chief orator, General Bartolomé Mitre, characterized as "a meeting of popular opposition and of wholesome political agitation." In his message at the opening of Par-

liament, on May 10th, President Celman referred with real or feigned satisfaction to the newly-founded opposition party, whose action he hoped would contribute to the better government of the country, and at the same time he made all sorts of promises of reform. Subsequent events showed that these promises were not serious; the Finance Minister, Señor Uriburu, who had accepted the responsibility of a programme of repression of abuses and reorganization, soon gave in his resignation, because his liberty of action was impeded by the President of the Republic; week after week the political and economical situation grew more and more hopeless; commerce was paralyzed; a serious movement of emigration began; in short, there was every symptom of approaching public ruin, when, on July 19th, a military conspiracy was denounced, and the revolution broke out a few days later, on July 26th, with the support of part of the army and of the fleet, and with every prospect of success.

The history of this revolution is as mysterious as most public contemporary events in the Argentine. Why did the revolutionary forces remain outside the town in the Parque de Artilleria? Why did they not attack the Government House and get possession of the person of the President? Why was the President allowed to go to and fro from the capital to Campana and San Martin? Why was there suddenly a certain amount of aimless bloodshed? Above all, why, on July 29th, did the revolution surrender to the Government of Celman, although it had the sympathy of the nation and the support of the greater part of the armed forces? The intervention of General Julio A. Roca as the *deus ex machina* was sufficient to suggest many curious hypotheses to those who are at all familiar with recent Argentine politics, and the sudden disappearance of the revolution and the patching up of the old Government did not impress calm observers as evidences of serious purpose on either side. The Government was triumphant; the revolution was vanquished; but, nevertheless, the Government was dead, and General Roca remained arbiter of the situation. What intrigues happened between the moment of the suppression of the revolution and the resignation of President Celman, the brother-in-law of the man who suppressed it, we have yet to ascertain; but it was not until August 6th that General Roca was able to announce to Congress that Dr. Juarez Celman had resigned, and that the Vice-President, Dr. Carlos Pellegrini, therefore assumed the supreme power.

The departure of Celman was the signal for immense public rejoicing, and for a momentary amelioration of the commercial and financial situation; the new ministry and its professed good intentions seemed to promise reparation and speedy recovery; gold went down 70 points, and Argentine paper rose in the European markets. But the sky did not remain clear for more than a day or two. Whether Dr. Pellegrini was honester than Celman or not, it was out of his power to change the nature of Argentine political men all at once, and it was beyond any man's power to put in order the inheritance of pillage, waste, and deficit which his predecessor in office had left him. The national revenues had diminished—notably the customs duties. Railways and other public works had been sold by Dr. Celman, and the proceeds, deposited in the Banco Nacional, had been paid out to speculators on the stock of that very bank, which, furthermore, had been obliged by circumstances to suspend the payment of its dividends. Demoralization and fraud were evident on all sides. Meanwhile, the Government had to face an exterior debt of $122,000,000 (gold) of 6, 5, 4½, 3½, and 3 per cent.; an interior debt of $160,000,000 (gold); the Buenos Ayres municipal debt of $24,000,000, and the guarantees of railways and other enterprises that need to be paid in gold. In round numbers, a sum of $15,000,000 is needed to meet these debts which burden the national credit, to say nothing of the hypothecatory schedules whose issue, guaranteed by the nation, exceeds $100,000,000. But this is not all; the provinces of the Argentine Confederation vied with each other under the Celman administration in raising loans for founding banks or increasing the capital of existing banks: operations which have been disastrous, and ended in almost general bankruptcy. Some of the provinces will be able to recover themselves in a few years, thanks to their natural riches, or thanks to the good use made of some of the money borrowed. Mendoza, for instance, has planted millions of vines which will shortly be in full yield. But in other provinces the money borrowed has simply been squandered or appropriated by individuals possessing official influence; and in some places the expenses increased during the years 1887–90 to such an extent that their liabilities now represent as much as fifty times their assets. At the end of 1890 the debt of all the Argentine provinces together was calculated to amount to $200,000,000 (gold), without counting about $300,000,000 (gold) in schedules of the Bancos Hipotecarios.

Since August, 1890, the Argentine Republic has been struggling against its political and financial difficulties, but still living and producing, thanks to the natural wealth of its soil—that soil which will be its ultimate salvation. The Union Cívica has greatly enlarged its sphere of action since the revolution, and has continued its "wholesome political agitation" in view of the presidential election of 1892. Dr. Pellegrini, in his difficult post of president, has not, perhaps, fulfilled the hopes that were placed in him; he has even been diminished to the rôle of a tool of General Roca; and his ministers, like those of Celman, have on certain occasions given in their resignation because their liberty of action in conformity with public opinion has been impeded. Meanwhile, the partisans of Celman have continued from time to time to violate order, especially in the province of Córdoba. The province of Entre Rios has been for months in a disturbed and almost revolutionary condition. Other provinces have experienced crises of political effervescence, which have kept alive those germs of civil war that have lurked in the South-American republics ever since they conquered their liberty, three-quarters of a century ago. South of the equator the ballot-box seems to be inevitably sprinkled with the blood of citizens. The Argentine Republic has had an experience of sixty years of politico-electoral warfare; party politics and personal ambition of a political nature have caused more bloodshed than the conquest of liberty itself; and yet the political education of the nation does not seem to make any progress, nor the patriotism of individuals to acquire any rational development. The prosperity of the Argentine Republic has been impeded in the past by the passions, the political ambitions, and the want of morality of its *criollo* sons. Its prosperity in the future can only be impeded by these same elements, for the riches of the land are inexhaustible, the industry and enterprise of the immigrant population beyond question, and the results obtained even in these recent days of trouble and crisis are enormous. As for the public credit of the Argentine, the arrangements made in February, 1891, with the London Bankers' Committee give the Treasury three years of breathing time, during which period it will be able to create new resources, provided the national and commercial development of the Republic be aided by administrative reform and genuine political progress. As regards these two *desiderata*, however, we must not be too sanguine. The character of the South-American *criollos* will not change greatly in three years'

and it is not in three years that the young Republic will be able to repair the unparalleled and incredible mistakes of the past decade.

Meanwhile, the current of immigration which developed the immense wealth of the Argentine within the past twenty years has ceased altogether, after having carried to the country during the thirty-four years from 1857–90 a total of 1,264,000 persons, who have been incorporated in the working population of the Republic. Of this number 60 per cent. are Italians, 17 per cent. Spanish, 10 per cent. French, 2 per cent. English.

The immigration statistics for the year 1890 show how great and immediate was the effect of the crisis; thus:

In 1889 the total number of immigrants was 260,909, and of emigrants 40,649, thus leaving a balance in favor of immigration of 220,260.

In 1890 the total number of immigrants was 127,473, and of emigrants 77,918, thus leaving a balance in favor of immigration of 49,553.

For the moment it appears that the current of European emigration has been diverted to Brazil.

In our chapters on Chili we predicted a struggle between President Balmaceda and the Congress, but did not foresee that this conflict would take the form of a civil war of singular ferocity.

This war has a politico-electoral origin. It is a typical South-American war, because its immediate causes are national vitality and development, the manifold ambitions of personal or doctrinal parties, the natural propensity of the men in power to extend the faculties granted to them by their Constitutions, and a certain remnant of Spanish pride and hot-bloodedness, for the Chilians are chiefly of Andalusian origin. The Chilian revolution, however, presents this peculiarity: that it is the first open conflict in South America between the Parliament and the executive power — a conflict which history represents as being almost indispensable for cementing liberty in countries of representative government. Such a conflict was not provided for by the Constitution of 1833, and consequently the moment these two powers failed to come to an understanding by discussion and reasoning, the only resource left was war. The Chilian Parliament and the Chilian President are struggling each for constitutional prerogatives which affect the whole political organization of the Republic.

President Balmaceda, after a series of ministerial changes, made

with a view to satisfying the aspirations of the parliamentary groups, expounded his programme to the country through the intermediary of his Minister, Señor Ibañez, at a public banquet in February, 1890. The Minister, in his speech, declared that "the centralizing and absorbing power which constitutes the essence of present institutions no longer corresponds to the aspirations for true liberty which now fill all hearts. Consequently—and this is the basis of our policy—it is necessary to demolish those institutions which hinder the establishment of a government of real liberty, and to have done once for all with personal parties." Señor Ibañez then went on to enumerate the general bases of this projected reform, which indicated a visibly federalist tendency. But the promise of reform came just at the moment when preparations were being made for the forthcoming presidential election, and, given the long-existing habits of Government interference in this operation, and given also the fact—or, at any rate, the belief—that Señor Balmaceda had his official candidate ready in the person of Señor Sanfuentes, the patriotic and disinterested declarations of Minister Ibañez were not received with enthusiasm or even confidence. During the next few weeks the instability of cabinets was an index of the agitation of the parliamentary parties. On May 30th Señor Sanfuentes, who had been called upon by President Balmaceda to form a new cabinet that would have the confidence of the public, declared that his ministry meant "the irrevocable and absolute elimination of his person" as candidate for the presidency.

When the Congress was opened in June, President Balmaceda expounded frankly his project of radical constitutional reform. He declared that "the Constitution which organized the unitarian, centralized, and absorbent Republic was dictated by a desire to guarantee public order and the principle of authority;" that "in the course of years the constitutional influence of the executive power had gone on losing strength through the practice and influence of the legislative power, and the Chilians had come to believe in a pretended parliamentary régime;" that "the pretended parliamentary government of the Republic invariably tends to the dictatorship of the Congress, just as the unitarian Government, centralized and provided with powerful influences to strengthen the principle of authority, tends to the consecration of legal dictatorship. *I do not accept for my country the dictatorship of Congress, nor am I in favor of the dictatorship of the executive power.*"

The above declarations show at once the political foundations of the revolution and the excessive temperament of Señor Balmaceda, who, being at loggerheads with an omnipotent Congress, challenged it face to face by categorically denying its dearest prerogatives. Congress replied by a vote of censure against the Cabinet; and finally the Chamber of Deputies, in virtue of Article 72 of its rules, and in exercise of the power conferred upon it by the Constitution, resolved to delay the discussion of the budget "until the President of the Republic should appoint a ministry deserving the confidence of the National Congress."

As the Executive in Chili has not the power to dissolve Congress, such a situation as the above could only end by the submission of the Executive or of the Congress, or by an armed struggle, which the opinion and the force of the country would decide. Finally, after some months of agitation and anxiety, Congress, in presence of the manifest dictatorial intentions of Señor Balmaceda, resolved to resort to arms, and in January, 1891, the revolution began, with the support of a part of the army, of all the fleet, and of the more enlightened portion of the population. For a peculiarity of the Chilian revolution is that it is not a popular movement; on the contrary, its leaders and chief partisans are the men of the highest culture in the country, and even of the greatest wealth. The revolutionary party seized the northern provinces; the President held the centre of the territory. The former party was strong by sea, the latter was puissant on land; and so the struggle from the beginning assumed the expectant character of a fight between a cat and a fish; and at the same time it promised to be very prolonged, as both sides disposed of great wealth, the President having at his disposal the public resources, and the revolutionaries the resources of their numerous wealthy partisans.

Thus, after fifty-eight years of uninterrupted legality, the political existence of Chili became darkened with the horror of civil strife, and by his manifesto of January 1, 1891, President Balmaceda incurred the stupendous responsibility of having lighted the torch of war that has since so terribly ravaged his country. Up to January 1st President Balmaceda did not exceed his legal prerogatives. The Chilian Constitution of 1833 gave great power to the President and still greater powers to the Parliament; and for that reason the political institutions and the organization of power in Chili have been justly

compared to those of the British monarchy rather than to the representative system of the United States. The Chilians have always professed unfailing attachment to these institutions, which, after all, had made them the most solidly organized and the most homogeneous and united country in South America. Nevertheless, this old Constitution in its original form made public affairs and public offices almost the exclusive monopoly of the upper classes of society. Furthermore, thanks to its dispositions and to subsequent laws, Congress came to be a simple creature of the Chief of the State. In this manner the President added to his own prerogatives all those of the legislative; and as he also appointed the judges and the members of the courts of justice, he really resumed in his person the executive, the legislative, and the judicial powers. In such conditions a president was inevitably re-elected; and after the ten years of power which he thus succeeded in exercising, he also inevitably appointed his successor.

However, after the military governments of Prieto and Bulnes, when the aristocratic Constitution of 1833 had produced the result for which it had been designed—namely, to rid Chili of factions and revolts—the civil government of Don Manuel Montt followed, and then began to be heard mighty clamoring for the reform of the Constitution. After the government of Perez, the successor of Montt, the Constitution of 1833 was reformed in a more liberal and democratic sense. The re-election of a president was prohibited, except after an interval of one term; the suffrage was made almost universal; the permanency and independence of the judges was obtained, together with many other modifications of various kinds, which gave to the masses a due influence in the direction of the affairs of the nation, and eliminated from the Constitution of 1833 its absolute and oligarchical character. With a view to completing this work of constitutional reform, the great business of the Chilian Congress of late years has been to deprive the President of the Republic of a great part of his omnipotency, and to strengthen at the same time the independence and the influence of the Parliament. In spite of the resistance of successive presidents, the patriotic tenacity of the Congress gradually achieved splendid results, and the passing of the laws on parliamentary incompatibilities thenceforward prevented the President from packing Congress with *intendentes*, governors, and employés who were his creatures, and whose servile and interested votes overwhelmed those of independent senators and deputies. Thus, parlia-

mentary government promised to become a reality and a precious conquest of Chilian liberty.

Finally, we may remark that from the day when Señor Balmaceda became a candidate for the presidency he declared in all his manifestoes his intention of governing according to the strictest rules of the parliamentary system; that is to say, listening carefully to the indications of the country and of the majority of its representatives in Congress. When he was elected, he renewed his protestations. During the first three years of office he remained faithful to his profession of faith and constantly reiterated it; but when he wished to imitate his predecessors and nominate his successor, although he did not possess the mighty legal machinery of which his predecessors disposed, Señor Balmaceda found that the members of Congress began to show him the cold shoulder. His favorite, and his associate in financial enterprises, Señor Sanfuentes, was far from having the support of the majority of Congress. Repeated ministerial crises demonstrated this fact, and at the same time the unpopularity of the President's conduct. For a while there seemed a possibility of an understanding; President Balmaceda appeared disposed to confess his mistake and to act in conformity with the spirit of his age; but, finally, as we have seen, the evil spirit of tyranny and obscurantism triumphed, and he plunged his country into civil war rather than profit by the lessons which countless martyrs of liberty have written with their life's blood.

THE END.

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